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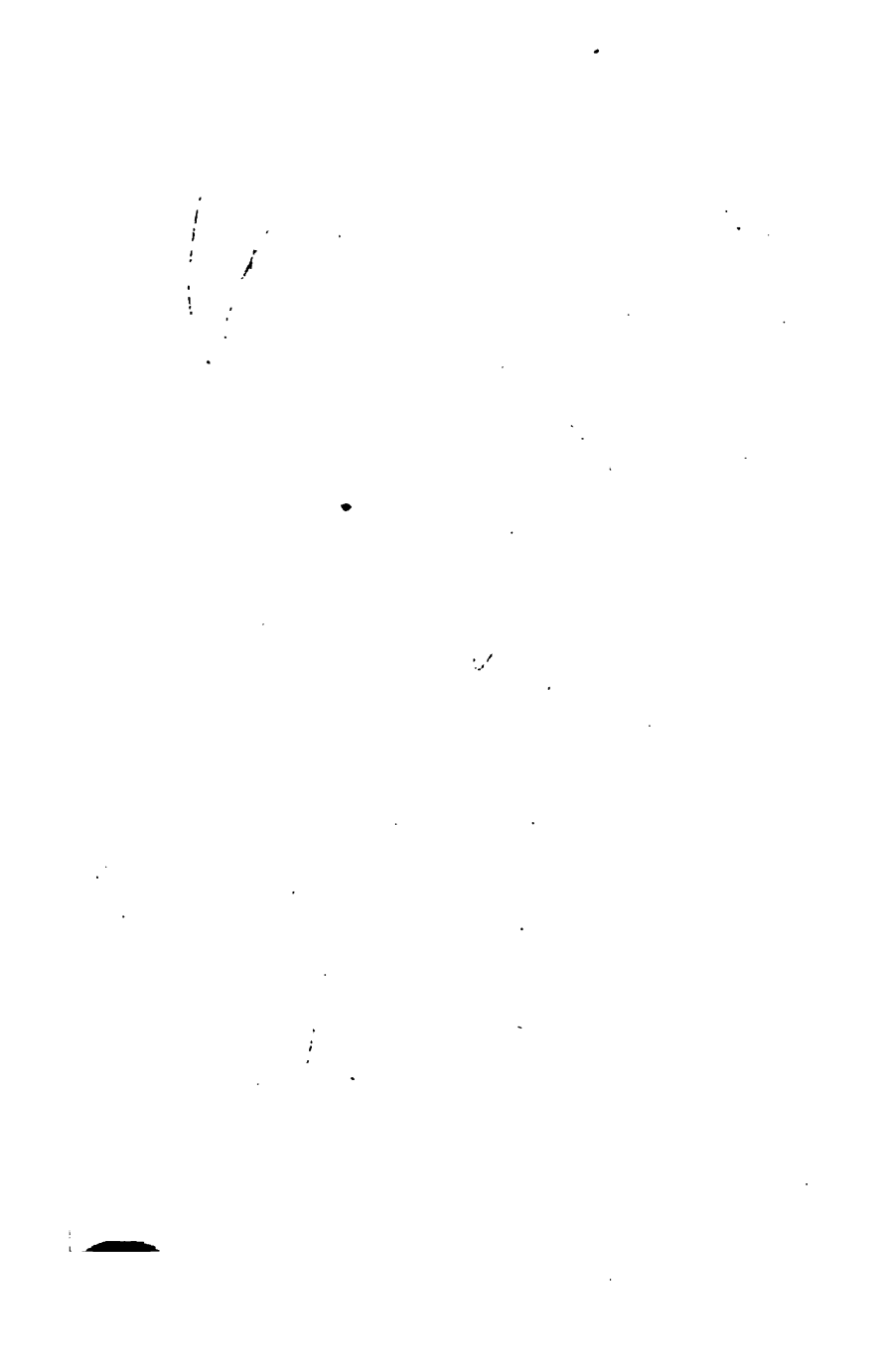
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BRALLAGHAN, ·

OR THE

Deipnosophists.



30356

BRALLAGHAN,

OR THE

Deipnosophists.

Vaughan Hyde
BY EDWARD, KENEALY, Esq.

LONDON:

E. CHURTON, 26, HOLLES STREET.

M.DCCC.XLV.

GEORGE PURCELL & Co., PRINTERS, CORK.

TO THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, Esq.

Serjeant at Law.

DEAR SERJEANT TALFOURD,

Recd. 10-2-34 For
I dedicate to you the following *Juvenilia* (forming part of a series,) scribbled while I was yet a mere College boy, and dear to me therefore as recalling some of the happiest moments of my life. How vividly as I pass over them, do they remind me of the old green trees, and sunny lawns—of silent walks and wanderings by moonlight beneath the grey porticos of Alma Mater—of the dear old books and busts, and summer days and summer thoughts of youth.

I am aware that they contain many faults; but the flattering manner in which they have been received, makes me think that they contain also some redeeming qualities. For the personal jests and allusions I can only plead in excuse the exuberant fancy of a young man. The greater part was written in sportive fun—without

malignity or ill feeling to those who were most quizzed.

You will accept them as some proof of my sincere and affectionate appreciation of your noble qualities—your genius cast in the classic mould of Antiquity—your goodness which endears you to all—your excellent and delightful disposition which like some bright sunshine sheds happiness around you. My admiration of you has been of old standing. It was deep and devoted while I was yet a stranger to you, but since I knew you it has warmed into enthusiasm. Eight years ago when you honoured me with some letters, I remember that I expressed a wish to manifest to you my esteem and respect by something more than a mere profession. How enchanted am I that the time has at length arrived ; and that even in this trivial manner I am enabled to put my sentiments on record ; and to boast with pride, that among those who regard me and rank me among their friends, I should reckon the illustrious author of *Ion*.

BELIEVE ME TO BE,

DEAR SERJEANT TALFOURD,

TRULY AND EVER YOUR'S,

EDWARD KENEALY.

To ———

May's sweet roses deck her face,

Angels listen when she sings ;

Round her flits each winning grace ;

Youth its charms about her flings.

Gentle are her starry eyes,

Rich and soft her dark brown hair ;

Olden Greece had no such prize,

Venus was not half so fair.

Every soft attractive spell

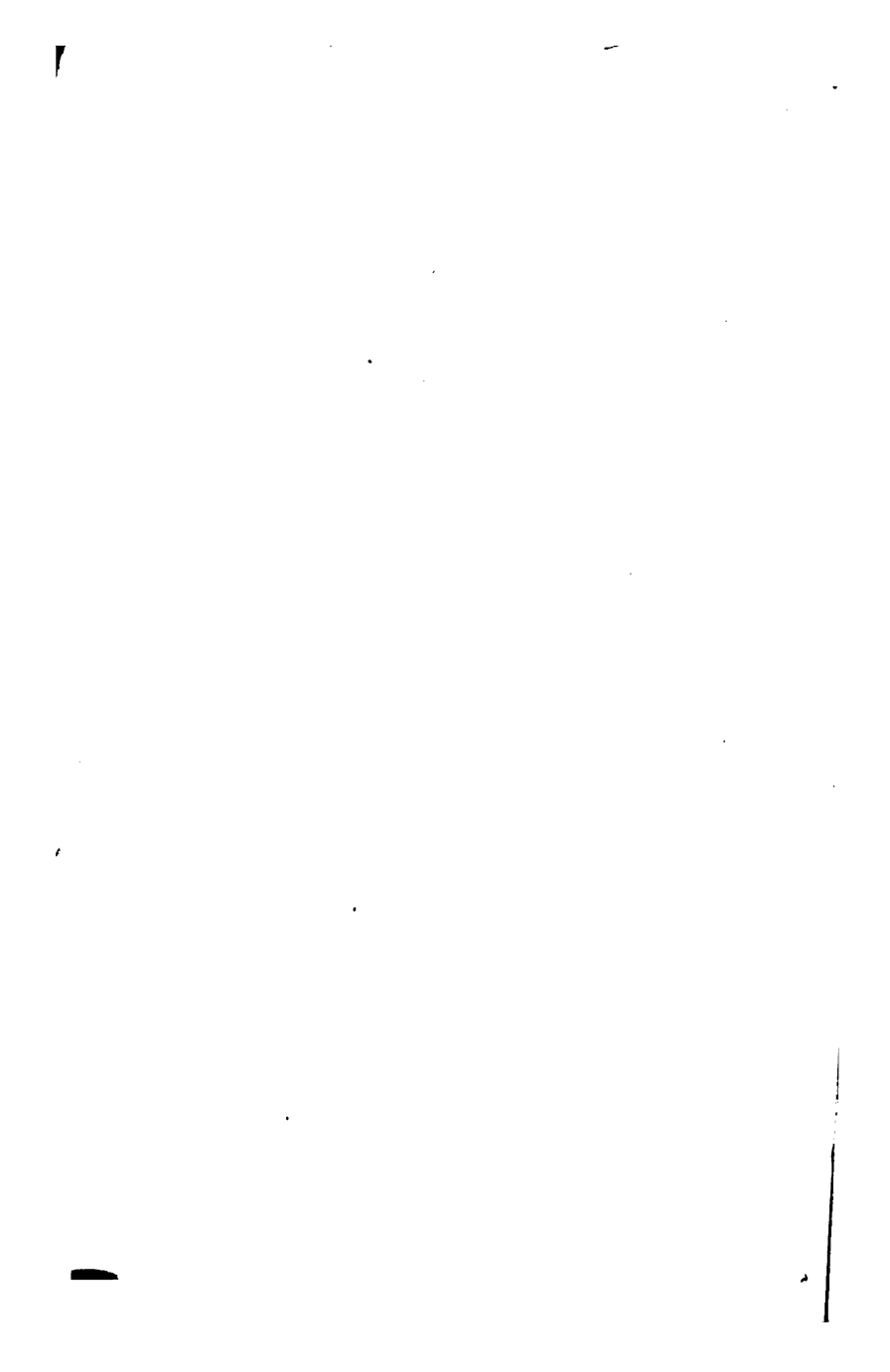
Finds within her heart a goal ;

Loveliness and goodness dwell

Orb-like in her heavenly soul.

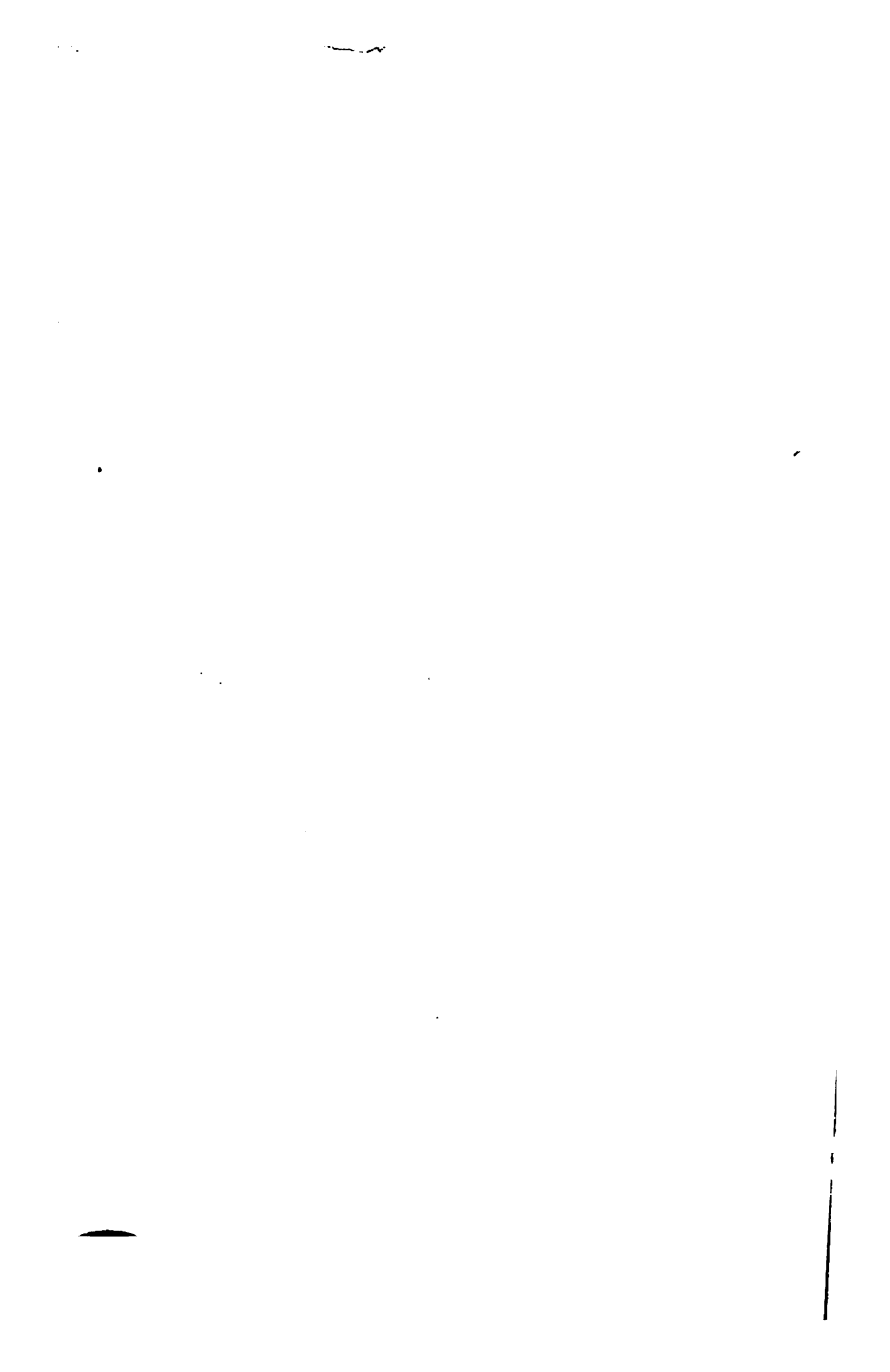
O, divine enchantress bright !

Dare I love thy looks of light ?



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BRALLAGHAN,

OR THE

Deipnosophists.

This little book is lyke a furnished feast,
And hath a dish I hope to please each gieste :
Here thou may'st find some goode and solid fare
If thou lov'st pleasant junkets, here they are ;
Perhaps sharpe sauces take thee most, if soe
I have cookt for thee some sharp sauces too
But if thy squeamish stomacke can like none,
Nobody hinders thee, thou may'st be gone.



BRALLAGHAN.

CHAPTER I.

A LETTHER FROM MR. BARNEY BRALLAGHAN, PIPER AT
THE PADDY'S GOOSE PUBLIC-HOUSE, RATCLIFFE
HIGHWAY, TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQUIRE ;

CONTAINING

A DIVARTING ACCOUNT OF THE LATE RICHARD ALFRED MILLIKIN,
AUTHOR O' "THE GROVES OF BLABNEY," AND SOME OF HIS
KINTEMPORARIES.

*Paddy's Goose, Ratcliffe Highway;
2 in the mornin, Dec. 27, 1841.*

DEAR SIR,—There is something extrahemely affecting in the ups and downs and revolutions of the world we lives in. One man sets out in life as a gintleman, and ends his career in the workhouse or maybe, in Botany Bay with the wild Injuns. Another begins as a sweep, or a prize-fither, a dog's mate man, or a poet (which 2 purfessions is nearly the saim, though the first is reckoned the most profitable,) and finishes his days in Parliament, dinin, and coortin, and duellin, and rakin, and gamblin, and braykin knockers, and in fact enjoyin all the refined pleasures of existence with Lords, and Dooks, and Markisses, and the rest of the curled darlints that has plinty.

o' money and nothin to do. A third commincis by being like my cozen Fergus O'Connor, one o' them spoutin counsellors that is cault O'Connell's Tail; and 'tis all a toss of a brass farden whether he conkludes his coorse in the House of Commons, Norfolk island, or the Fleet prison. So that the whole of this life is but unsartenty; and whin we seems most firmly fixed in health, or rank, or stayshun, begad it's then we may be nearest to our downfall: bein as Lushan finely sez, like bubbles on the wather that is portly and well-lookin for a few moments, but soon goes to the wind; or forrest leaves that falls at the fust blast of autumn which is the butyful kimparison of Homer.

I hav been led into these moral reflexions on the instability of hewman things, by conthrastrin my present condishun as a poor piper, with my former rank as own man to my late mather, Mr. Millikin—one of the decentest, darlintest, and thrucest gintlemen that ever supped butthermilk, shot a tithe-prockther, or throd in shoe leather. Well may I say, *Tempora mutantur*,—the times is althered with me since I left the Emerald Ile, and sweet Saint Pathrick's Key, in the sweet city of Cork, in one of Martin Konway's steam-packets that thravels 5 knots a-day. Then I was light and gay like a butterfly whose only occupation is ramblin' about in the sunshine from rose to rose, and thought myself as great as ould Cupid Palmerston, though his parquisits was larger than mine, and his sham-pain may be betther than the mountain

Jew of Munsther. I was a spring-heeld chap too, and could clear a 5 bar-gate, or a mill-pond, when flyin from a bum or a gager, as easily as I could say thrapstick. I had 15 goolden soverins in my breeches pocket, neatly stiched into my fob; and my wife was not a whole month married, so that av coorse the thraykle-moon, as Lord Byrom sneeringly cauld it, hadn't been quite exhausted; and we had no childher, only one a coming. At present I have 9 small babbies, (which Judy tells me is raily my own,) to support; hard enuff be gogsty I finds it to stop their mouths for they're always bawlin for food like young crows; and my helpmate, though she helps me to ate the mate, I'm sorry to say never helps me to get it: so that we are all like the late ministhry, livin from hand to mouth; and badly off we'd be only that Lord Milbourn sometimes gives my wife a thrifle ov change, for he and she was once acquainted, whin his lordship were in Ireland as Mither Lamb. However, "Needs must whin the Ould Boy dhives; and if I am poorer in pocket than whin I left the butyful city, I'm wondherfooly emproved in larning; and I can argufy in meataphysics, doxology, theology. kronology, jomethry, and the classicks, and in logicks, kraniology, mythology, asthronomy, fillosophy, jography, *et omne quod exit in phy*, (inkluding pugilizm,) as well as most of the Stinkomalee jugglers, or cruel Charley Porther, the flogging schoolmasther:—

ΡΟΔης κοιρανε τεχνης.—ANACREON. *Od.* 28.

Professor of the *R (h) odian* art,

as that wit, Tom Hood, once christened him in Cork. Nothin improves a rale Irishman so much as takin a tower. Shakspeare himself tells us that "Home keeping youths have ever homely wits," and Homer who is thought to have known something of hewman natur makes his haro Ulysses a grate traveller, seeing that there was no other way be which he could acquire that amazin knollidge of men and manners and people which he possessed.

For my part, bearin in mind this reflexion, I never had any great likin' for stayin' stuck like a blew-faced monkey in Cork; and to my praydillixshun for thravellin I attrributes much of the larnin, wit, and poethree I possesses. Hence it is that I haz distinkished myself so highly in the litherly world and roved at will

inter numerosque chorosque
Musarum, atque adytus sacros Heliconis amœni.

bairin away the palm in larnin from Dockther Bloomfield, in poethry from Billy Wordsworth, in wit from Tom Moore, and in boxin from Tom Spring. What 'ud I be if I had remained at home? Bedad little betther than a barefooted gorsoon, set to dig prayties, or frighten crows from the corn fields with a loud clapper, or usherin' maybe with ould Paddy Fagan the hedge schoolmaster instead of bein' as now hed piper of "The Goose," and principal rither for the "Foreign Quarterly." To be

sure and sarten, it grieves me sore to be away from the rail prayties, and the jaynooine puttheen, on which the unholy blinkers of a gager never glanced, and the darlint Irish girls, with their butyfool dark eyes :—

“ O blandos oculos et inquietos,
Et quâdam propriâ notâ loquaces,
Illic et Venus et leves amores
Atque ipsa in medio sedet voluptas,”

ALETHIUS.

as the charming lattin poet, in the *Anthology*, so purtilly sings. Och, many's the flurtaishun I had with them when I was a young raik ; and many a sthroal I tuck in sweet “ Lover's Walk ” with my darlint Kathleen O'Kelly now no more. Then I thought of nothin but rompin' with the fair sex, playin and sportin, kissin and courtin, in the green fields, and undher the ould broad-spreadin oak-threes ; and oftin have I tould my father confessor over a jolly fine bowl of the best Innishown whiskey that nothin would do—all his lectures, and lessons, and skouldins was of no use ; for I sez, I have made the same vow as Mimnermus :—

Τεθναιην οτε μοι μηκετι ταυτα μελοι
Κρυπταδιη φιλοτης και μειλιχα δωρα και ευνη.

Och, may life forsake me, and the Divil take me,
If ever I'll desart the fair ;
So vain's yer praching, likewise yer taching,
Bright eyes and beauty is my only care.

DR. WATTS.

All this is changed now, and though I sumtimes sees one of thim dancers at the Garrick Playhouse—but by the piper of Moses here's Mistriss Brallaghan jist commin in, and so I'll skip over *that* part for the present, or else tis'nt kisses or compliments she'd give me, the purty darlint. Ochone and wirrasthru who but a spooney would be tide to a tay-dhrinkin wife and 9 small hungry childher, like an ould tin-kettle on a dog's tail?—

“Al molino ed al sposa,
Sempre mancha qualche cosa.”—*Ital. Prov.*

Well, as I was sayin I'm a different man now from what I was whin poor Mither Richard lived, and laft, and sang the air of “The Groves of Blarney,” and was boon companion with that glorious soake Dochter Magian, and Jak Boyle, and Frank Mahony the preesht, and the little man with the Goold-Spiekticles who gave the farthing fee to Dochter Bulldog, and the rest of the roaring blades of Cork's fair city. I had then, the Lord be praised, neither chick nor child, nor wife, nor any other encumbrance, baggige, or botheration, so that I thravelled about the counthry with my masther like a rovin' tinker as happy as the days is long: and it was at this period, undher the tuishun of the Dockther, and sometimes of his Ravarinse, that I pickt up the little Grake and Latin and Frinch that I knows. My masther was so fond of me, that no step could he take without consultin me upon it; and Father Mahony and the other noble gintlemen

thrated me more like one of thimselvs, than a poor boy from Mallow. Poor Misther Millikin (may the angels make his bed in Heavn!) was a fine speciment of the Irish gentleman, before Cockneyism invaded the land of the Green. As gallant a fella as ever stept, he was 6 feet high, and his limbs were proporshund to his stature; but his appearence was far from bein' the best of him, for within his brest beat as noble and as manly a heart as ever throbb'd. Sthrange enuff it is that, afther this commendashun, I should hav to add, that he was an attorney in Cork; but his honesty may be accounted for by statin' that he never praktist at his purfession, or paid much regard to aither Coak or Littleton, or Sir Willym Blaxton—all his time bein' spint over his tumbler of punch with the larned Dockthor, and the pious Preesht, and that rogue Boyle, and that dear joke of a creature Misther Tom Croughton Croaker the fairyman; and among thimselves they compozed pomes and songs, and essays dhramatical and critical, that exsited the wondher of the whole town and counthry for miles and miles round. Cork was about the time of which I am now writin as dull a place as ever Eye saw. The White-boys (my poor father was one the Lord be merciful to his sowl!) did but occasionally kill a parson, and justasses of the pace was only now and then roastid alive for amusemint. Praching bulks and saints was skatthered up and down as thick as daisies thro' the country; and the few sinners that remained seemd to have got though-

rolly tired of brakin the tin commandments. The manly sports and rational recreashuns of our aunts-sisters whin Vinegar Hill and the Volunteers shed so much glory on our iland, was like Mither Moore's last rose of summer, departed and gone. Pike manufacturees and potheen-stills was quite blown, and their owners gone to the dogs. Oaken Shilalees was purchast at any price as curiosities, and regarded as the prensenal ornamentals of Mewsayums (one of thim was sint to the late king, and 'tis said his majesty often thried it on Jonny Althorp's wooden pate, to the great damage of the oak, it must be added) : and the word Irishman, once the spritely synonyme of Rake and Roistherer, had almost begun to signify Methodist and Dullard. Our Pipers (little noshun I had then of endin my days as one) was, like our Irish wolf dogs, a race extinct ; our butther-brogued Preeshts who taulkt nothin but good Irish and Kerry Grake, and who had always a soft word and a sweet glance for the girls, was gone the way of all flesh ; and many of our choicest joakers gave up their sperrits, began to grow religious, and—Judy, asthore, reach me the gin, I declare it makes me sick—absolutely wore prair-books in their pockets, lookt demurely, and wint at times to church. Fun and fitin, frolik and potheen, wit and house-burnin !—by Jakurs, they were little better than the meer shadows of their former selves ; and whinever they *was* indulged in, was altogether destitute of that glorious slashin, dashin, whackin, thwackin, dare-divil

humour, which our hearty 24-tumbler aunts-sisters and granfathers infused into them. Even Jeweling—that dear, darlint rimnant of our ould Irish fistivitees, as Mистер Croker used affectionately to call it—was fadin away by degrees. Mantons was only rarely required by the gintlemin—limbs was more rarely shot off—and the fatal consiquince was that the gun-makers and payshint-makers (by which class I means the meddikel dockthers,) wint upon their stools of melankully, like Masther Steevn in Bin Jonson’s play, and wore crape upon their hats for grief. The undhertakers felt half inclined to berry thimsilves in their own coughins; and the grave-diggers, poor fellas! tuk to whisky dhrinkin’ and died dhrunk, as Irishmen always should. Faix it would be hard to find a site more melankolly than to look upon a county sich as ours, with its broad noble acres as flat as a pancake, which seemed as if by Providince itself designed to be the Palæsthra of Pistolling, thus by degrees loosin’ its high caracether for braverie and pluck, and purducin no new thriumfs in the coroner’s inquist line, in ordher to keep alive and immortal its fire-atin fame—

“ Exigua ingentis retinet vestigia famæ,
Et magnum, infelix, *nil nisi nomen* habet.”

But melankolly as it was we were obliged to endure it—weepin and wailin and gnashin our teeth, we found to be of no use on earth—although many and many a curse loud and deep have I heerd my masther and the preesht

bestow on the march of humbug, Popery, and civiliza-shun. All Milashuns knows, or ought to know that fitin' is the rale badge of honour; and hair-thriggers, airly risin, long fasis, 12 pasis, and lint, (take care you don't read *Lent*,) is the perfect symbles of throe Irish chivalry. Many a time I wondhers what that fitin' Fitzgarld, or that black bully Aigen, or some more of thim prime pups ov the ould Parlamint would say if they could cum to life agen, and see gintlemin thried for their lives by a pack ov ignorant jurors (all of thim shop-keepers, or sumthing else mane and low), meerly becos they had praps blown out a few ounces of brains in an onnorable manner. Begonny's, they'd be disgusted with the counthry, and 'ud pray to be sent back to their present quarthers again, preferrin the hottest place in the other world to an unbloody residence in this. But awful as things was thin, they warn't half so bad as they is at present, when the people—more shaim to 'em—has taken to the Timpirensse humbug, and when riottin and abductions, pleasure and procther-shootin, is altogether swep out of the island.

I think it were some time before the pariod of which I now writes, that that witty rattle Jack Boyle—or as he was cault, the Admirable Crikton of Cork—started that most Mileeshin of all pariodicalls, the *Cork Freeholder*. Every one who has been so happy as to peruse the pages of that wondherfool print must confiss that they were the receptikls of great eloquence, great erudition, and a

wit so starry, so brilliant, so lusciously yet coyly lascivious, that its aiquil is in trooth rarely to be found, except of coorse in *Frasier's Magazeen*, and the *Quarterly*, whinever I writes in it, or maybe the *Times* whin I gives a ladin' artikl to Mистер Delane (he's an Irishman, and I has a likin for 'em all, and does whatever I can to sarve the poor fellas whin they comes to London); and the haughty motto which Mистер Boyle seleckted for this paper may be regarded and quoted as the best type of the fearlissniss and bould energy of libill with which it was conducted—

“Yes, I am proud—I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me.”

Among its conthributors was rankt the most distinguisht characthers of the day, and it was only necessary that a man should be notorious for pitch and toss or manslaughter to secure him instant admission into its columns. Its fame had penetrated so far, that several and several artikls was sent over to Mистер Boyle all the way from Amerrikey (postage unpaid!)—but in coorse they nivr appeared for thim dhrab-coloured Yankees altho' they knows a thing or two about Pennsylvanian bonds and state securities, knows nothin' of cumposition. Maginn—the thranscendant Dockther Maginn—was its prensible writher. Preesht Mahony was another—he it was who wrote the Elexshun squibs, the Foundlin Hospitl fillippiks, and the epigrams for the laidies. Croughton Croker—

oh ye darlint little man, 'tis I that likes you!—cannon-aded the Brunswick Club, and supplied aneckdotes of sich fairies as was enthrapped in the county. The critickhell dipartment was undher the manidgemint of Din Lardner (badly enuff he done it God nose!); and to me, Mither Brallaghan, the shooperintindince of the Poet's corner, and the correction of the proofs was committed. The Rivirind Tom Megwire deskanted on the praises of the gerls, and decanted the whisky; and Mither Boyle himself flared-up on the praises of potheen. Dan O'Connel—him that they calls the Liberathor of Ireland—him that, like the exspirin whale of that purty poet, Mither Edmund Waller.

“Threatens ruin with his monstrous tail.”—*Summer Islands*.

—sometimes gev us a political letther in eulogy or abuice (as the humour sthruk him) of the “base brutal and bluddy” Whigs; and the delikit Tom Moore, from his sylvan cottage at Ashburne, Darbyshire, fraquently conthributed a poetikal thrifle on kisses and thaylogy. My cozen Fargus too was admitted as a conthributor by my intherest; but Mither Boyle never ped *him* anything for his manyscripts, for they scarcely was worth the cost of prentin; altho' I remimbers one of his puns that was very good. Mither Dan one day bragged and boasted of his long “tail,” and all the inflooince he possist, and how the Poap sint him a goolden cross from Roam, (the deuce a *cross* he got from Daniel in return *I'd* sware)

and sich like. This nettled Fargus very much, tho' he tuk no notice at the time; but soon ather Danl lost a couple of eleckshins, and 7 or 8 of his tail-joints was thrun out. "By the livin Jingo," sez he to Fargus—they was great cronies then—"by the livin Jingo," sez he, "I'm afeard my Tail is dhropping away by degrees." My cozen laft; and takin up a Homer, he put Dannel's finger on the follying passage:—

Ωλετο ΤΗΛ ὡς καὶ σὺ καταφθίσθαι σὺν ἐκείνῳ
 Ωφέλες.*—*Odyssey*, lib. ii. v. 183.

The minnit Dan saw it, he turned blew in the mug like a dyin Lasscar, and as I hopes to be saved was obleedgd to be supported into a chair, where he lay for a long time dog-sick, until a noggin of burnt sperrits releevd him. But *revenons à nos moutons*,—let us return to our mutton, which av coorse manes Fargus. My poor cozen was of great use to Mither Boyle,—for he used to fite all the jewels that the squibs in the *Freeholder* purvoaked; and as O'Konnr was a crack shot, no one cared much to demand sattisfaxshun, so that we libilld and blackgarded away as we thought proper. I remimber well what a hullabulloo was all about Cork whin Father Mahony purpozed that the heads of the poor gerls in the House of Industry should be shaved for insubordinashun. The fax of that case was as follows: Mahony who was

* Your tail is evanishing fast my dear DANDEL;

always doin' quare things, had rote a pamfit, which he published undher the title of, *A modest Proposal for Shaving Ram Cats by Moonlight*. This was one of the most extrawrdinary purductions that ever fell from the pen of human being, much less a priest, and so mighty great an outcry did it create in Cork, and sich a shower of joaks, and puns, and reddicule did it call down upon the preesht's head, that he was absolewty ashamed to show his noaz outside the door, and as for praching a sarmint it was quite out of the question. No one could tell why his Ravarince had taken sich a dislike to the feline species, as to propose that their whiskers should be shaved. Tom Hood said every where it was the most *barberous* act that ever the Jaysuits had thought of. Maginn declared that the holy father evidently ped more attinshun to the subjeckt of cats than to his *catechism*: and at whatever table Mahony dined, the leddy of the house nivir forgot to axe him whether he was fond of *catsup*? The consequences to the fayline thribe was awful. All the cats of Cork fell into a *catalepsy*; some of the docthers said it was a *catarrh*; and the *catastrophe* was that the poor dumb animals was fissickd with a whole *cataclysm* of jollups, and epsum salts, and magneesha, and sich like *cathartics*, a *catalog* of which would fill up too much of this paper. The owners of the cats was in coorse very much annoyed with the preesht for what he done, and altho' some of the more violent threatend to flea Father Mahony with a *cat-o'-nine-tails* whinever they

cotcht him, those that was more modherate continted thimsilvs by takin *cat*-calls into his Ravarinse's chapel, and playin on them as soon as he began to say mass. Mahony was then a guvornor of the House of Industry—any parson who ped 3 lb bein' entitld to be cauld by that honorable appillashun—and in the coorse of manidgmint, he one day purpoazd that the femail inmates should get no more mate to ate, but be fed soaly on fish. The poor gerls was raisinably vexed by sich a suggestion, and they entherd into a resolution to give the name of *Katty Mahony* to the preesht in future, for intherfairin so much in wimmen's consarns. As soon as Frank heerd this, he got up in the Board-room, and afther a modest hint that the women was just as much in want of the razor as the cats, proposed that the heads of all the femails in the house should be shaived—a motion which, meetin no secondher, dhropped to the ground, and the preesht was nonplushd. Boyle was detarmind not to let this absurd suggestion pass off without reprehension,—so he wrote in his *Freeholder* the follyin remonsthanche to the preesht (who had also the nick-name of *Quarrantotti*—but for what raison I nivir could diskiver):—

*A sad Remonstrance from the Girls of the Poor-House to Quarantotti Mahony, on his proposing to have their heads shaved.**

Quarantotti ! Quarantotti !

Was it woman's womb begot thee ?

* *Note by a Cork cousin of Mr. Brallaghan.* We can find no

Was it woman's milk that fed thee ?
 Woman's tongue that taught and bred thee ?
 Did she cradle in her bosom
 Thy young limbs ere thou couldst use 'em !
 Did she watch above thy sleep,—
 Answer thy opening smile, and weep
 When sickness from thy infant eye
 Wrung the hot tear of agony ?

Quarantotti ! Quarantotti !
 Woman could not have begot thee !
 Else some trace of gentler feeling,
 Softly o'er thy spirit stealing,—
 Something tender, kind, and human,
 Some one touch of love and woman
 Would come o'er thy heart that minute,
 And wake a thrill of pity in it.

Shave our locks—oh ! Quarantotti !
 Nature sure must have forgot thee
 By some oversight or blindness,
 When the milk of human kindness
 She was dealing out to man—
 Not even a drop left in the pan

parallel for the above lines but the memorable encomiums on Sam Rogers by Lord Byron. Their bitterness is, however, inexcusable ; for Mahony is far from being the gentleman they profess to satirise. Few men have more talents, and no man has less humbug, than Father Frank ; and whatever may be our opinion of his proposal to shave the heads of the poor girls in question, certain we are, that, in all respects, there is no better fellow.

From which she skimmed the cream that made
Her richest, rarest stock in trade,
Was sprinkled o'er thy rugged breast—
Rest, perturbed spirit, rest!

Tell us, tell us, Quarantotti !
Tell us why did fate allot thee
Such a prying, bustling spirit,
And not mix one grain of merit—
Not one particle of sense
With thy active impotence !
Within, without, above, below,
We meet thee wheresoe'er we go ;
From post to pillar always trotting,
For ever busy doing nothing,
In industry you leave behind
The devil in a gale of wind ;
And his infernal majesty
In mischief scarce surpasses thee.
Not that we deem thy thought is ill,
There *may* be goodness in thee still,
But, then, it is so deep inherent.
It never yet became apparent ;
So fixed and rooted in thy heart,
So wedded to thy inmost part,
That never yet thy good intent
E'en shew'd its nose by accident.

For once, humility forbearing,
Pray let thy virtue take an airing ;
'Tis now so long since it stirr'd out,
'Twill be ashamed, at first, no doubt ;
Then, lest its ears with blushes tingle,

Just let it take a cover'd jingle ;
 But on that day stay thou within,
 For, e'en with thine own virtue seen,
 Man would distrust his visual sense,
 And deem the latter a pretence.

Quarantotti ! if you can,
 Mend your in and outward man ;
 Lower thy nose's saucy cock,,
 Lessen thy *tile*, curtail thy talk,
 Reform thy air, repress thy pride.
 And turn thy spectacles inside ;
 But if thou wilt neglect thy beads,
 Busying thy empty sponce with heads,
 Look to the inside of thine own,
 And let our flowing locks alone.

This polite and courteous remonstrance purdoosd the effect which we had all along foreseen. Father Mahony instantly sent a challenge to Boyle. Boyle tuck the cartel to Fergus, who cauld on the presht in an hour, and offered to settle the difference at once, purduicin at the same instant a brace of horse pistols a foot and a half long, that belonged to a Hessian whom Fergus's uncle Arthur O'Connor killed and they say ate during the Rebellion. Mahony seeing these awful bloody-minded looking weapons, turned as pale as a sheet, saying that his quarrel was'nt with him, and demanded Fergus's right to intherfere ? "Nobody knose betther than you my tulip," sez my cozen, "that I has the fire-atin

department of the *Freeholder*; that Mr. Boyle never fites, and that I carries his pistols in his place:—

Και νυν οιας εκεινω

ΕΠΙΣΤΟΛΑΣ κομίζω.—

ANACREON, *Ode IX.*

and if you're inclined to take a shot I'm your man." I do'n't know whether it were the effect of the pun, or the stern demainour, or the red bushy whiskers of my cozen, that had sich inflooince with his Ravarince, but sartenly, from that day to this, he niver again sed a word about the bizniss or manifested any desire to smell powdher; but he and Boyle were ever afther as thick as two theeves; and Frank wint on writin for John as usual. I inthroduced this anecdoot for the purpose of showin, by example, the style of Boyle's *Freeholder*, the hardihood with which it was conducted, and my cozen's exsellent manidgment of the peculiar line in which he had been placed. I now resume my delineation of the different carackthers that wrote for Boyle, and their fun and frolicks in Cork city.

The occasional meetins which Mистер Boyle had with his conthributhors, and the wild sportiveniss of wit and pun which were sure to purvail wherever the Dochter and Mистер Tom Croaker were to be found, was the chief circumstances that furst siggested to Mистер Millikin and Boyle the noshun of startin a fun club in the

city. The decline and fall of jewellin—far more important than the decline of Roam or of the three and-a-half per cents—and indeed all other amuzemints, formed another, but I suppozes a secondhary considherashun. They purpoazed the thing to the lads, and by my sowl it was caught at as aigerly as a straw by a drownin man. They resolved that it should be formed in the thrue Attick fashun; and with this design they ramsacked all their classical books for the purpose of extractin from them whatever allusions, regulations, and customs, was duly requisite. They soon compiled a folio of rare knollidge; and this splendid MS. is now at my elbow, bound shooperbly, and destined for a niche in the British Mewsaum, that bein' indeed the only sanctuary worthy of such a vollume. On the Dockther's purpoazal, the club was cault the DEIPNOSOPHISTS, which bein interpreted manes, THE SUPPER-SAGES. Several preparathory meetins was held, and finally, on the furst of November, 1820, the gintlemin united themsilves into a body, and be came thenceforth the Deipnosophists of Cork. Their attire was a sort of monkish robe of green velvet, fastened by silver clasps in the shape of a shamroge, and laced round the waste by a broad belt of satten, on which was worked by a Frinch artist figures of the gardyan dayities of the club—Vaynus, Bakkus, Pollux, and Preeapus (love, dhrinkin, fitin, and skampin), the 4 classikal divinities, who as Tom Hood purfainly sed, was well worthy of the ravarince of devout christians thimselves. On their heads

they wore a sort of Montero cap like that of my Unkle Toby and the corporal, in *Thrishtram Shandy*, bound round the edges with sable and ornaminted in front with the goolden badge of the society—a dhrunken poet sthraddled on a hogshed. These accouthermints, with a silver flaggon, inscribed with the name, arms, and devices of every member, formed the whole parapharnalia of the famous Deipnosophist Club. The place of prisi-dint was given by univarsal acclamation to the renowned Maginn; Mither Croaker was appointed chaplin; and the late Father Prout was chosen to be his depity; my cozen Fargus retained his ould place of publick champion, boxer, and fire-eater; James Roche the larned, acute, and black-lettherd J. R. of the *Gintlemen's Magazeen*, was made standhard bayrer; and Charley Porther, LL.D. candle-snuffer and bugle blower; Mither Richard was elected histhoriographer; Dan Macklease—hurrauh, and 3 cheers for Dan!—Cork may well be proud of the future Sir Daniel, President of the Royal Academicians—was appointed porthrait painther; John Ansther was poet lauryeat; and Tom Hood punsther in ordinary to the Club. The prensenal reviewers and magazeeners of the day was honored by the places of pipers, fiddlers, bozzoon-blowers, Jew's-harpists, dhrum-baithers, and bottle-houldhers of the Club, while the ordinary members was meerly required to abide by the follyin' statutes, drawn up by that sly customer Barney Bralla-ghan himself:—

I.

Cantare, potare, amare, pugnare, præcepta sola Sociorum nostrorum sunt.

II.

Crassus, sobrius, stultus, procul, procul esto.

III.

Valeant curæ. Absit livor. Sit mens læta; frons candidus; sermo lepidus.

IV.

Nulla confabulatio de Whiggis, Toriis, Radicalibus Rascalibus, Josepho Hume, aut ullis aliis latronibus, sit.

V.

Nullus *whiskey*, nisi fartim stillatus, ministretur.

VI.

Nemo, nisi potus, discedat.

VII.

Venus, Bacchus, Pollux, et Priapus, Numina nostra sunt.

VIII.

Urbanus, hilaris, vinosus, huc venito.

IX.

Ministræ, pulcherrimæ, lepidissimæ, suavissimæ sunt.

X.

Osculare publicè licitum non sit. Sussurrare, suspirare licitum sit.

XI.

Vinum aquâ diluere licitum non sit.

XII.

Potatio perennis sit.

All Cork has heard ov Austin's Tavern (the ould Crown) sitivated close by that sole and venerable remnant of Corcagia in her primitive days of innocence, Fishamble Lane. In this tavern our meetings was held. The club room was a spacious hapart (oh *Airin go bragh* what was I goin' to write ?—I'm often afear'd I'm pickin up the vulgarisms of them cockneys !) apartment ; if it had been smaller it wouldn't have been too confined for the society, consistin as it did of all little men. Nobody would dhrame of exhibitin Dochter Maginn as an Irish joyant ; and he and my mather was I thinks the tallest of the set. But though small they were remarkable pugnacious ; like all of the *genus irritabile vatum*, boxin' formed one of their cardinal virtues ; (some people was malicious enough to say it was the only virtue that they had :) and this national characteristic it was which made Austin gently hint as he showed us (for I forgot to state that I was one o' them, bein' the head piper of the whole band, and sometimes cork-drawer also) into the club room the first time, " that in case of a row or scrimmage between the gintlemen—and the best of gintlemen have their humours now and then, God bless 'em why wouldn't they ?—and af they should by any accident take to throwin tumblers or pewther or spittoons at each other's heads, ye persaves sirs, why wouldn't it be more convanient to *duck* yer head to avoid a blow in a big room than in a little one ?" The force of this rasonin' sthruck us all at wanst, and be

gogsty it was well that it did ; for * * * * * But I will berry ould differences ; in the words of my friend Thomas Little Moore—

They may sleep in the shade
Where cowld and unhonoured their reliques are laid.

In this room we held our club : the porthraits of our various members bein' hanged around, a fate which many of the originals well deserved. No male sarvents was admitted ; the purty girls only had the *entree* ; and I must do Austin the justass of declarin that a riper, rosier, cozier, gentler, and more mirth inspirin choir of damsels never brightened the visions of a Mahometan than those that he supplied as ministerin' angels of the club.

Of our associates it behooves me to give some account. At present I'll notice only the most prominent. And first pre-eminent and alone stood WILLIAM MAGINN, L.L.D., occupyin the post of honour, not only in his capacity of presidint, but also as the gratest wit in the club. No man in it could compose varses quicker, or dhrink off his punch sooner, and this, let me tell ye Mither Yorke is sayin' a grate deal. Nobody but Sir Walther Scott could adequately describe Dochter Maginn. In one of them fathers—I do'nt exactly remember which, and I'm too lazy to look—I wanst met the expression *ανηρ μυριοψους*—*the myriad minded man*. Now sich a one is Dochter Maginn ;

A man so various that he seems to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.

as Dryden said of the Duke of Buckingham. Theologian, Historian, Poet, Metaphysician, Mathematician, Philosopher, Phrenologist, Stenographer, Fencer, Boxer, Orator, Philologer, Dramatist, Reviewer, Sonneteer, Jester, Punster, Doctor of Laws, Hoaxer, Political Economist, Newspaper-editor, Wit, Doilist, Pedestrian, Linguist, Arithmetician, O'Doherty, Pamphleteer, Translator, Epigrammatist, Antiquarian, Scholar, Conversationist, Novelist, and true Tory to the back bone. If the ould saw *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis* could jump up into flesh and blood, and take upon itself the form of man, the shape which it would assume would be another Maginn. With abilities confined to no single branch of intellect, he shines brilliantly in all, and reminds me more than any man I ever saw of Johnson's eulogium on Voltaire "Vir acerrimi ingenii et multarum literarum." That the Doctor has done as much in his own way for the good ould cause as any man, I care not who he may be, let his management of the *Standard* while it was his attest—let his staunch Conservative articles in *Frasier* and *Blackwood* and *The Quarterly*, and wherever else the right is pladed attest; and above all let his own hearty adherence to the cause of the church and the constitooshin, whin both seemed in greatest danger from their enemies right nobly attest. Doctor Maginn never thrimmed nor turned his coat nor preached republickism and revolution like other dirty nagurs who has taken precedenc of him; he has stuck

to his party like a man battling for them through good report and evil report. Why the deuce then don't Peel make him Chancellor of the Exchequer, a forren Ambassador, or a Lord of the Treasury at laste?—or does he intend like the pupil of Anaxagoras to wait until the lamp is expirin' slowly in the socket?*

But the abilities of Maginn, great and wonderful though they be, aint his sole recommindashun. Aint he a fire-eather? what none o' the other lithery carikthers of the age is. Aint he like his ansisther, of whom ould Homer himself spakes in glowin' terms of praise.

METHN αταλαντον Αρηι.—*Ilias* XV. v. 302.

Maginn a match for Mars.

Was'nt he within an ace of blowin the livers and lites out of that Grantly Barklay?—and oughtn't he to be made a peer, or a baronet, or a knight grand cross if it was for nothin' else but shootin at a rebellious Radical of that class. Oh holy poker! how I wishes I was Prence Albert, and my wife Judy Quean of Inghland only for a single day. Woodn't I purvide splendidly for the lithery min, then? woodn't I erect alms-houses for the

* These words were *prophetic*. The Doctor lived unpensioned and unrelieved, and it was only a few days before his death that Sir Robert Peel with noble munificence sent £100, when he was almost in want of the common necessaries of life. Poor Maginn! I often think how heartily he laughed when I repeated to him parts of the above sketch while yet in manuscript.

poets, and a college for the histhoriens ? and woodn't I make the Docthor Earl KillBarkly with a thousand a year out of the privy purse ? Blow me if I woodn't !

The Docthor is in private the most unaffected man I ever knew. I have never conversed with him, that I didn't feel as if I had been taukin to Gay, or honest Mat Prior. The sperrit of good nature baims all about him—I never heard him say a bitther thing of any one. And this attrIBUTE forms a remarkable fayture in his charikther. Swift hasn't written more sevore things of his opponens, litherry and politikal, than has our Maginn. Both is unrivalled in launchin bolts of witherin' sarkasm : both crushes at a single stroak. But Dain Swift was habituallly and in ordinary life a morose cynick. Maginn on the conthrary lays aside his sathire with his pen and sthrikes only in prent. I have seen him in all hours and in all company ; in sickness and in health ; by his own fireside and at the boords of others. Always he was the same—the gay good-humoured man of jaynius whose conversashun resembled rather a bright vollem of fillosofee anecdote, histhory, and whim, than the meer common places of every day discourse, *Quidquid comè loquens, et omnia dulcia dicens* [CIC ad LIB.] Maginn was L.L.D. at the age of twenty-five. Can I give a more sthrikin' illusthrashun of the airly developemint of his talons or the assiduity of study with which he cultivated them ?

The Docthor and Frank Mahony—oh jaikus I begs pardon, his Ravarince I manes—was great frinds during

the existence of the Deipnosophist Club, and often cracked their joaks and jests upon aich other. Indeed they seldom met without havin a whole volley of Joe Millerisms, and one in particklar I well remembers. A very near friend of my own aafterwards put 'em into varses, and I may as well cram 'em in here as any where else.

ἸΕΡΕΥΣ ΦΡΑΓΚΙΣΚΟΣ.

Ποδαγρην ηπειλησεν
 Ἐμοι Μεγην βελτιστος,
 Εἰ μὴ ἀπο Ποθητου
 Ἀκρητου θυμον εχω.
 Τον δ' αὖ μιλλον γε πινω
 Ποθηνον γὰρ ὀλεσσας
 Ποδαγρης της ελπιζω
 Ὀλεσαι μὲν την Πηγην

Aureum Monitum Gulielmi Magini, L.L.D.

Tentatum podagrâ Patrem Franciscum,
 Nec voris tamen abstinentiorem
 Visens Maginnius; "*Amice,*" dixit,
 "*Cado parcere, si sapiis, memento ;*
Fons est ille tuæ unicus podagrae."
 Audivit placidè Vates monentem
 Et grates specie probantis, agit.
 Verum post aliquot dies reversus,
 Ad Patrem, Gulielmus, scyphos ut illum
 Vertentem reperit meraciores.
 "*Eho quid facis ?*" inquit. At Mahonius,
 "*Fontem sicco meæ, ut vides, podagrae.*"

L'Abbe Mahony.

Sur peine de la goûte Docteur Maginn m'ordonne,
 De quitter l'usage du vin ;
 Mais, loi de renoncer à ce jus si divin
 J'acheve de vider ma tonne
 Laquais, vite à grands flots remplis moi ce crystal,
 Si le vin engendre la goûte,
 Boire jusqu'à la lie est le secret sans doute
 De tarir la source du mal.

The Golden Precept of William Maginn, M.D.

"Beware of the punch," says the Doctor to Frank,
 "'Tis a shame for a priest to his cups thus to cling :
 For whisky's no better you'll find than a tank,
 From which gout flows as surely as streams from a spring."

Frank nodded and smiled, and profess'd to assent,
 And the Doctor advised him to study Macnish :
 But the next time Maginn to his reverence went,
 He discover'd him swigging, but *not* like a fish.

"How now?" quoth the Doctor. "'Tis idle to flout,"
 Says this gem of a priest, filling out a fresh cup ;
 "You told me that punch was the fountain of gout,
 So I've sworn to drink on till I've drank the fount up."

But that Frank was always a juice of a joaker, and his sarments was more like exthrax from Joe Miller, or Dain Swift's Essay on Pun-makin' than grave or theologickill threatises. I wanst witnessed a joke of his in Paris in a *café* at the Palais Royal. Poor Thaodore

Hook and I were breakwistin' together when my dear Frankey walk't in with a couple of milliners hangin' on his arm and lookin' very lovinly at the little man. The *cafè* was av coorse one of the expensivest in France, for I makes it a rule always to go to a dear house, the attendince at them chape taverns bein' usually careless and disrespectful. The *garçon* (we calls 'em waiters or gorsoons in Ireland) brought up some eggs, and the furst that poor Thaodore broke was (savin' yer presence) addled quite, and instead of a yoke he found a fœtus in the shell. Misther Hook was jist about to call the waitther and reprimand him for givin' him sich a disgustin' plaster of a thing whin Mahony stopped him jist in time: "Thaodore," sez the preesht winkin', (I declare I don't know whether at Misther Hook or one o' them girls,) "you know this is an expensive extrava-gant house, and be jaymenee! af you tells the waitther any thing about this, instead of chargin' you for an addled egg, *it's chargin' you for a chicken he'll be.*"

The second upon my list is Misther TOM CROUGHTON CROKER—arrah my darlint little linnet don't forget to give me a call on the Twelft Nite, and 'tis I'll give ye a warm welcome to the best I have—a duel of an Irishman. Sartenly there never lived a man who could hide a tumbler of hot potheen punch undher his belt with greater aise or pleasure to himself than the Hithorian of the Mallow Fairies. Misther Croker, like Horace, and myself, and other great litherry charickthers is a little man—a *biped-*

alis or scamp of two feet high—fat, round, and forty; somewhat of a dandy and a Prodestant; more of a gintleman and *Rouè*. But within a little deeny-dawny body is casketted a grate sperrit; and I'd like to see the Englishman that would sneeze at my darlint T6m. Misther Croaker also is a Corkman—as in throth all Irish wits are. All his funny legends of Fairy and Benshee were larned in the classick barony of Duhallow, where Crofty first rode cock-a-hoop amid his father's groves and meddoes, and spint his time lookin' afther Clooricauns and Leprechauns whin he might have been more profitably employed in school. He was while yet a mere youth a grate favourite with the wimmen, ould and young. From the first he picked up his charmin' thra-ditions of the south, the art and mysthery of roastin' praties in a lime-kiln, thrick o' the loop, and some other little sacrets. By the second he was taught to make love and dance fandangoes; to ketch birds by puttin' salt on their tails, and fairees accordin' to the most approved principles;* to whistle the "Black Joke" and

* We regret that we cannot give our readers information on this point, but the following "*excellente waye to gett a Fayrie*" is laid down by the famous Dr. John Dee in his "Actions with Spirits.—1659." "First gett a broad square chrystal, or Venice glass, in length and breadth three inches; then lay that glasse or chrystal in the bloude of a white henne, 3 Wednesdays or 3 Fridayes. Then take it out and wash it with holy aq (water) and fumigate it. Then take three hazel sticks or wands of an

play at forfeits for kisses. His purficiency in these differint purshuits is well known, and he can ogle and sigh, tell a legend and knock down a foe as well as any man that ever wore a head. He is to be seen every day waùkin' from fair "Rosamond's Bower" at Fulham, to his desk in the Admiralthry, with a club in his right fist of the throe Irish oak, and stalworth diminshions, and this he whacks agen the pavemint with so stout and determined an energy that no paceable John Bull will care to stand in his way. He's an admirable hand at cudgellin' and quarther staff—but I'm sorry to say never gives quarther when he has a man down. I have seen him marchin' at the head (faix it ain't in the *tail* a boxer like Croughty will ever be found,) of a faxshun of the rale fitin' boys that fears no noise at Cahirmee fair; and have had fraquint occasion to admire the masterly arrangemint of his forces, and the speed with which he put the opposin' party to flight. No man in the province could crack a skull so nately, or set a limb and brathe a vein whenever

yeare growthe; peel them fayre and white, and make them as long as you write the spirrit's name, or fayrie's name which you call, three times on every sticke, being made flatte on one side. Then bury them under some hille where you suppose fayries haunt, the Wednesday before you call her; and the Friday following take them up and call her at 8, or 3, or 10 of the clock, which be good planets and houres for that turn; but when you call, be in clean life, and turn thy face towards the east, and when you have her binde her to that stone or glasse."—O.Y.

a surgeon was absent from the scene and expedition necessary. Perhaps I'll be accused of partiality to my frind and flatthery of no ordinary kind, but to the magisthracy of the county I fearlessly appeals for corroborashun of all I have stated. This ain't the place to spake of all the abduxshins and smugglin' parties in which my frind and I bore no undistinguished part whin Ireland was raily worth livin' in. Perhaps I may be indoosed to publish 'em in *Blackwood* if the publisher comes down handsomely. If ever I should my ould compotathor, compugilist and comrade in every thing which bore any affinity to fun or fitin' may depind upon havin' full justass done to merits so rare and exthrordinary as his.

The mostagreeable evenins—*O noctes cœnæque Deum!*— I ever spent in the west end, was those which I passed in company with my little frind Croughty. I hopes afore long to see 'em renewed, and to hear once more the jolly ould soale recountin' over his thirty-sixth tumbler of "Mountain dew" the perils and the dangers he has passed, or warbling with true Munsther melli-fuousness the following song, worthy as it would seem of his Anacreontic bower ;—

Song.

OF all the bright gods that live and love
 In regions of sunny beauty above,
 Young Cupid's the one for me ;

Oh, day and night the boy-god haunts
My heart, dear love, and with witching glance,
Sweet visions of Heaven gives me.

The bards sublime of the days of old
The prettiest legends of love have told
In their golden minstrelsy ;
But yet there is one which, while fair eyes
On the poet shower their witcheries,
Can never find credit with me.

These bards pretend that the Muses shun
The presence of Cypria's bright ey'd son,
And fly from his company ;
But never shall story as this untrue
Impose on such spirits as you or *you*
Fair Nymph who sittest by me.

The cold, austere, and passionless breast
Which Cupid has ne'er with his spells impress,
Or pierc'd with his archery ;
Oh, never on it will the gentle Nine
The lustre shed of their smiles divine,
Or choose it their home to be.

But hearts that worship the light that lies
And gleams like a god in woman's soft eyes,
Such hearts their shrines shall be :
And he who her fondest love would win
Must court her by means of those angels twin,
Music and Poesy.

Then twine the cup with a wreath of flowers,
 We'll brighten dull life's remaining hours
 With rosy revelry !
 Oh, ne'er do the moments so happily flit,
 As when in the light of thy looks I sit,
 And they shine down on me.

I'm here reminded of an anecdote that's eminently characteristic. At the contisted elexshuns in Cork, Mister Croker was in his element, for none ever passed off without half a score of duels, and as many riots as filled the hospittles, enricht the apothekerries, and fortun'd off the purty daughters of the physishans and undhertakers. I wonst met him lavin' the Coort House in Castle Sthreet, appariently in high sperrits. I ran afther him, and axed him what was in the wind ? "Do'nt delay me a moment, my dear Barney" (he's of the rale ould stock, and ai'nt ashamed to make free with one like me), says he, "I'm on a most deliteful arrand ;" says he ; "Jack and Tom have quarrelled and I'm goin' to settle the matther at wanst." "With pistols av coorse," sez I, Crofty stared. "Arrah how else ye nagar ? sez he." "And let me tell you Barney," says he, "that it's a disgrace to our city that I should be obliged to go all the way to my lodgins for the barkers," says he. "*Why man doorin' an elexshun you shou'd have duellin' pistols undher every poll-book in coort*" says he. Sich is my frind Croker's notion of an Irish elexshun. But afther all there's no betther man braithin'. He's a livin' comment on the

axiom of Pliny—*Natura nusquam magis quam in minimis tota est*;—nature never succeeds so perfectly as when she moulds little men.

DOCTHER LARDNER comes next—a well known character. He wears gold spectacles and has a nose in his face. Poor fella! I'm told he's on the batter this long while.

After him was JOHN ANSTER, L.L.D., the Drayton of Ireland, whose agrestic Muse often threw many a bright beam of song over our meetings, and who as Poet Laureate of the club can never be minshund by Corkman without respect and affection. Then there was SHERIDAN KNOWLES whose dramatic jaynius seems inspired by the Spirit of Shirley, and Webster, and the gentle Fletcher. FARDAROUGH CARLETON, and SAM LOVER the songwriter; COUNSELLOR LINDSAY, and DICK SAINTHILL, famous for makin' an *Olla Podrida* of the most excellent kind, and for Claret worthy of the suppers of the luxurious Duke of Orleans the Regent of France. Then there was that excellent fella PHILOSOPHER KELEHER, who in his own quiet way has done more for Cork than the whole tribe o'brawlin agitators that ever speeched with Corney Carver at their head; and tho' last not last JOHN WINDELE who as an elegant writer and profound antiquarian has scarcely his equal in the South.

The next remarkable member of the Deipnosophist Club was FATHER ENGLAND, or as he was emphatically called Tom England, a holy Roman of high repute though

of low stature. Tommy is a larned skollar and good thaologian, and 'ud have been made a bishop long ago, only that there's a special decree of the Vatican agen any one who do'nt stand three feet, seven inches and the one eighth without his stockins. The Poap however to recompinse him gev him absolution for all his sins, past, present, and to come, and faix they sez his Ravarince likes this betther than the mither and cope. He is well known in the small town of Passage of which he is pasthor and pather-nosther sayer as the author of a big quarto nearly as tall as himself, entitled "*The last Speech and Dying Words of that Notorious Malefactor, the Rev. Father O'Leary, with an affecting narrative of his extraordinary behaviour at Gallows Green, his remarkable dispute on Purgatory with Canty the Hangman, and his dissection by cruel Dr. Woodroffe. All for the small sum of One Half-penny.*" He is known also as the author of that eccenthric piece of classical humour, entitled "*The Wake of Teddy Roe,*" and which, as it is supposed to be an accurate and veracious account of Father O'Leary's wake, deserves to be inserted here as a littbery curiosity. For obvious rasons the preesht didn't wish to state the reale name of his Hero, but there can be no doubt that the serkimstances related in the ballad actually ocured, and that poor O'Leary was mauled at his wake in the manner described. The quarrel arose because his relations on the father's side wanted to berry him in the northern corner of the grave yard, and those of his mother's on the south.

ΕΣΤΙΑ ΠΕΡΙ ΝΕΚΡΟΥ ΡΩΙΔΕΟΣ.

α.

Εν Εβλανη δοξης και πλουτων τη πολει,
 Εθαν' ιχθυοπωλης γενφ Ρωιδει,
 Γειτονες δ ωλολυξαν και εβησαν ᾿αμα
 Παραπεμπει προς ταφον τον τεθνεωτα.

Ἡμιχος Δογερτιαδης αυτικα εκαλειτο. Κλυθι ω Δογερτιαδε
 ᾿ιπποδαμ᾿, ημας και διφρηλατει προς εστιαν υπερ νεκρου Ρωιδεος.
 Ναι μα Ζηνα ᾿ως τεθνηκε, δει ᾿ημων τον νεκρον επισκοπειν,—
 αλλως μεν γαρ αχθησεται. Ουν δη διφρηλατει ω γαθε—

Δεσποιναν Δηληνην νυμφην τε και Δω,
 Δεσποιναν και Βληνην συν τω Φηγηνηφ,—
 ᾿Υπερ νεκρου αυτου βοαιεν Ω! Ω!

β.

Τοις ᾿ιματιοις καλοις ενδεδυμενοι
 Φολκος νυμφη Δω και αλλοι τε πτωχοι,
 Κλισιην αφικοντ' ες εν ᾿φ Ρωιδης
 Κειτο—θυραν τ' ηραττε Δογερτιαδης.

Προσερχεται τοτε Φηλιμος του νεκρου μητραδελφος, και λεγει,
 Χαιρετε, Χαιρετε ω γειτονες: ᾿ο ανεψιος εμου συν φιλοις
 εστιανορᾷ εστι, φευ! φευ! ᾿υστατα πιων. Αναβαιντες την
 κλιμακα τον νεκρον τιματε—Ιουδη, Ιουδη, τους σανδαλους δρυπτε,
 ιδου γαρ ᾿η αριστοκρατεια! Εμον ανεψιον καθιζε παρα τοιχω—
 κεφαλον ταις προσθεταις κομαις κρυπτε, και εν στοματω
 εμβαλλε σωληνα. Αναβαινετε γυναικες. Νυν χρη μεθυσκειν.

The Wake of Teddy Roe.

I.

IN Dublin, that city of riches and fame,
A fishmonger lived, Teddy Roe was his name ;
The neighbours all grieved, rich, poor, high, and low,
And to wake with poor Teddy resolved for to go.

Mr. O'Dogherty, the coachman, was sent for immediately
Now you see, Dogherty, we want you to drive us clean and
decently to Teddy Roe's wake. By the powers he has taken it
into his head to die, so he would not be very well pleased if we
neglected calling on him, so drive away with the most beautiful

Mistress Delaney, Mistress Blaney,
Mister Fagan, and Miss Doe,
Who in a coach all went to wake with Teddy Roe.

II.

All bedizen'd so fine in their best Sunday clothes,
Miss Doe's squinting eyes, Mither Fagan's red nose,
At poor Ted's they arrived where they'd been oft before,
And Dogherty gave a loud thump at the door.

Out hobbles Phelim, Teddy's uncle. Arrah, is it yourself that
comes to wake with poor Ted?—he's up in the cock-loft taking
a parting glass of Innoshone with a few friends, so be after
walking up the ladder if you please—Scrape your feet, Judy,
Judy, the quality is come ; stick the corpse up against the wall,
clap his wig on his head, and put a pipe in his mouth. Walk
up, ladies, the punch will soon be ready, and we'll all get drunk
for sorrow.

γ.

Περίθρεξε ποθνηνον και ὕδωρ ωχεως,
 Ερισαντο ευθυ περι γεννας παντως :—
 Επεα πτεροεντα εποιντο πληγαι
 Μαστιγουτο δ' Ρωιδεος νεκρος—^ααι! ^ααι!

Ιου! Ιου! τι ουν ποιειτε ω κακοδαιμονες; Ναι μα δυναμιν
 Μολχελλιης τον νεκρον τυπτουσι. Ιου! Ιου! Ιου! Ω μοι!
 Αι! Αι! εμον ανεψιον αποπνιξουσι. Ελκε, ελκε φιλιτατ'
 Ιουδη. Ωμοι! Ωμοι! ^αΑιμα και Τραυματα! του νεκρος ομματα
 εμελανωσαν.

δ.

Νοστουντες λυπης πληροι και ποθνηνου
^αΗλιοχων μετα Δογερτιαδου
 Αριστου, τα πραγματα στρεψαν κυκλω
 Θ' ομιλος κυλινδεται εν βορβορω.

Χασμα.

ε.

Εις οικον Δογερτιαδου τοτ' ουτοι
 Θολεροι αφικοντο και μεθυστικοι,—
 Θρηνηται τοιουτοι προ τουτου κρονου
^αΟρωντο μηδεποτε περι νεκρου.

Ω Ζευ Δογερτιαδε τι ουν τοσουτους διαβολους επαναγεις;
^αΗ, ^αη σιωπα' μηδεν ειπης νηπιον, και παντα ακουσεις· Αλλα
 πρωτον Ιουδη δει νιπτειν και στρωννυναι κλινην τουτοις—λεγω :

Δεσποιναν Δηληνην, νυμφην τε και Δω,
 Δεσποιναν και Βληνην, συν τω Φηγηνω,
 Οωσβαρους ανα Ρωιδει νεκρω.

III

Now the whiskey went round till they could not agree
 Who were highest of rank and of best pedigree ;
 They from words fell to blows, just like Donnybrook fair,
 And among them poor Teddy came in for his share.

Hubbaboo ! Hubbaboo ! what the devil are you all about ?
 What are you doing ? By the powers of Moll Kelly if they
 have'nt got poor Ted down amongst them ! Och they 'll smother
 the poor creature ; get him off Judy ; take hold of his leg, and
 help me to drag him from under the lump. Och, blood and
 'ouns see there now. They have given the corpse a black eye.

IV.

Returning a coach full of whisky and grief,
 By old Dogherty driven, of coachmen the chief ;
 All objects turned round, and he could not tell how,
 For he upset the quality all in a slough.

Hiatus valdè defendus.

V.

Then be-mudded without, and with whisky within,
 They arrived at old Dogherty's, and all stagger'd in,
 Such figures of fun 'twill be said for their sake,
 Sure never before were seen at a wake.

Bless us, Dogherty, what are you bringing home ? where did
 you pick 'em up, jewell ? Oh, don't bother me, and you will
 get the whole account as clear as mud ; but Judy, we must first
 wash the most beautiful,

Mistress Delaney, Mistress Blaney,
 Mister Fagan, and Miss Doe,
 Who in a coach all went to wake with Teddy Roe.

DOCTOR PORTHER comes next—the Sancho Panza of literature and of the Cork Cuvierian Society. He is a Solomon Wise-acre of the paradoxical school. He believes with Lord Monboddó, that all men is born with tails like munkies, which the midwives cairfully wrings off at the moment of berth, and he beleeves with himself and a few more enlitened enquirers of the Cuvierian, that swine have sowls, and that pig-butchers is guilty of murther whenever they stix an ould sow. He maintains the theory of Docthor Buckland, that Adam was 150 feet high; that he had two heads, four leggs, three arms four elbows, one nose, and tin eyes; and assarts positively that Irish was the language spoken be him and his rib Eve. Havin' a high opinion of his own wisdom he declares, that a goose is a very sinsible bird; and havin' often obsarved the formation of his head in the lookin' glass, he boasts of havin' diskivered that intherestin' sacret of nature, so long wrapped up in darkniss—videlicet, the thrué rason why jackasses has airs. He it was who furst made known to the world that after a storm comes a calm—that it is day when the sun shines—that dead men tells no tales—that shops shut is a sure sign of Sunday—that all cats is gray in the dark—and that as soon as the sun sets there is many bastes in the shade—that whin ye sups with the Divil ye must have a long spoon—that what is ill got goes ill—that little dogs have long tails—that the moon ain't made o' green cheese, as many o' the vulgar supposes—that what's

sauce for the goose is sauce also for the gander—that a nod is as good as a wink for a blind horse—that soup may be supped with a fork—that nine tailors makes a man—that the largest calves ain't the sweetest vail—that it's too late to lock the stable door whin the mayor is stolen—that a bird in the hand is worth two in a bush—that a stitch in time saves nine—that an ould dog will larn no new thricks—that blind men aint no judges of colours—and that one can have no more of a cat than her skin—that what's bred in the bone ca'nt be got out o' the flesh—that a burnt child dhreads the fire, and that a cat in mittens ketches no mice. He has instrucked the world in a variety of mysterious sacrets utterly unknown to our simple ansesthors, sich as to bring their noble to nine pins, and their nine pins to nothin'—to build castles in the air—to scratch whin it do'nt itch—to light the candle at both ends—to take a wrong sow by the ear—to fall between two stools—to set a beggar a horseback—to ketch ould birds with chaff—to raise the wind, and to make a silk purse out of a sows ear—to send one's wits a wool gatherin'—and to whistle jigs to milestones. He it was who furst diskivered that the great profit Moses never shut his eyes but when he wint to sleep, and demonsthrated from the follyin' lines of Aristophanes, that the sacrets of gas, galvanism, and the steem Indian was well know to the anshient Grakes :—

Ωπ ωπ ωπ, ωπ
 Βρεκεκεκεξ κοαξ κοαξ
 Βρεκεκεκεξ κοαξ κοαξ.—*Ranæ*, v. 210.

This grate man is at present inquirin' into the feelosofickal, meatafizzical, fragnologickill, stenographical, pasthoral and comical causes, why cows wags their tales ; and whin he has unvailed that enigma of natural science he intinds to prove the multitudinous advantages of buyin' a pig in a poke.

The last of the lads of whom I'll take notis at present (with the excepshin of Mither Richard) is the famous FATHER MAHONY. He is too notorious for litherature, jaysuitism, slite of hand, dancin' and conundrums to require any long sketch. I dont think there's a man in the united kingdom of Grate Brittan and Ireland who has'nt heard tell of Father Frankey. His faits and frolix is celebrated through the counthry, and will continue to be the charm of many a Corcagian fireside, whin their haro shall have long mouldhered into the dust o' the valley, I have seen many preeshts and laymen in my time, from Father Wyllym O'Sullivan of "*The Cork Reporter*" Office, down to ould Capillari his present Holiness, to whom be ever ravarince and honor. I have dhrunk with the fat jolly munx of *la belle France*, and raked in company with the fat surprisid sinners of Ausonia. I have broaken windows and door-knockers, beside the sturdy black-letthered friars of Jarmany, and danced the cachuca with the Austhrian priests in the gilded *salons* of Vienna. I have hunted the wild boar and tumbled watchmin in Swayden and Norway along with the hooded roistherers of those counthries, and I

have made love to Spannish Donnas, and praised their dark eyes of radiance in the presence of the gay father konfessors of that sunny clime. The preeshts of Portu-gall and Sicely has helped me to dhrain many a dozen of my masthers flaggons, and well was the nooks of his wine cellars known to their Ravarinces. But above all and before all give *me* Misther Mahony. Filled with the fine olden sperrit of the Xaviers and Loyolas, an inthrepid defendher of the Poap and thruë faith, (faix I thinks he desarves the like as well as the Quean herself), purfound in thaology and the fathers, well versed in pollemix, but like his prototype the illustrious Gregory Nazianzen, illuminating the gloom of that murky studdy with the golden light of poethry which he has dhrawn from the finest sources that Greece, or Roam, or Italy, or France have opened to his hand, the panegyrist of litherature and the Jaysuits, the poet lauryeat of Din Lardner and Lord Broome, the foe of all and every kind of humbug from Tom Little and the London Univarsity to the begging box of Dannel and the imposture of Repale—that brazen fraud which realizes so well the verse of Sophocles of Greece :—

Το κερδος ἦδ' ἔστι καὶ ἀπὸ ψευδῶν ἐστίν.

Sweet is the *rint* though falsehood be its source.

skilled in spinning off a song in Latin, Frinch, or English, clever in epigram, smart in jest and conundrum,

an adept in the vernacular of Blarney and the language of Chrysostom but utterly opposed to *one** at least of the doctrines of the ould man with the mouth of goold, as his castigations of the donkey thribe of criticks, swipin lawyers, and poetickhell swipers in his admirable *Prout Papers* testifies—sich, I am proud to say is the quolities of my reverend friend. Need I add that with quolifications of this noble and thruly Deipnosophistic order, he shed honour and gloary and fun over our festive meetins, and smashed with unrelenting wit all pretendhers to larning and poethry, whether, from Maynooth or St. Jarlath's—for he thought with St. Augustine, “Plus placet Deo latratus canum, mugitus boum, grunnitus porcorum quam cantus clericorum luxuriantum,” and though a brilliant poet himself never failed to cite for them the words of Hieronymus as recorded by a sublime author, “Poetria est cibus Diaboli.” *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum.*

* The following is the doctrine referred to. Σφοδρα εισιν αι των αγιων ψυχαι ημεροι και φιλανθρωποι, και περι τους οικειους και περι τους αλλοτριους. Και μεχρι των αλογων αυτων ταυτην εκτεινουν την ημεροτητα, δια τουτο και σοφος τις ελεγε, Δικαιος οικτειρει ψυχας κτηνων αυτου—The souls of those that are truly pious, are exceedingly mild and gentle, not only towards relatives but strangers also. And this lenity or softness of heart they extend even to irrational creatures. Therefore the wise man saith, “A righteous man regardeth his beast.—Chrysostom, XXIX Homily on the Epistle to the Romans.

The next upon my list is av coorse my ould employer MISTHER MILLIKIN himself, the famous author of "The Groves of Blarney," and one of the brightest gims of the gim of the say. It wont require much space to describe the masher; his life was plain and simple, and scarcely tesselated by a single incidint worth recordin', savin and exceptin' a duel now and thin. Misther Millikin was six feet high, with an open countenance that 'ud have well shuted an Archbishop, but with an innate love of waggery and fun that 'ud have done honour to the Markiss of Watherford or any of his primest pups. He enthered Threnity College at an airy age, where he soon became a rollicker of the highest class, and flourished in that silent rethrate of the Muses in those golden hours, whin whiskey-dbrinkin', lamp-brakin', window-smashin' and skull crackin' was the ordher of the day, and no stoodent was admitted into dacent company unless he was a rake also. Those was the times, whin what Thucydides calls the night's *Poukavv* (*Anglicè*, row,) was planned at the mornin' lecture undher the nose of my frind Docthor Tom Luby, F.T.C.D., one of the cleverest, most larned, best humoured, and pains-takin' tuthors in the place, and sartenly cut out for a bishop—whin the lightin' o' the glimmerin' oil lamps in the winthry evenins was the prelude to their disthruxion, and the toalin' of the deep-toned bell in Botany Bay square, the signal for a rush furst to chapel, and thin to that most diabolical of all earthly Pandæmoniums the "Blind Piper" in Pig Shreet.

Thim was the times when to be a College boy was to be a term of terror to the *canaille*, and no Papisht dare show his *Roman* nose within the Prodestant walls of T.C.D. But they're all over now. The march of Timperance disthroyin' every thing in its way, has inthrooded even within that vinirable establishment for the propagashin of punch and the thrué faith, and wit and whisky is alike excludod from its walls. Those charmin' fights which the gintlemin so loved—those exquisite swipin' parties—those luxurious suppers—the dear Cigar Club—the crickit game—the racket coort—the brandy assoshia-shin, the fincin' matches and the boxin' matches, the lusty crab sticks which the stewdints proudly wielded, the 60 inch meerschaums which they joyously smoaked, the jackasses which they gallantly rode thro' the most publick sthreets with their faces turned towards the tails ; the munkies which they drest in college caps and gowns and brought riglarly to mornin' and evenin' devoshun ; the cock fitin', the gamblin', the tarrin' and featherin of papists, bums, and bailiffs, the ould pump which I myself blew up with gunpowther, the rum-steeped cavendish and mild havannahs, the stolen meetins with Mistrhiss O'Hagarty's milliners in Park Sthreet, and the pleasant *liaisons* within the oulden cloisthers themselves—alas ! alas ! they're all departed and gone, and in their place has come a dull cowl'd stagnant common-sinse routine of things parfictly disgustin', and sadly purfettic of the decline of Irish riots and erudishun. Our larnin' in which

we prided, and the whiskey that inspired us is both departed. These is saddenin' reminiscenses, and my heart sinks within me whenever they occurs to me, but the very minshun of my poor masther called 'em back to the tablet of my memory, and awakened in all its freshness the love of these ould college amusemints. Poor Mither Richard never was so unlucky as to see these things, for while he lived in College he raked with the best, and was a fine pattrern of what a spirited young Irish gentleman shou'd be. As soon as he left College he set up as an Attorney, but takin' a dislike to the purfession, he quitted Hale's Plays of the Crown for the Plays of Shakspeer, and gave up Viner's Abridgemint of Law for the juice of the Vine. He was a jolly gintleman was Mither Millikin, and was always startin' new litherey publicashins, none of which I'm sorry to say ever brought in much profit. I have a great contimpt myself for thim litherey jobs, and bad as piperin' sartenly is, I purtest upon my sowl and conscience it's better far than ritin for the booksellers. However that's neither here nor there at present. The greatest claim that Mither Richard 'll have on postherity's admirashun is his bein' the author o' "The Groves of Blarney." The serkimstances under which it was kimposed is these. A thravellin' painther who was makin' a tower for pleasure and prophet through Cork, stopped some days near Castle Hyde in that county (one of the finest ould anshient sates to be seen,) and havin' a turn for poethry,

and an eye to makin' some cash also, he kimposed some verses on the Castle which was thought so ridiculous, that instead of bein' of any emoliment to him from the owner of the place they were rather the conthrary, for he was hunted out o' the village like a wolf by ould Curnell Hyde's tenants, which made the proverb of resavin' more kicks than ha'pence come perfickly thru. This catastrophy and the melody which purdoosed it flew about the counthry like wild fire, and Mither Millikin was timpted to rite somethin' in the same style which he accomplished greatly to his credit. This was the origin of the "Groves of Blarney." But altho' av coorse I have a great regard and affeckshin for the memory of my poor masther, I must for the better preservashun of my own reputashin as a critic pronounce it to be my opinion that the song of the "Groves" is very much infarior to the rale original melody of "Castle Hyde," as kimposed by the painther afore minshund. Besides as Mither Thom Moore sez, its a bairfaist plagiarism, and the best thoughts of the painther's komposishun is filched by my masther and stuck into his own. Now no one knows more of playgiarism than the Priapus of Sloperton Cottage Devizes, Wiltshire; and I'm sthrongly of opinion that if Mither Lockhart of the *Quarterly* or Mackvay Napeer of the *Edinburrow*, or Professor Wilson of *Blackwood*, or ould Jarden of the *Litthery Gazetteer*, or Tom Hood of the *New Monthly* or poor Hayraud of the Ould one, or in fact

any one o' thim chaps that knows the merrits o' minsthrelsy would look at the two together, they'd agree with me. However there's no way so good to balance the beauties o' both as to prent the song of "Sweet Castle Hyde," and if any one wishes to compare it with the "Groves," he can refer to the first vollem of *Prout's Papers* where it is to be found with a thranslashun into Grake, Latin, and French, by the larned Father Mahony the lithery executioner of the late Father Prout.— There's a very purty thranslashun of "Castle Hyde" done into the rale Grake by a young Barristher of my acquaintance one Ned Hyde, and those that knows the air can sing the Grake to it.

For the present, dear Oliver, good bye. I've jist got a note from John Murray about an article in the *Quarterly* which he wants me to write for him. But nixt month, my dear little brick, I'll give ye a riglar flare up. In the meantime I sinds my love to Misses Yorke and Selina.

And I remain,
Yer most affexshinate frind,
(so long as you pay me)

BARNEY BRALLAGHAN.

ἩΔΥ ΠΥΡΓΙ ὙΔΕΟΝ.

Βαδίζων ἀρτι ἤματι θερινῷ
 Παρ ὀχθᾶς κρηνης μελανδρου,
 Ἐχαιρον ἰδειν κάλλει εαρινῷ
 Στιλβοντας κηπους Πυργ-Ὑδεου.
 Ἐνταυθ' ἀκουσεις ὀρνεις μελποντας,
 Τρηρωνος ὠδην και κορακιου,
 Ἀμνους μεν ὄφραι και αθυροντας—
 Κοσμημα μεγα Πυργ-Ὑδεου.

Ἡρωες εἰ μεν χωροῖς πλωιοιεν,
 Ἀλλοτριῶς εἰς το νησιον,
 Ἐν ὕλῃ ταυτη κρεας φαγοιεν
 Ἡμετεροι ὥς γε προτερον.
 Το πνευμ' οἰκισκου του ὕγιμων
 Την κραδιην μεν ἀρεσκοι σου,
 Ἰμεροεν παν τ' ἐστ' ἐρατειων
 Ἀμφ' ἀλσεα γαρ Πυργ-Ὑδεου.

Ἐν λιμνῇ ἴσταται νεως μεν ψυχας
 Ὁγεμονων σωζειν, ἀλλα προς
 Θεους μηδεποτε λεγουσιν ευχας
 Πυργος γαρ ἐστι τούτων ουρανος.
 Βοες και εἰσιν, ταυροι τε ἵπποι,
 Ἐστ' ἀλωπηξι αυτρον δηπου,
 Οἰες εἰσιν ὄνοι και πιπποι
 Ἐν ταις ἀρουραις Πυργ-Ὑδεου

Sweet Castle Hyde.

As I roved out on a summer's morning,
 Down by the banks of Blackwater side,
 To view the groves and meadows charming.
 And pleasant gardens of Castle Hyde.
 It is there you will hear the thrushes warbling,
 The dove and partridge I now describe,
 The lambkins sporting each night and morning
 All to adorn sweet Castle Hyde.

If noble princes from foreign places
 Should chance to sail to this Irish shore,
 It is in this valley they could be feasted
 As often heroes had done before.
 The wholesome air of this habitation
 Would recreate your heart with pride,
 There is no valley throughout this nation
 With beauty equal to Castle Hyde.

There's a church for service in this fine harbour,
 Where nobles often in their coaches ride
 To view the streams and pleasant gardens
 That do adorn sweet Castle Hyde.
 There is fine horses and stall-fed oxen
 And a den for foxes to play and hide,
 Fine mares for breeding and foreign sheeping,
 And snowy fleeces in Castle Hyde.

Τουτοις μεν δρυμοις ανθων ανασσα,
 'Ροδον ζηλοι το λειριον,
 'Ο κοσμος ευρυς και Ιερνα πασα
 Ουκ εχει χωρον ευφοροτερον.
 'Ο ελαφος τ' αιετος παιζουσι
 Συν αλωπηξι παρα ποταμω,
 Ιχθυες αι και πεσσεουσι,
 Καλησι ροης' εν Πυργ-"Υδεω.

Βλαρνεας "υλαι και Βαλλη-Κεναλη,
 Το Θωμας-αστυ και "ιλαρον,
 Ραθκορμακος τε φιλ' Αββηφαιλη
 Θαμα μεν κραδιην εβασκανον,
 Εωρακα μεν Σεννανου ροας
 Βαρρον ρεεθρα και Βρυδεου,
 Αλλ' ουδαμ' οψω ρεεθρ' η ποας,
 Ομοια τουτων Πυργ-"Υδεου.

The richest groves in this Irish nation
In fine plantations you'll find them there
The rose, and tulip, and fine carnation,
All vie with the lily fair.
The buck, the doe, the fox, the eagle,
Do skip and play by the river-side,
The trout and salmon they play back-gammon
In those clear streams of Castle Hyde.

I rode from Blarney to Bally-Kenealy,
To Thomastown and sweet Doneraile,
To sweet Kilshannock and gay Rathcormick,
Besides Killarney and Abbey-fail.
The river Shannon and pleasant Boyne
The flowing Barrow and rapid Bride,
But in all my ranging and serenading
I saw no equal to Castle Hyde.

CHAPTER II.

A SECOND LETTER FROM MR. BARNEY BRALLAGHAN,
PIPER, ETC., TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQUIRE;

IN WHICH HE CONTINUES

HIS ACCOUNT OF THE DEIPNOSOPHIST CLUB, AND ITS MIMBERS;
THEIR FURST MEETIN' AND DOCTOR MAGINN'S
INAUGURAL SARMINT ON THE DHRINK.

Paddy's Goose, Ratcliffe Highway.

Past 1 o'Clock, Jan. 22, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—Well, well af that Crofty Croker ai'nt the dearest darlintist little fella that ever swigged punch I'm a Dutchman. I supposes Mither Yorke ye remimbers that in my furst letter to your worship, which created so much talk in the Clubs, I gev a passin' kind of a random invitayshin to the little linnet of a crayture to get dhrunk with me and my family on the Twelft Nite. Small noshin I had thin that Mather Croughty 'ud look on it in any other light than a joak or may be a plug to fill up a broken crevice in a sintince. But by the hokey 'twas quite differint. Down he came sure enuff in the 'bus to Ratcliffe Highway; and whin I heerd some one inquirin' for Mither Brallaghan, of the Paddy's Goose, faix at furst my heart lept into my mouth, for I was beginnin' to think that it might be a bum bailiff with a

writ from my taylor Mither Stultz, whom I regrets much to say I have'nt ped any time these five years. But judge my delight and sattisfaxshin, whin instead of a ketchpole I beheld the purty little gim of a fellar comin into me with his identicle oaken shilaylee in his hand, and his shinin' gray eye lit up by the laste taste in life of the ginuine potheen. "Barney darlint," sez he, "I come to except yer invitashin, This day's the Twelft Night; and wo'nt we have a rale roarin' supper of pulloneys, purl, and Irish whiskey?" I declare the tears kem into my eyes, and I was'nt able to mutther a word. I only shuck him by the fist, and tuck the little joaker into my wife Judy and the childher who was dhrinkin a dhrop o' gin punch in the bed chamber. The minnit Judy seen Mither Tom, ye'd think she'd fly out of her chemise with rapture. Up she jumpt from the bed where she was settin', and lettin' fall the youngest o' the babbies in her hurry, (loud enuff bedad the imp of darkness roared whin his head kem in contract with the floor, and I suppose he'd be roaring still only Mither Tom gev him a slice o' Jarman sassage out of his breeches pocket) she tuck little Croker in her arms, and af she did'nt kiss him and hug him, till I thought she'd never have done. Be gogsty ye'd imagine she had'nt seen him for a score o' twelvemonths, so much she rejoiced at havin' him again. 'Tis thrue that a long time had elapsed sence we last saw him;—for Mither Crofty is, they say, too much taken up with Grandukes

and Dutchasses, and people o' that kidney, to think much of a poor piper like me; yet, howsomever, he has a real likin' for us—bless his little heart, I know he has—and so we're all as fond of him as if he was our own natherral flesh and blood. Well be Jewpether we all sat down to the puddin' and whiskey, and what a glorious night we had. Mither Croughton sang and danced, joaked and laft, and tould sich stories and legends all about joyants and fairies, and Docthor Maginn's romance of Dannel O'Rourke, and dandled the childher on his knee, and kist my wife, and hugged myself, and did all the ludicrouses things possible, and a dale more I'll go bail than aither of us can recollickt; until we both woke on the mornin' of the seventh of January, and found ourselves lyin' undher the table and poor Judy, the Lord between us and harm, with her arms round about Mither Croker fast asleep, and the childher without a screed or scrap o' clothes on 'em (not so much as a shirt as I hopes to be saved,) and the table upset, the purl and sassages on the floor, and the praties thrown about like ould rags. Arrah how quare we looked whin we opened our eyes! However Mither Tom and me only made it the subject for more joakin' and afther a good brekwist of bacon, ingyuns, and gin and wather, Croughty shuck hands wid us all, and kist us agen, and wint away himself and his wattle in a cabriolay to the Admiralthry. I'd lay a good round o' punch that he had'nt sich lots and lashins and lavins of fun this long

while, as he had with me and my intherestin family on the night in question; and throth it's long we'll all recollect it, especially my young Danny, to whom Mистер C. promised a Jew's harp whin next he'd come the way. Like a dacent gintleman as he always was, and of the thruе ould stock of the Duhallow Crokers, he axed us all to his "Bower" for next Shraft Tuesday night, whin he, and Dan Macleese, and the Docthor, and Father Frank, and Goold-Spix, and a few more fine burds from Cork is goin to have a deuce of a spree, and play at snap-applin, and nut-crackin, and lead-meltin, and have their fortunes tould by an ould gipsy that Mистер Croker pathronises. My wife was anxious to go the minnit she heard a hint of the fortin-tellin, and importuned me mightilly to let her; but as I said to Docthor Maginn, how could I thrust my wife alone by herself with sich a set of rompayshus customers? Begad she'd have a quare story to tell!—and so would I, af I was sich a goose as to let her go there. However we ar'nt the less obleedgt to Mистер Tom for his politeness in askin' us to his banquet;—though I think the little joker knew well that af Judy went I should stay at home and nurse the childher, and so he wanted to play some of his Munsther thricks on me as a prelude to the Lent.

Apropos of fortin-tellin, as I was sayin, I put no kind of confidence in 'em. One of 'em tould me the greatest pack o' lies that ever fell from female lips, which is sayin'

a great deal, whin we remembers Dalilah, and Circe, and the Syrens, and Missis Johanna Southcote. Nothin less if you plase did she tell me than that I was to be mumber of parlamint for Cork, a mither she promist to my eldest son; and a General's cockt hat she said was surely in the fates for my Danny. Maybe it's to be, and maybe it ai'nt; but at all events none of it has yet come thrue. That sly Tom Hood tells me whinever he reads any of my puns, that I'm M. P. (Masther o' Punning) already; and sez that it's *that* the ould fortin-tellin vixen meant; but I hopes not. My ambishun takes a higher flight. My wife Judy is a riglar beleiver in sich things, and she bothered me so much about Mистер Tom and his ould Sibil, and kep up sich a perfect fire of abuse and slang about jealousy and Lord Millburn, and sayin' that *he* would'nt thrate her so, and the like, that I was obleedgt to cut down to the taproom to the dacent company that resorts there, and got dhrunk out o' spite to keep myself in humour. I thin cault for pen and ink and paper, and whin I kem back to bed, I waked up Judy; and as I've taught her a slight knollidge o' the classicks I handed her the follyin apology for my opinions on this point, which I found in an ould book in Doethor Marsh's Library, in Dublin. "Judy," sez I, "it's much betther for you and me to enjoy the present and dhrink while we can, than to put credit in fortin-tellers, who only wants our money and do'nt care a whiff o' tobacco about what they tell us. You've often laid out sixpences and

shillins for thim gipsies, whin you could have got gin and porther, and all kinds of good lush for it, or maybe shirts and shifts for the childher, instead of havin 'em as they are, bare and naked. Haven't I often tould ye the advice of Horace whin I was tachin' you Latin?

“ Fugit retro

Lævis juvenas et decor, aridâ

Pellente lascivos amores

Canitie, facilemque somnum.

Non semper idem floribus est honos

Vernis, neque uno Luna rubens nitet

Vultu.”

Lib. 2. Od. XI.

Be gogsty I thinks the argumint tuck. Judy got quite peaceful and courteous, and we finisht some quartherns of the crame o' the valley and a penn'orth o' grasscut over the follyin classic verses. From that time to this, Judy has niver said a word about fortin-tellin', or Misther Croker's party; and instead of lavishin my little airnings in pryin' into the dark and awful abyss of the future, she gives me and the babbies plinty of purl and ould Tom in its place. So that I've gained something by my argumentative powers; and I'm sariously of opinion, that if I were in parlamint I might hope to be a right honorable in about—[*Here is heard a loud call from the tap-room for the piper, on which Barney gets into a furious passion, but is obliged to obey; while young “Danny” writes out the following.*]

Ad Leuconœen.*Hor. lib. i. Ode XI.*

“ Tu ne quæsieris. scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi
 Finem dii dederint, Leuconœe, nec Babylonios
 Tentaris numeros. Ut melius, quicquid erit, pati !
 (Seu plures hyemes seu tribuit Jupiter ultimam,
 Quæ nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare
 Tyrrenum.) Sapias. Vina liques, et spatio brevi
 Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
 Aetas. Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.”

Ne cherchez point Iris à percer les ténèbres
 Dont les Dieux sagement ont voilé l'avenir,
 Et ne consultez plus tant de devins célèbres
 Pour savoir le moment qui doit nous désunir.

Que le ciel vous prépare un grand nombre d'années,
 Ou que la mort bientôt doive en trancher le cours,
 Attendez en répos ce que les destinées
 Bien ou mal ont réglé sur le fil de vous jours.

Livrez-vous aux plaisirs, tout le reste est frivole.
 Et songez que trop court pour de plus grand projets ;
 Tandis que nous parlons le tems jaloux s'envole,
 Et que ce tems, hélas ; est perdu pour jamais.

ΙΟΥΔΗ ΚΑΛΛΑΓΑΝΗ.

Μη ζητει νοειν ουδε θεμις μοι το πεπραμενον.
 Και σοι τερμα βιον, φιλ' Ιουδη μη Βαβυλωνιων
 Πειραζειν αβαχον. Ει δε φερειν παν ελαφρως θελεις
 (Η σοι πολλα νεμεν χειματα κηρ η τοδε μονον 'ο
 Τυρσηνα σπιλαδεες' αντιβι' 'ος κυματα νυν δαμα.)
 Ηθειν σοι μεθυ δει και δολιχας ελπιδας 'ισχεμεν
 'Ημιν καρπαλιμως φως ολιγον φθεγγομενοισιν αν
 Εσβεσθη, λαβε δη σημερον ουν και μεθες αυριον.

Arrah, Judy, my jewel, come listen, come listen,
 Don't bother your brains with that jade of a gipsy;
 Believe me the fires of the soul never glisten
 So brightly as when we are merry and tipsy.

That ould cup-tossing varmint declares she can shew me,
 In the dhregs of the bowl, all the secrets of Nature;
 Let *her* thripod be taypots and taycups, but blow me,
 The thripod for *me* is a jug of the creature.

I don't care a fig for the Whigs or the Tories,
 And "coming events" I have always call'd gammon.
 Time is fleet, and less pleasant are old women's stories
 Than to press your lips, Judy, and drink like a salmon.

January 24, 1842.

With respect to the cheque which you gev me on your banker, I thinks it was fair and liberal enuff, but considherin' the style of article which I sint you, it was only what I expicted. God knows it always happens that we litthery people are paid badly. There's that unfortunate *Tait's Magazine*, that thinks it a fine faver to prent a poor fella's articles, and if he axes for pay—ullagone indeed!—blood from a turnip. The late *Monthly Chronicle*—the Lord be marcifal to its sowl; it had a great many sins to answer for—used to pay at the handsome price of four pounds a sheet. And the *Ould Monthly*, I'm tould, (if it's still alive and not entirely exflunctified,) pays nothin' for conthributions but compliments, as if a man could buy tay and coughy, or beef and cabbidge for compliments. This information I give, not from any knowledge of my own, for it ain't to be supposed that either I or Bulwer would thry our hands at writin' for sich parcels of rubbish. The only Mags that really pays for good papers sich as mine, is REGINA alias *Frazier's Magazine*. *Blackwood*, and John Murray. Bentley is exthramely liberal likewise, and pays a guinea a page for sich thrifles as I sends him; and as to Ainsworth, he's as ginerous as a prince. What Tom Hood pays I can't say, for I never thried him; but that Macvey Napier of the *Edinburrow*, gives only very small remuneration. What do you think now he gave me for

a very long paper that I publisht in his Review last October? What do you think? Guess! Only forty pound. Ain't this scandalous. But the lithery men deserves this and worse. Why don't they sthrike for fifty guineas a sheet? The tailors and nailors and cobblers combines for high wages, and I'd like to know why *we* shouldn't likewise? Suppose we did—wouldn't the publishers of pariodicals be in a fine condishun? Av coorse if they refewsed to come down with the mopuses they and their magazines would go to pot in no time. This is the only remedy I see, and as there never could be got up an opposition sthrong enuff, larned enuff, or witty enuff to knock up a combination of such lithery charicthers as Titmarsh, and Carlyle, and Laman Blanchard, and Delta, and myself, and three or four more, and as the booksellers could never by no chance get on without our assistance, they must, supposin' we combines, either sthrike or go to the bottom. I hope dear Oliver you'll attend to these speculations; for I purtest I'm thoroughly tired of that small pay. You my good ould friend knows well that I'd rite for all the crack Mags, but that I'm disgusted with the small amount of their cheques. What's ten or twenty guineas for an article like mine? Be gogsty little better than an insult. You did quite right therefore to send me fifty pounds. All this howsomever is sthrayin', and as I supposes ye wo'nt be anxious to print any more in this sthrain, recommendin a sthrike for advanced wages among the

votaries o' the Muses, I'll resume my description of the differint mimbers of the great and larned Deipnosophist Club, and their pranks, pastimes and jollificashuns in Cork.

There is a sintimint in Boileau, which often sstruck me as bein amazingly applicable to the sperrit in which the meetings of the Club was conducted,

Rien n' est beau que le *punch* ; le *punch* seul est aimable.

which means that whiskey is the soale buty of life, and nothin else worth a blind ha'penny. Praps it 'll be matther of superrogashin for me to add afther this exposition of the grand motto of our ordher, that LORD BROOM and his nose belonged to our Club ; and won no slight renown as one of the primest joakers, punsther, and punch-takers among us. Often and often have I listened to that noble and learned lord whin he was in his own expressive langage, primed and loaded to the muzzle with Tom Walker's best distillation, or (as that roage Franky used to say) whin he was like the grasshopper in Anacreon's Forty-third Ode, *ολιγην ΔΡΟΣΟΝ πεπωκος*, the laste taste in life excited by the mountain dew, spake for hours in praise of the potheen, with an eloquence and splendor and fire of diction that he seldom displays now in the House, exipt on some great occashins, whin afther a faist of beefstakes and a flow of punch, he frightens them Radickhell Peers out o' their wits, tells

the Bishops that their belly is their God, and puts braw John Camel undher his paw like a sarpint. Lord Broom was one of our most original jesthers. Havin' taken up his residence in Blarney for the purpose of improvin his orathorical powers, and larnin the art of makin punch, he was every day in Cork with us at the Club, and many of the bitterest sketches in *The Freeholder* was wrote by long-nosed Harry. And sthrange and eccenthrick enuff was the deeds and doins of the noble lord. Many is the time I thinks what a grand figger he'd have cut in the novels of Feeldin or Smollet, if he had been so forthinit as to live about their time—how humourous a *Tale of a Goose* he'd have furnished to Dain Swift. Sterne might have done sumthing for him in the thravels of *Thristram Brandy*; and Cervantes would have preferred to Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, the adventures of Don Henriquez Broughamio, and his man Roebuck. But I can't sufficiently expriss my astonishmint, that John Galt the murdherer of Lord Byrom and the Queen's English, never intrhduced his Lordship into his queer quaint satirical romances, or that Bulwig didn't make him one o' the Siamese twins. Shurely the ex-double-X-Chancellor is a far more remarkable character than Grant Thornburn the original of Laurie Todd, or Quash-imbowhack the prencepal justass of the Cannibil Islands, whom the Baronet has depicted for the world, in the eligant charicther of Pelham. 'Tis an odd circumstance, that none o' the Novelists has pourthrade him yet.

Some people sez that Hook meant to discribe his Lordship undher the title of Jack Brag but that he failed—no porthrait bein' aquil to the original. This may be the fact; but I knew Thaodore well, and I'm bound to say, he never revealed the matther to me. Perhaps Disrayli the eldher would make it the ground for some speculation in one of his next editions.

Broom and Vaux, whin he wasn't dhrinkin, used to be always makin game of poor Lardner, which I computes to be at an average wanst a month, allowin' him 29 days for swipes. One of his jokes upon poor Dinnish with his long etcethera (as Cowley says) of LL.D., F.R.S., L.&E., M.R.I.A., F.L.S., A.S.S., F.Z.S., X.Y.S., A.P.E., Hon. F.C.P.S, M. Ast. S., &c., &c., I well recollects. "Broom," sez I, "what's the rason that Din is always botherin' the publick with his enumerashun of titles, for which no one cares a button but himself, and which only makes him, if possible, a more rediculous chap than nature intended him to be?"—Vaux lifted up his *vox* and *ansered* (Tom Hood, Tom Hood be sure not to say this is like a goose);—"Lardner is right; he wants to attain the name of *a man of letthers*, and who'll deny that he is one?" They sez that when poor Din heard this he fainted.

Broom was not only a wit, but a great poet likewise, and kimposed several eligies and epitaffs, which howsoever the bookcellars said wouldn't pay for prentin', and so they'll never be publisht, which is a great loss to

the lither world. Tom Hood used to say, they were so bad that they'd raise a man's ghost out o' the grave, and only that Harry was well used to *sperrits*, he'd never dare to write sich things about the dead. At the time that poor Charles Fox died, Lord Holland wrote to Broom for an epitaff. Broom required a month to do it. At the end of that time he sent the follyin' inscription for the grave stone in Westminsther Abbey.

Epitaphium.

Caroli Jacobi Vulpis.

Here at length I repose
 And my spirit at ease is ;
 With the tops of my toes
 And the point of my nose
 Turned up to the roots of the daisies.

R. S. P.

Lord Holland at furst thought it was a joke, but whin he found Broom was sayrious, and thought the epitaff an illigant speciment of elegiack composishun, he ordered him never agen to darken his doors, and poor Vaux was flabbergasted for some time. Whin Tom Hood heard the story, he said, that he often heard of a fox killin' a goose, but that in this case the tables was turned, and that it was a goose which was the slaughterer; and this they

say was the hint that first suggested to Maginn to call Broom, Bridlegoose, whin he was Lord High Chansillor of the kingdom ;—and ever sence then, it's reported that his Lordship can't bear Micklemas, because geese is in saisin at that time, and he don't like anything to be the table talk but himself.

I have been so long engaged in pourthrayin' Broom's poethry, that I've nearly forgotten the more important part of his character, which is his nose. Every one knows that his Lordship's nose is different from all other nasal purtuberances since the days of Slawkenbergius, who kem from the Promonthery of Noses. Tom Hood used to say, that it wasn't a nose which his Lordship had, but a nosegay. Innumerable jests and puns have been made upon this portion of Lord Broom's person, but the best I knows is one which I heard the Chancellor make t' other night in the House. Lord O'Mulgrave brought forward a motion of some kind about Ireland, the exact purport of which I don't remember, The motion was av coorse opposed by Broom who divided the House upon it and had a majority. "Be the hokey," sez the Chancellor, "the *nose* have it;" upon which such shouts of laftier arose that I never heerd the like before or sence, and the House immayjartly adjurned. I wanst axed this Lord, wasn't he ashamed of havin' sich a monsther of a probossis? "Ashamed," sez he, "no indeed," sez he, "but proud I am of it. Don't the devine Pether Aretine say, that the biggest nose is always the sign of

the wisest hed? And af you knows anything o' Balzack you'll find that he sez those creatures that has the largest nostrils is always the noblest of their species." So I sarched, and be jingo I found it all thru!* I'm therefore inclined to think that Broom would be nothin' at all only for his nose; and indeed one of thim young raix that I knows, has thranslated for me an epigram from the Grake Anthology, which sez nearly as much;—

* The following is the extract from Aretine on this Slawkenbergian subject:—"But to return to noses in general, I will tell your majesty a great secret, which all the pedants have tried without success to discover: that Ovid (*Naso*) was banished for no other reason than that Augustus feared that his great nose might carry off the empire from him; and he sent Ovid into exile among the snows and ice of Russia, that his nose might be shrivelled with cold. Why think you is the eagle the sovereign of birds, but because of his prominent beak? Why is the elephant the wisest of animals, but because he has so long a trunk? Why is the rhinoceros so much dreaded by the vicious, but because his horn is so hard? In fine, an extraordinary nose always carries with it extraordinary greatness, and not without reason. For I have found that the nose is the seat of majesty and honour in man; and, consequently, whoever has it longest ought to be most honoured." This last clause is the reason, doubtless, why pulling the nose has been looked upon as the greatest of all affronts. In the *Pedant Joué* is an account of a man whose nose invariably made its appearance a quarter of an hour before himself.—O. YORKE.

Ἡ ῥις Καστορος εστιν ὅπου σκαπτη τι δικελλα,
 Σαλπιγξ δ' αν ρεγχη· τη δε τρυγη δρεπανον.
 Εν πλοιοις αγκυρα, κατασπειροντι δ αροτρον.
 Αγκιστρον ναυταις, οψοφαγοις κρεαγρα.
 Ναυπηγοις κενδυλα, γεωργοις δε πρασοκουρον.
 Τεκτοσιν αξινη, τοις δε πυλωσι κοραξ.
 Ὅτως ευχρηστου σκευος Καστωρ τετυχηκε
 Ρινα φερων πασης αρμενον εργασιαις.

See! yonder's Hal Brougham, do but glance at his nose :
 'Tis a spade when he digs, 'tis a scythe when he mows.
 When he snores 'tis a bugle ; if he tills, 'tis a plough ;
 It will anchor a sloop, if he stands on the prow.
 'Twill serve tars as a boat-hook, or cut bread and butter ;
 And just suit as an adze, if you're building a cutter.
 'Tis a mallet—a reap hook—'twill whitewash a room ;
 What a lucky old fellow to own it is Brougham.
 People say—but no matter—he *must* be a fool,
 If he parts with his noblest, and usefulest tool.*

Nothing more in commendation of his lordship occurs
 to me at present, than that there ain't no man who
 bettter knows the maining of the ould proverb :—

“ Lever matin n'est point bonheur
 Boire matin est le meilleur.”

* Erasmus has made an open robbery of the above epigram,
 and transferred the stolen property into his Dialogue, Pamphagus
 and Cocles.—O.Y.

or who can sing with greather taste and expresshun the Bacchante quathrain of Sir John Suckling, in the play of *The Goblins*.

Fill it up—fill it up to the brink !
 When the pots clink,
 And the pockets chink,
 Then 'tis a merry world.

I supposes I ought to giv some account of the punsther of the Club, the ever renowned and venerable Tom Hood ; but I feels my incapacity to do justass to so rare and original a humourist ; and no one but a *Punic* historian who had a hearty love of *punch*, could addiketly describe the *pungent* wittycisms of the modhern Tom *Punsibi*. That darlint writher Anacreon, I remembers opens one of his Odes, by requestin' a sartan parson to describe the *thricks* of one o' thim ould Grake joakers like Hood:—

Γραφε μοι ΤΡΙΧΑΣ το πρωτον.

says he ; and glad I'd be af I had any one to describe the thricks and hoaxes of the present Edithor of the *New Munthly*. But his thricks and puns is legion ; and of they could be collected together, and like the teeth of the Cadmean Dragon, be thransformed into a man, the craythur would be so big, that it's no thrifin' hood would cover him up. One o' them Edinburrow Reviewers used to call Docthor Parr's wig " the *μεγα θανμα* of barbers ;"

but neither the ould codger's wig, nor even the grate *Tom* of Oxford is half so grate an artickle as the *μεγα* ΘΑΥΜα whom Mither Coburn now pathronises to tickle the risible fancies of his readhers. Wondherful *Tom Hood*! 'tis I'm your adhorer and worshipper, and willinly I'd describe you in your own *phuntastical* manner, but I confess I haven't the *hardihood* to make so *hoodacious* an attempt. In vain hav I thried all the usual restoratives for broken winded wit. My wife *Judy* tould me to raise my imaginashin by a dhrup o' dhrink. "If any thing," sez she, "will enable you to describe that *Tom Hood* properly, and put *sperrit* into your writins it's a taiste o' that potheen whiskey that Docthor Maginn smuggled over to us from Cork." "Bring it to me," sez I, "asthore;" and in a thrice—

ΠΟΘΕΝ εἰσέφανε—PINDAR. OL. *Od XIII.*

The *Potheen* appeared.

Well down I sat, with my pen in my hand, and

ΙΞΥ ἀμ' ἀριθεω.—HOMER. *Hymn ad Apol.* v. 210.

The divine *Whiskey* by my side.

but vain was all my endayvours. I was perfickly floored, and couldn't think of aither a jest or a pun about the new *Edithor*. My *Danny* sez, "Daddy maybe some tay would rouse yer intellect, and make you pun about that punsther o' the world." "Yerrah child," sez I, "is it

tay to be of any use, whin whiskey failed?—"There's no harm in thryin' daddy," sez he. So jist to humour the child I ordhered up a dhrop ov Misther Howqueer Mowqueer's mixture, and down I planted myself on a three legged stool like the swift-footed Achilles in Homer:—

TH *οὐτε θυμὸν ἐρέπνευ.*—*Il. IX. v. 186.*

And sharpened my wits with *tay*.

'Twas no use—'twasn't to be. The mischief take the pun or joak I could bring out; and in the hite of vexashin, Judy and I wint into bed (she lookin' more like a Judy-noggin than anything else) and hidin' our two unfortunate faces undher a hood, we endeavoured to fall asleep—she to dhrame, I suppose, of that scamp Lord Milburn, and I of Tom Hood. But neither sleep nor dhrame kem to me, and there I lay tossin' and tumblin' and moanin' and ullagonin' like Jew Pether beside his wife Juno in the seckond book of Homer, wishin Tom Hood and his puns where I won't minshun, and givin' myself many a harty curse for ever botherin' my brains about sich a varmint; who havin' made himself Emperor of Punland won't allow any one else to pun as well, Faix I wished him more than once with them Saints that Augustine talks about, "Multi adorantur in arâ qui cremantur in igne," but sure af Tom Hood was sint to *that* place 'twould be no longer Purgathory or the infernal

ragions, for he'd set 'em all laughin', and joakin' while you'd be countin' five. And the Ould Boy himself 'ud get into sich good sperrits that I think he'd let half of 'em loose.

At last a brite thought sthruck me, and I gev Judy a pinch in the nose jist as she lay snoarin' away like a thrumpether at my elbow. "Judy, Judy!" sez I, "ευρηκα, ευρηκα"—"Bad cess to you and yer rake ah!" sez Judy.—"you ought to be ashamed of botherin' an honest married woman with sich talk, at this time o' night;" sez she. "I'll go bail Lord Milburn."—"Bad luck to Lord Milburn," sez I; "you're always taukin' of him. Aint it enuff to make a dog sthrike his father," sez I, "to hear you pratin' of that unfortunate nobleman?" Not another word did I say; but, jumpin' out of bed, and puttin' on my britches, I made the best o' my way to the tap, and sat during the remaindher of the nite, takin' a thrifle o' gin, and singin' away like a thrush an ould Frinch chanson:—

" De ceux qui vivent dans l'histoire
 Ma fois, je n'envierai le sort;
 Nargues du Temple de Memorie,
 Ou l'on ne vit que lorsque l'on est mort.
 J'aime bien mieux vivre pendant ma vie.
 Pour boire avec Silvie;
 Car je sentirai
 Les momens que je vivrai
 Tant que je boirai."—*Mercurie Galant*, 1711.

Sich is the lot of married people—always in hot wather. At one time christenins, then churchins, then docthors and physics, then squallin' babbies, then nurses, cradles and caudle cups, then night caps, and socks, and thriangles for the young fry, then gossips, and punch, and deaths, and schoolin', then curtain lectures sich as Judy thrates me to every week. Och by the hokey Pether he was a wise man that said :—

*Εἰ τις ἀπαξ γημῶς παλι δευτερα λεκτρα διωκει,
Ναυηγος πλωει δις βυθον αργαλειον.*

a maxim which three equally wise men thranslated as follows :—

SIR THOMAS MORE.

*Qui capit uxorem defunctâ uxore secundam,
Naufragus in tumido bis natat ille freto.*

DR. JOHNSON.

*Quisquis adit lectos elatâ uxore secundos,
Naufragus iratas ille retentat aquas.*

TOM BROWN.

He that in wedlock twice ventures his carcass,
Twice ventures a drowning, and faith that's a hard case.

My wife provokes my patience so much, that I often feels inclined to thry whether there's sich virtue in a rattan

[*aperay*] as the ould Grakes said; but in one thing faix I knows from experience they were perfectly right, and that was in callin' marriage, gammon. [*γαμον*.]

The thought of which I spoke, and of which my wife tuck the minshun in sich bad part, was to prent a many-skript in my possesshun, wrote by that wag, Tom Hood himself, and read by him on one of the Deipnosophist Club nites. I'll go bail it's like the author. How it kem into my possesshun is easy to be accounted for. Misther Richard as I sed in my furst epistle was Historiograffur; and all the papers, av coorse, past into his hands. It was thus that I became mather of several curious dokkimints, which I manes to publish, and which was dhrawn up for the meetins of the Club. The paper by Tom Hood referred to the purchase of a Librarry, which the Deipnosophists was anxshus to procure, and the follyin' was our punsther's purposhal on that point. It gives a betther noshun of the man than anything I could write of him:—

Tom Hood's Proposal for a Librarry.

“Gentlemen as you have been kind enough to select me as your Arbitr Librorum, I take the liberty of suggesting the following works for your consideration. Seeing that we are a Club of Deipnosophists, to whom eating and drinking should be pleasanter than reading or thinking, I would recommend, in the first place, Alison

on *Taste*, as a work absolutely indispensable to the library of an epicure. Thomson's *Seasons* is also an excellent book ; but it cannot be considered complete without Smollett's *Peregrine Pickle*, and Grotius de *Jure Gentium*—an admirable history of the various sauces and seasonings of almost every nation. The works of the Hon. Robert *Boyle* are well worthy of being procured ; they are extremely philosophic, and indispensable for boiled dishes. With *Lardner* we shall have nothing to do. Several gentlemen are partial to meat which is *rare* or underdone ;—we must therefore purchase Lucretius de *Natura Rerum*. Spence's *Polymetis*, a charming treatise on the various kinds of meat must likewise be got, together with *Tavernier's Voyages*, *Cook's Voyages*, and the *Discourse of Drinking Healths*, by Peter, Lord Bishop of Cork and Ross, 1716. *En passant*, I may as well say that I have no great liking for *Cork* myself, as it is definable as something which interferes between me and tittle ;—so that I have no pretension to the name of the *Cove* of Cork. The learned Doctor King's *Art of Cookery* cannot be omitted. *Bacon*, of course, must be procured ; as also the works of *Lamb*, *Hogg*, and *Crabbe*. *Prudentius* is a standard authority for all kinds of made dishes, and the *Almanach des Gourmands* is as necessary as the kitchen-itself. Talking of the kitchen reminds me of Dr. *Kitchiner's* excellent work, which no library should be long without. The works which treat of fish are not very numerous. Amongst the most celebrated are Sir

Humphry Davy's *Salmonia*, Lucraytius, Bishop *Spratt*, Bishop *Herring*, the works of Dr. *Smullet*, *Plate-o* on the *Soale*, *Ciceroe* and *Ray* on Creation. I strongly recommend Chitty on the *Game Laws*; *Buck's Reports* an interesting treatise on venison); and *Cooke's Plain Instructions*; Mrs. *Fry*, I believe, has written a pamphlet, which it would be well to get. Sir Thomas More's *Utopeia* is a most admirable and delightful work on drinking. *Cate-o* has written a very good treatise on Pastry. On no account can we omit Sir John Denham's *Cooper's Hill*, *Salmagundi*, *Jamblichus*, *Aulus Gellius*, *Baker's Livy*, *Epictetus*, and *Puffendorf*. Some works on the *Drama* we must procure. We ought therefore to get *Sherrydan*; *Redding on Wines*; *Dr. Paley's Works*; the *Spiritual Guide*; *Mrs. Porter's novels*; and an odd volume of *Bowles* and *Mrs. Glasse* will be quite sufficient in this department. With *Drinkwater's* work we will have nothing to do; nor ought we to purchase either *Pindar*, who has said that water is better than wine, or *John Taylor the Water poet's canticles*. It would be no harm to buy *Lush on Wills*. We can easily get a *History of Tartary*. I would strongly recommend Sir P. *Rycaut's Account of Turkey*. Those who are fond of beef, may read the *Bullwers'*; any who like pork may look into that strange old alliterative work *Pugna Porcorum*; we cannot omit *Ambrose Phillip's Cider*; of *Partridge* will be found a long and interesting description in *Tom Jones*; and for those gentlemen who

smoke, we must by all means purchase Joseph *Fume's* Paper of *Tobacco*."

My blessin to ye Tom Hood! You and your name-sake, Ude, are two of the best fellas that ever cracked a bottle, and that the prophecy of Pindhar,

‘Ο ΝΙΚΩν δε λοιπον αμφι βιοτον

Σχησει μελιτοεσσαν ΕΥΔιαν.—*Ol.* .od. i.

Old Nick shall have pleasant *Ude* (or *Hood*) for the rest of his existence.

may nevir be fulfilled in the case of either one or the other of ye, is my airnest and hearty wish. So here goes; by my sowl, I'll drink both yer healths in a quart bottle of Guinisses Dublin Stout, which I'm jist goin' to open:—

Och! many a bottle I crackt in my time;
I've kiss'd maids, wives, and widders, and all in their prime;
My landlady tells me she'll trust me no more—

but here's Judy jist cum in for some of the dhrink. Here's to ye, Tom Hood—yer health, Croughty—*Slauntha*, Docthor.

If ever I tasted the pleasures of heven upon earth most sartinly it was on the furst day the Deipnosphists met together as a reglarly united Club. Whin our Presidint the Docthor, ascendid the ragal chair, the shouts was defnin'. We saw in bright perspective a comin' æra

of litherry glory which promist to raise Cork highly among the *Athenæ* of the earth ; and whin he tuck his sate, supported on the rite by Mither Millikin, and on the left by Jack Boyle ;—the different mimbers of the society standin' in a serkle round him, the attindant Houri of the Club ranged at the bottom of the room, with Tom Inghland standing forward with a brass trumpet in his hand, as their champion, the scene was so full of deliteful augury for the risin' destinies of the counthry, that even now at this illapsmint of time, my heart swells within at the recollexshun, and I shall always look back to that nite as the very happiest of my life. The vice-chair was fill'd and well fill'd too by Mither Richard ; and my depity bagpiper, De Quinshay (him that calls himself an opium eather) havin' sthruck up the national air, Mither Croker mounted on Din Lardner's back for the purpose of bein' perfiktly distinguish'd while recitin' the openin' eulogium on Potheen ; for the propagayshun and diffusion of which I may now confess we had been furst prensedly established :—

“ *Crofton Croker's Epic Poem on Potheen.*

Fait à Couronne dernier jour d' Octobre

Par moi T. C. C. qui malgré suis sobre.

Some sing of the King and some sing of the Queen,
But I sing the praises of Irish potheen ;

The loveliest liquid that ever was seen,
 Beaming bright in a tankard is Irish potheen.
 'Tis as bright as bright eyes, and as sweet as a bean,
 The devil a cordial can vie with potheen.
 As luscious as honey, as rich as sardine,
 As priceless as Eden is Irish potheen.
 With perfume delightful and hue crystalline,
 Is our Irish nepenthè, thrice glorious potheen.
 If you wish for a draught than the famed Hippocrene
 More inspiring and precious, drink Irish potheen.
 Tokay and eau de vie, are but liquids unclean,
 Compared with that nectar of nectars, potheen ;
 And though Burgundy's noted for sparkles, I ween,
 Its sparkles are dimm'd by our Irish potheen.
 Oporto is crimson, champagne festucine,
 But neither can shine like our Irish potheen.
 Sherry wine may be sweet as the grape Muscadine—
 Its sweetness is nothing compared to potheen.
 There is lachryma Christi, rum, hock, maraschine,
 Och ! *you* may drink *them*—I'll have Irish potheen.
 Farntosh, cogniac, claret, plums Damascene,
 Are very good things *if you haven't* potheen ;
 But to think of comparing is worse than obscene.
 The juice of the grape with our Irish potheen.
 The former is shallow, is flat, and venene,
 But th' Elixir of Life is stiff Irish potheen :
 The Cockneys may call it "Milesian " and "mean,"
 But 'tis plain they know nothing of Irish potheen.
 From the earliest ages there never has been
 Brew'd a drink so delightful as Irish potheen ;
 The smack of ambrosia, of sunshine the sheen,
 And a true Irish spirit, belong to potheen.

Neither Great Father Mathew nor Peter could wear
My soul from my darling sweet Irish potheen ;
I'll stick to it still like a stout Nazarene ;
The best holy water for me is potheen.
I would drink it in death with an appetite keen,
May my last earthly physic be Irish potheen !
Though the doctors with med'cines will often careen
A crazy old soul—there's no caulk like potheen.
I have heard of that healer of wounds celandine,
There's a far better healer—'tis Irish potheen.
Were I Cooper, or Halford, or Brodie, or Heine,
I'd prescribe for my patients strong Irish potheen.
Were I Pius the Pope or a Russian czarine,
I'd command all my slaves to drink Irish potheen.
Were I premier of England, the service marine
Should give up their rum for this Irish potheen.
As a soldier delights in his barrack canteen,
As women love flattery, I love potheen ;
And so dearly I prize it, that Paradise e'en
Would be lonely to me if I had not potheen.
Let no heretic Englishman dare contravene
My praises of heaven-born Irish potheen.
If he should, my shilelah may soon intervene
'Twixt his skull and the sky for defaming potheen
And a good compound fracture may need a trephine—
Thus *I* treat my foes, and the foes of potheen.
In war there needs not escalade or fascine,
If the general stirs up the men with potheen ;
A coward would fight like a fierce Algerine,
If his courage was raised by a glass of potheen.
Drums, trumpets, bassoons, and a loud tambourine,
Inspire not the soldiers like Irish potheen.

Were I wealthy, I'd purchase a neat brigandine,
And from morning till night smuggle Irish potheen.
Not a bishop, archbishop, archdeacon, or dean—
Not the pope, could refuse to drink Irish potheen.
Were I starving I'd give my remaining sequin
For a draught of that heavenly nectar potheen.
And oh! when I die, let the sorrowful keen,
O'er my corpse be inspired by stiff Irish potheen.
Asses' milk cures consumption, an ague quinine,
But for *every* disorder drink Irish potheen.
If your son is a scamp and a strolling jackeen,
You'll soon bring him round if you give him potheen.
If you wish to spring out of the common routine,
And amaze by your genius, drink Irish potheen.
William Pitt and Dundas are well known to have been
Devotedly partial to Irish potheen.
Tom fire-eater Moore and his fool Fadladeen
Were reared upon praties and Irish potheen.
And doodle Frank Jeffrey from braw Aberdeen,
Wrote his crackest reviews when crop-full of potheen.
Peter Borthwick looks wise like a grave Mandarin,
When he swigs a few glasses of glorious potheen.
And he'll either set fire to the Thames or the Seine,
If he'll only drink plenty of Irish potheen.
Will Ainsworth when writing of fair Thomasine
Fired his fancy by plentiful draughts of potheen.
And De la Motte Fouquè says charming Undine,
Was suggested by bumpers of Irish potheen.
Maclise's great picture about Hallowe'en,
Was painted we know while he swallowed potheen.
Mrs. Gore who writes farces—but this is between
You and me—takes in private her sup of potheen.

Dick Sheridan, Parnell the poet, and Kean,
Emptied many a puncheon of Irish potheen :
And dear L. E. L. (I mean Mrs. M'Lean)
Would have lived until now, had she drank our potheen.
Dan O'Connell, Old Sibthorp, and Lord Massarene,
Would rather be shot than give up their potheen.
If your wife is a vixen, a shrew, or a quean,
Believe me she'll alter if primed with potheen.
It can sharpen the wit, it can make a squireen
Like a gentleman born—such a witch is potheen.
If you're bored with the vapours, the hyp, or the spleen,
Take the sovereign remedy—Irish potheen.
If you're lathy and sickly, consumptive and lean,
And wish to grow healthy, drink Irish potheen.
From the dullest of dullards bright wit you may glean,
If his fancy is heated by Irish potheen.
From hunger and cold if you wish for a screen,
From sorrow a safeguard, drink Irish potheen ;
And, oh ! if you truly love Ireland so green,
You can best shew your love by your love of potheen.
From cares that corrode and rebuffs that chagrin,
The heavenly ægis is Irish potheen.
I was fifty last summer, and since seventeen
I've drank nothing so charming as Irish potheen.
There are some who choose frize, corduroy, or ratteen,
To keep out the cold—I choose Irish potheen.
Were I making a voyage to Cork or Pekin,
I'd not travel a foot without Irish potheen.
Were I sailing from Sweden to Ballyporeen.
I'd ward off sea-sickness by swilling potheen.
I would rather walk naked without gaberdine,
Doublet, breeches, or hose, than want Irish potheen,

I have heard of Mont Blanc and its views, but the scene
Most delightful to me is a flask of potheen.
If you wish to be famous for temper serene,
For wit, for good humour—drink Irish potheen.
If you wish to soar upward beyond things terrene,
You must mount on the pinions of Irish potheen.
If you wish to be courtly and gallant in mien,
A pet of the petticoats—drink our potheen.
If you ponder alone upon days o' lang syne,
You must stifle your sobs in stout Irish potheen.
If you wish to be sage as old Philip Commines,
You ~~must~~ drink nothing else but our Irish potheen.
If you sail from Kanturk to Peru or Killeen,
You'll not meet such a treasure as Irish potheen.
If you mount into ether or dive subterrene,
Yet nothing you'll find like our Irish potheen.
Would you know how the Cardinal old Mazarine
Became wise?—"Twas by plentiful draughts of potheen.
For ensnaring the hearts of the sex, no machine
Is equally strong as a jar of potheen,
My friend in gold glasses when last in Turin.
Bewitch'd all the girls with his flaming potheen.
And Alonzo would never have scared Imogene,
Had she drown'd all her sorrows in Irish potheen.
Were I led out to die by the French guillotine,
Ere my head was chopped off—I'd sing out for potheen.
The best of all poems in this magazine,
Is this epic of mine in defence of potheen ;
And the best of all poets is Doctor Maginn,
The poet of Ireland and Ireland's potheen.
So fill me a bumper, my purty colleen,
And sit in my lap while I drink my potheen."

The rapturous shouts of eulogy with which this singular epick poem was greeted at its conclusion exceeded anythin' I ever had the pleasurè of hearin'. But nothin' could aiqnil the excitemint whin Mither Prout stood up and said, "Brother swipers, what ye have jist heard is only a thrife to what's comin'. I've a Latin song here in praise of drink which is if possible more excellent than even that of Croker," and thin the jolly ould man recited the subjoined, to the air of "Green grow the rashes O."

Christatis Encomium.

Æsculape tandem sape,
 Quid medelam blateras?
 Mithridatum est paratum
 Inter vini pateras.

CHORUS.

Sed quid plura, si figura
 Satis rem nobilitat?
 Vas rotundum totum mundum.
 Planè consignificat.

At humores et liquores
 Crescunt tanquam culices,
 Si quis ægrotat ille potat
 Decem vini calices.
 Sed quid plura, &c.

Nil argutè, nil acutè
 Facies sine poto,
 Facies sales nunquam tales
 Ut in CEnopolio.
 Sed quid plura, &c.

Si quis Emblema vel Poema
 Vult argutè texere,
 Ordiatur vino satur
 Vel uvarum nectare.
 Sed quid plura, &c.

Ad sonum tubæ, quemvis jube
 Promptus sit ad classica,
 Vice teli sume præli
 Onerosa massica.
 Sed quid plura, &c.

"I don't deny," says my masther, "that there's good stuff in that song, and it's worthy of his Ravarince, but *I'll* sing ye a rale Grake song about the craythur sich as ye nivir heard before, and it'll go hard if I don't beat out the priest. De Quinshey, ye cripple," sez Mither Dick, "play up *Patrick's Day in the Mornin'* and be hanged to you." Then the Masther pulling out a paper read and sang as follows :—

ΠΟΘΗΝΟΥ ΕΓΚΩΜΙΟΝ.

Σε πως Ποθηνε τερπνε
 Σε πως εγὼν αἰσω ;
 Ιερνὸς τὸ μελημα
 Τερψις τ' ὕκων ἀπαντων.
 Σε πως Ποθην' αἰσω
 Θεῖον ποτὸν γυναικων
 Καὶ κουργων ἐν Ιερῆῃ ;
 Ἐδυτερον κυπελλοῖς
 Καὶ τοῖσι Κλεοπατρῆς.
 Βροτων τις οὐ φιλεῖ μεν
 Ερασμον Ποθηνον ;
 Ἰβερνῶν μαλιστα
 Τις οὐ φιλεῖ Ποθηνον ;
 Τὸ κλεον ἐπίλοιπον
 Τῶν Ὀσίων τοῦ Νησοῦ.
 Εγὼ διον Ποθηνον
 Φίλησα μεν μαλιστα
 Εφηβὸς ὦν πεπωκα
 Γέλων γερων καὶ πῶσω.
 Ἐδυτατη γὰρ ἐστὶ
 Ληθη λυπῆς ἀπασῆς.
 Κυπρις φίληματων τε
 Ποθηνῶ μελ' ἔδωσε.
 Ποθηνου καὶ κυπελλον
 Αἰε φορεῖ Δυναῖος,
 Θερμαινεῖν ἦπαρ αὐτου.
 Ἐκασ ἐκασ βεβηλε

Ευηθως ὅς νομίζει
 Ἀριστον ὁ μὲν ὕδωρ.
 Οὐ σοὶ γυναικὴ ἐστὶ
 Ἀμβροσιὴ τε καλὴ.—
 Ἔρωσ δὲ κ' Ἀφροδιτῆ
 Μακαριὸν ποιήσει
 Ποθηνου τὸν ἐραστὴν
 Λεῖσει καὶ ποιητῆς
 Ποθηνου τὸν ἐραστὴν
 Δοξάν τε μὲν ἐς αἰεὶ.

“*Millikin's Encomium on Potheen.*”

The schoolmen may brag of their Homers and Platos,
 The French of their wines, the Chinese of their Tea ;
 Give *me* the sweet feast of potheen and potatoes,
 And empires will pass unambitioned by me.
 Oh, how shall my verse
 The glories rehearse
 Of the nectar distill'd in our island of green ?
 The fount of all joys,
 The delight of the boys,—
 Oh! not by that draught of the purest of pearls
 Dissolved for the goblets of Antony's queen,
 Would the sons of the sod, or our bright Irish girls,
 Be tempted to give up their darling potheen.

Exists there the man who, while proud to inherit
 The blood of past heroes, to water a slave,
 Would resign, like a craven, that long-cherish'd spirit
 Which made ours the isle of the Holy and Brave ?

If there be, let him fly
 From his country, and die,
 Nor pollute the green sod where St. Patrick has been ;
 Whisky-phobia his fate
 He'll repent when too late,—
 And wish that, like me, from his infancy's morning
 Till laughing old age, he had constantly been
 His glasses, decanters, and flagons adorning
 With gallons of soul-thrilling Irish Potheen.

Potheen ! 'tis the fountain of blessings and blisses,
 The bright source of wit, and the Lethè of woes ;
 Its sweetness, they tell us, is drawn from the kisses
 Of Venus,—its fragrance is born of the rose.
 Jolly Bacchus, they say,
 By night or by day,
 Without a full whisky-keg never was seen ;
 With the fire of the bowl
 He warms his old soul :—
 And thus may thy children, dear Erin, for ever
 Rejoice in their nectar with appetite keen :
 Woe worth the invader or Saxon who'd sever
 The souls of thy sons from delightful Potheen !

Contempt on the spooney who'd substitute water
 For Whisky, the pride of the Emerald Isle ;
 Unprized may he live,—may no sparkling young daughter
 Of Erin e'er gladden his heart with her smile.
 But bless'd oh thrice bless'd,
 Be the true Irish breast
 Which revels in mountain from morning till e'en ;

May beauty and bliss

For ever be his ;—

Bright, bright be his soul, and when death's icy slumbers

Shall call from among us his spirit serene,

The bard shall preserve in the music of numbers

The name and the fame of the friend of Potheen."

This splendid apotheosis of punch and potheen was resaved with sich thunders of applause as even a newspaper editor couldn't describe. The whole company simultaneously stood up with indiscribable emotion, and danced to the air of *Patrick's Day* ; while my depitty De Quinzey was so highly elated by the exsitemint of the scene, and a half-pint of rum and wather, which he had hastily swallowed off before Mистер Richard cominced, that he threw down his bagpipes, and to the disgust of the whole Club, offered to ate 'em for a wager, swarin' at the same time that he'd never eat opium no more. Crofton Croker pulled out a pair of ould leather britches from his coat-pocket, and offered 'em to De Quinzey in lieu of the bagpipes, the loss of which he said the Club couldn't well bear. For myself I was so perfectly dumfoundhered at seein' my deputy conduct himself in so outrageous a manner that I wasn't able to say a word. The poor fellow was soon removed, callin' out loudly for a Methodist preacher to hear his confission. I then took his place, and for the remaindher of the night conducted it with proper dignity, Father Frankey then

rose up, and wavin' Lardner's wig over his sconce called for three cheers for my mather. They were heartily given. "Gintlemin," sez his Ravarince, "as ye seems in the humour for singin' I calls on Father England for his song agen the gerls." Father Tom immadiatly jumpt on his pins, and correckted Mahony by sayin' it wasn't a song agen the femails, but only agen wives.

Hic non est Duceuda.

Omnis ætatis comitem protervam,
 Omnium morum sociam dolosam,
 Omnium rerum dominam superbam,
 Sumere durum est.

Quæ tuum tecum cupiat dolorem,
 Quæ tuas risu lachrymas sugillet,
 Quæ minas, fletus, et acerba tecum
 Jurgia tractet.

Quæ tuam pœnam redimat salutis
 Propriæ lucro, pariatque prolem,
 Quæ patris falso titulo sonabit
 Ore molestum.

Quæ tuas iras, stepitus inanes,
 Quæ tuas voces sine mente verba,
 Quæ tuos lusus aconita dira
 Credere possit.

Quæ tuas muris putet esse vires,
 Quæ tuos corvi putet esse cantus,
 Quæ tuas Musas putat esse agrestis
 Carmina Fauni.

Quæ tuam linguam putet esse ranæ,
 Quæ tuas ursi putet esse carnes,
 Quæ tuum scrophæ timidæ pudorem
 Judicet esse.

Quæ tibi caros Stygiâ palude,
 Quæ tuos fructus Acheronte nigro.
 Quæ tuam vitam magis expavescat
 Manibus ipsis.

Uxor temporibus, moribus, et locis,
 Naturam variè distribuit suam,
 Nunquam prospiciens conjugis usibus.

Ergo si tibi his omnia progredi,
 Vitæ perpetuo fac careas malo.

Father Tom England's Libel on the Ladies.

Och ! by the holy poker, ma'am,
 And darling *Crofton Croker* ma'am,
 'Tis *I'll* give you a stave that 'll make your heart to ache ;
 For I'm well convinced that marriage, ma'am,
 Is every man's miscarriage, ma'am ;
 But a wife destroys a scholar, above all, and no mistake.

Suppose her a gay lady, ma'am,
 Exulting in her heyday, ma'am,
 Or sour and stiff, pray tell me, would you chuse her for a wife ?
 She weeps—and thinks to see your eyes
 Fill up with tears because she cries ;
 But if *you* weep, she laughs at you : is *this* a pleasant life ?

From morn till night she's scolding, ma'am.
 Her lord in scorn still holding, ma'am ;
 She care not for his pains or pangs, her time's at parties spent ;

She brings him half-a-dozen brats
That squall and roar like hungry cats,—
The chances are they're not his own, but he must be content !

If aught his temper ruffles, ma'am,
The cards she gaily shuffles, ma'am ;
She calls him dunce and stupid fool, whose fondlings only tire ;
His voice she swears is like a crow's,
His figure makes her cock her nose,
His songs she says are only fit to light the kitchen fire.

If e'er she hears him joking, ma'am,
She says that marsh-frogs croaking ma'am,
Are sweeter than his words, and that his flesh is like a boar's ;
His pleasures only make her sigh,
And every night she hopes he'll die ;
She kicks his friends and all who love his welfare out of doors.

She fills his life with sorrow, ma'am,
And each succeeding morrow ma'am,
To some vexation worse than that which went before gives birth.
*So he who hopes for lustrums rife
With joy must surely shun a wife,—
The plague-spot of a student's life, and curse of man on
earth."*

Perfectly sarten and shure I am that the preesht done himself a dale of injury by this song so remarkably directed again the fair and faëry sex. But the Queen of Beauty rose up, and thus replied to Father Tom in stanzas which produced the loudest shouts of applause I ever heard.

Uxor est Ducenda.

Omnis ætatis comitem perennem,
 Omnium morum similem sodalem,
 Omnium rerum dominam fidelem,
 Sumere suave est.

Quæ tuum tecum doleat dolorem,
 Quæ tuas tecum lachrymas profundet,
 Quæ jocos, risus, et amœna tecum
 Gaudia tractet.

Quæ tuum vultum redimat salutis
 Propriæ damno, pariatque prolem,
 Quæ patris nomen tenero sonabit
 Ore jucundum.

Quæ tuas iras Jovis esse fulmen,
 Quæ tuas voces Jovis esse nutus,
 Quæ tuos lusus Jovis esse nectar
 Credere possit.

Quæ tuas Martis putet esse vires,
 Quæ tuos Phœbi putet esse cantus,
 Quæ tuas Musas putet esse sacras
 Palladis artes.

Quæ tuam linguam putet Herminis ora,
 Quæ tuam formam Veneris figuram,
 Quæ tuum sacræ Triviæ pudorem
 Judicet esse.

Quæ tuos hostes Stygiâ palude,
 Quæ tuas clades Acheronte nigro,
 Quæ tuum funus magis expavescat
 Manibus ipsis.

Uxor temporibus, moribus, et locis,
 Naturam variè distribuit suam,
 Semper prospiciens conjugis usibus.
Ergo si tibi his omnia progredi,
Vitæ perpetua ne careas bona.

The Queen of Beauty's Panegyric on the Ladies.

Your arguments are foolish sir,
 Your spirits dull and mulish, sir,
 Or else you'd never venture thus to vilify the sex :—
 But mark how a plain story, sir,
 Shall smite you in your glory, sir,
 How *I* your wit satiric in my turn will sore perplex.

A mistress ever smiling, sir,
 Long hours of pain beguiling, sir,
 Faithful and fond, I hope you'll grant to be no paltry prize :—
 Whose husband's griefs become her own,
 Whose heart is shrined in him alone,
 Whose soul, when he is happy, sparkles in her laughing eyes.

Who thinks him her soul's treasure, sir,
 Who'd die to give him pleasure, sir,
 And brings him children angel-fair, and smiling like their sire ;
 Obedient to his slightest nod,
 Or word, as if he were a god ;
 His fond caress her heaven ; What more of bliss can man require ?

Confiding, fond, and duteous, sir,
 The sun she'll think less beautiful, sir,
 Than him to whom her heart's resigned, the husband of her choice ;

No light that gilds the starry sphere,
 No song that ever charmed her ear,
 Delights a fond wife like her husband's smile, and look, and voice.

If enemies molest him, sir,
 Or worldly cares infest him, sir,
 Her all she'll freely sacrifice to soothe him into bliss:—
 Oh, what on earth so rich and rare,
 What crown of gems or kingdom fair,
 Could vie in price with love like hers, or happiness like his?

Vain, then, are all your floutings, sir,
 And groundless all your doubtings, sir;
 Celibacy, celibacy, will never do for me:

**In marriage only's found a joy
 Which I protest can never clay,—
 The joy of two hearts twined by love, and eye his own to be.**

“Lardner,” sez Jack Boyle as soon as the deafening applause which greeted the darlint Queen's successful attack on the preesht's varmint of a sarmint had subsided. “Lardner,” sez the rogue of a Freeholdher, “pass the claret, and be hanged to ye. “Stat *glassies iners*” though the first three words of a very good song in Horace will never do for the Deipnosophist Club. “By Jago,” sez Din, “I've been passin' it to ye all the nite.” “Och!” roared out Tom Megwire, “whisky, whisky, it's yez that's my darlint; what wou'd I be without ye, my duel? Do'nt yez supply me with logic and pollemix; and ain't it to yer assistance I owes batin' that Pope in the great contrhavarisy in Dublin? What made Luther, the illustrious Apostle of the Reformation, so great and

admirable a theologian but his love of beer or ale? "Possum jocare, potare," says he, "sum facetus convivator scepiusque bene bonum haustum cerevisiæ facio *in Dei gloriam*" [COLL. FRANK. f. 445.] Och! whisky punch, *solicita lenimen dulce senectæ!*—the delicious comforthor of my ould days—its ye that beatifize a clargyman. As that jolly ould Turk Hafez once sed (tho' where the haythin Jew pickt up his Latin is oftin a sad puzzle to me.) "Ab amore religionis ad cyathi desiderium transimus;"—after a prayer or two nothing revives one like whiskey punch. Faix I don't wondher at Cicero's remark, (*Div. ii. 11.*) "Ex *divinitate* animos haustos habemus,"—we're kilt out and out from divinity, and only for the potheen we'd never be able to stand it. I sometimes fancies to myself that the sowl of Galen or Hippokritays has thransmigrated (as Pythagoras 'ud say) into whiskey, for sure there never was a docthor aiquil to the darlint crayture." "Ye forgets Miss Anne M'Garrahan," sez Boyle, winkin'. "No indeed," sez Megwire, "I don't." * * * * *

"Whack, fal la ral la ral lal," sez Tom Ingland, whin he heard Megwire's anser. "You reminds me of what that same Hafez said," sez he; "acre illud vinum quod vir religiosus *matrem peccatorum* vocitat, optabilius nobis ac dulcius videtur quam virginis suavium." "Are we dhrunk enuff to tauk seriously yet?" axed Crofty Croker of the President. "Ye knows we expict yer homily on punch." "No thruly," sez Carew O'Dwyer, "until we

dhrink a little more, we ought to converse soberly." The company then began to talk about love and Cupid—Father Frank ladin' the way ;—a conjaynial thame it was to him. Doorin' the whole time the society was engaged in conversashin, I kep my eye on charming Mary Gentle and Mистер Richard, who was makin' love like bricks and no mistake ; "*Suavia nectareo mulcentes verba susurro* as Scaliger says. Though they whispered very low I overheard some of their confab, which Mистер York promist to put into a dhramatick form, from my manuskript memorandums, written down that very nite whin I went home.

MILLIKIN (*aside to MARY GENTLE.*), All this is fine indeed ; but in my opinion, it is never so pleasant to talk about love as to make it. And with such a light from Heaven as you beside me, I can now think of nothing else.

MARY GENTLE. You pay no regard, then, to what a certain sage philosopher is reported to have said, the purport of which, if I remember rightly, is as follows :—
"If our conversation could be without women, angels would come down and dwell upon earth.

MILLIKIN. A certain lady having heard much about Diogenes, and his great celebrity as a grey-beard, asked of a friend what was the chief principle of his precepts ? The friend answered, that women in particular were the objects of his dislike ; whereupon the lady replied, "Is that so ? then bad luck to his philosophy." If I did not run the risk of making a coarse reply, I should make the

same comment on the saying of the philosopher from whom you quote. But this sage philosopher seems to have forgotten that the first women charmed seraphs from heaven by their loveliness ; and do we not all know that Saint Cecilia drew down angels by the melody of her songs, as the monks say,—in my opinion, by the melody of her beauty ? This is one of the most exquisite legends of the Catholic Church ; and who that looks into *your* eyes could disbelieve it ?

MARY GENTLE. The magic of the human voice was certainly never more fully demonstrated than in that remarkable incident in the life of Swift's friend, the witty Dr. Delany. Your story of Cecilia is perhaps apocryphal ; but this which I relate is true. Once, listening in the Dublin Theatre to Mrs. Cibber, some time after she had attained an unenviable notoriety by a law trial between her husband and a gentleman named Sloper, the doctor was so enchanted by the wonderful music of her voice, that, in an ecstasy, he bent forward, and exclaimed, loud enough to be heard through the whole house, " Woman, woman, may all thy sins be forgiven thee ! " The ladies are certainly terrible witches ; and since the days of those exquisite damsels who won the hearts of angels, down to those of—

MILLIKIN. Mary Gentle——

MARY GENTLE. Well you may have it so ; but as you have interrupted the sentence, you may finish it——

MILLIKIN. They are still the same omnipotent sor-

ceresses of the affections,—whose presence is delight, and whose love is the heaven of the heart.

MARY GENTLE. You are quite gallant, Mr. Millikin,—a little too much so at present. At another time—I mean to say—that is I hope you won't misunderstand——

MILLIKIN. Certainly not my dear Mary. I understand you to say that Cupid is no lover of company, and is never happy when with more than one. By the bye, talking of angels, let me tell you a story about my young friend there in the spectacles. He was in company some time since with a young lady who maintained that women were equal to men. My friend was ungallant enough to deny the equality. The lady got angry; the gentleman maintained his opinion. From words they came to silence, and from silence to estrangement. And how do you think it ended?

MARY GENTLE. Why your friend apologised of course.

MILLIKIN. He did, and in verse. I shall repeat the lines for you, and I think you will agree with me that he got out of the scrape well enough. They became as good friends as ever. Here they are:—

An Apologetical little Song.

An angel once with starry eyes,
 And looks of brightness, from the skies
 Descended to the plain;
 As o'er the flowers she fleetly press'd,
 She stopp'd, and smilingly address'd
 A simple country swain:

“ Shepherd, can any mortal dare,
 In wit or beauty to compare,
 With angels such as we ?
 A single gift of genius name
 In which for man you'd wish to claim
 With us equality ?”

The simple shepherd much amaz'd,
 Upon this nymph of brightness gaz'd.
 And thus at last replied :—

“ I am a simple country boy,
 And if my words your breast annoy,
 Sweet beauty do not chide.

“ I think, indeed, no angel can
 With justice say she *equals* man.
 Now this is my reply.”

The lovely angel angry grew ;
 She blush'd : a thousand sparkles flew,
 Like lightnings, from her eye.

The swain observed her with a smile,
 And thus explain'd his words of guile :—

“ Forgive me, seraph-guest,
 You're not our *equals*, O sweet star !
 But our *superiors* sure you are,
 And form'd to make us blest.”

L'Enbay to ———

What once this simple shepherd said
 The same say I to you, fair maid,—
 Forgive my unconscious jest ;
 In thought or word, how *could* I vex
 The fairest of her angel sex ;
 The Nymph whom I love best ?

Have you ever read the Poems of sweet Esther Nelson of the Isle of Man? She is an honor to literature and to your sex, and deserves an European reputation. I was in that Island a few summers since, wandering about in that wild way which you know pleases me best, and there it was that I first read the poems of Esther. Beautiful, spirited, exquisitely musical, full of gentle thoughts and sweet fancies indeed they are, and only that I was carrying on another flirtation at the time, I should have been half inclined to lay down my heart at her shrine, and worship the Muses and Venus combined in her. I shewed her my book of autographs, and she wrote the following lines for it.

Esther Nelson.

Oh! bury me not where the shadow falls
By the time-worn crumbling old church walls,
Where the poisonous weeds grow rank and high
And the gentle flowerets droop and die,
Where the toad crawls out and the earth worms creep,
Where the owl and the beetle and adder sleep,—

Not there! Not there!

But bury me nigh where the sunbeams play,
Warm and bright on a wintry day;
And bury me where the sun may fling,
Its holiest light in the rich young spring,
Where the gorgeous summer may laughing pass
O'er the sweet wild flowers and waving grass

Oh! bury me there!

Oh bury me not in the shadow—for I
 Have loved to look on the beautiful sky,
 To gaze afar on the wide blue sea,
 And drink in its deep mild melody,
 And the young blithe birds and the trees and flowers
 And the gathering rills and the sunny hours—

I have loved these !

Then bury me not where the shadows fall
 For I loathe their dreary and gloomy pall,
 But give me a green and a sunny spot
 For shadow hath ever been over my lot,
 And sunlight would now come too late to save
 But oh ! let it fall on my grave !—on my grave !

Let it fall there !

Can any person who reads these doubt the truth of what my young friend in the spectacles says, that the ladies are indeed our superiors ?

MARY GENTLE. That young friend of your's in the spectacles was I think quizzing the lady to whom he wrote his apologetic little song, and if I mistake not, she is not the only person he has quizzed. Have you heard of his jokes and jests on Doctor Porter ?

MILLIKIN. Yes—but I have often heard him declare in the same breath, that Charlie's classical abilities are of a very superior order ; his care and attention to his pupils very remarkable ; and this is evidenced by the number of first rate men whom his school has turned out. Half the Fellows of Trinity College are Cork men, and were educated by Charlie ; and there can be no higher proof of his merit.

MARY GENTLE. That sly Father Mahony is glancing towards us every minute. Is it true that he is such an admirer of the misletoe-bough ?

MILLIKIN. Do you ask me ? *you*, who have so often read his motto from Anacreon ?

MARY GENTLE. He is really a pleasant compound of Brantôme and the Abbé Chaulieu. His mouth is a well of wit, and his taste as elegant and fastidious, but not so finical, as that of Mr. Elegy Gray. In genius and learning far superior to Sterne, he has squandered away in Epicurean idleness, hours that might have been made of inestimable value to the literary world ; and whether he wanders amid the arid plains of Egypt, or beneath the laughing skies of Italy, or sits beside some fallen column of marble Greece, or saunters listlessly through Regent Street or the Park, the Muses still accompany his steps and the Graces of classical literature sit shrined within his soul.

*"Αἱ Χαριτες τεμενος τι λαβειν" οπερ ουχι πεσειται
Ζητουσαι, ψυχην ευρον Αριστοφανους.*

The Graces of Poetry, Learning, and Wit,
Long sought for some shrine in the Isles of the West ;
But no temple they found for their worship so fit,
As the soul of a priest, and within it they rest.

I hope you agree with me in every word of this, and that you consider Mahony, as he really is, a most distinguished ornament of our country ; though like most of our men

of genius, he has never been appreciated as he deserves.* By the bye, how small he is. He reminds me, whenever I look at him, of Xenophon's description of the river Teleboas,—*Μεγας μεν ου, καλος δε.*

MILLIKIN. Indeed I shall get jealous, if you praise his priesthood so much. You do not hear me so eloquent about——, or——. The sunflower is not more constant to the bright orb of her love.

MARY GENTLE. Love, love, love. You are the impersonation of love. You can talk of nothing else. Like the Oriental poet, Hafez, you may very properly affirm,—

“Tria grata sunt animo meo, ut melius nihil,
Oculi nigri, cyathus nitens, rosa fulgens.”

MILLIKIN. And may I not ask you in the language of the same minstrel?

“Quid dulcius est, quam——
Labia premere, et genas suaviare, vinum
bibere, et rosas olfacere?”

What on earth should I think of or talk of, while *you* are present, but love? When I am in company with a law-

* The *Morning Register*, a Dublin Radical paper, thus spoke of the late Dr. Maginn. “The Doctor was, we believe, a native of Munster, and contributed much to the ephemeral literature of the day.” Mr. Davis of the *Nation*—a man of true genius—would have cut off his right hand sooner than pen such a sentence as this.

yer, I talk of law, or some other kind of knavery; when I sit with a Doctor, I talk of death or physic; when I ride out with a military man, I talk of Waterloo or Waltzing. Plato was so much in love with his mistress, that he declares, whenever he kissed her, his soul fled away for the time :

Τὴν ψυχὴν, Ἀγαθῶνα φίλων, ἐπὶ χεῖλεσιν εἶχον.
 Ἦλθε γὰρ ἡ τλήμων ὡς διαβησομένη.

Aulus Gellius says of these verses, “quod sint lepidissimi et venustissimæ brevitatis,” and Macrobius as you know has translated them in some of the most delicious little lines I ever read :

“Dum semihulco suavio
 Meum puellum suavior,
 Dulcemque florem spiritus
 Duco ex aperto tramite,
 Anima tunc ægra et saucia
 Cucurrit ad labia mihi.”

They have been imitated also by that learned lawyer Bonefonius, in lines as sweet as honey, or the rosy kisses of that witty enchantress, who offered me a forget-me-not flower t' other evening, but suddenly recollected that I needed nothing of the kind, as it would be impossible that I should ever forget *her*, and so passed it by.

Bacium ꝑꝑꝑ.

“ Donec pressus incubo labellis,
 Et diduco avidus tuæ, puella,
 Flosculos animæ suave olentes,
 Unus tum videor mihi Deorum,
 Seu quid altius est beatiusve.

Mox ut te eripis, ecce ego repentè,
 Unus qui superâm mihi videbar,
 Seu quid altius est beatiusve.
 Orci mî videor relatus umbris,
 Seu quid inferiusve tristiusve.”

Kiss the Sixteenth.

While fondly to thy bosom press'd, upon thy lips I cling ;
 Thy flowery breath makes me more bless'd than heaven's
 immortal king
 But when from me, dear love, thou'rt gone, and all our
 bliss is o'er,
 I feel like one who treads alone the gloomy Stygian shore.

Rousseau certainly had these lines in his recollection when he put the following sentiments in the mouth of St. Preux, “ Vous de dirai-je sans détour ? Dans ces jeux que l'oisiveté de la soirée engendre, vous vous livrez devant tout le monde à des familiarités cruelles ; vous n'avez pas plus de réserve avec moi qu'avec un autre. Hier même, il s'en fallut peu que par pénitence vous ne me laissasiez prendre un baiser : vous résistâtes foiblement. Heureusement je n'eus garde de m'obstiner. Je sentis à mon trouble croissant que j'allois me perdre

et je m'arrêtai. Ah! si du moins je l'eusse pu savourer à mon gré, ce baiser eût été mon dernier soupir et je serois mort le plus heureux des hommes.* Such are my feelings when I sit by you;—I quite forget myself and the world, and every thing, save one dear theme only; absent from you I am lonely, desolate, and unhappy.

MARY GENTLE. *O Venus! toto corde amo has confabulationuculas!*

MILLIKIN. * * * * *
* * * * *

MARY GENTLE. * * * * *

PROUT. Mr. President, I beg you will read the tenth article of our Duodecalogue, and have an eye to our gay historiographer.

MAGINN. *Osculare publicè licitum non sit.*

MAHONY. *Par le bosquet de Cythère*, I wish I were the happy Millikin.

* Shall I tell you without apology? when we are engaged in the puerile amusements of these long evenings, you cruelly permit me in the presence of the whole family to increase a flame that is already but too violent. You are not more reserved to me than to any other. Even yesterday you almost suffered me as a forfeit to take a kiss; you made but a faint resistance. Happily I did not persist. I perceived by my increasing palpitation that I was rushing upon my ruin and therefore stopped in time. If I had dared to indulge my inclination, that kiss would have been accompanied with my last sigh, and I should have died the happiest of mortals.—*La Nouvelle Heloise. Lettre I.*

HORGAN. I call on you to enforce the fine on that learned gentleman for a breach of order.

MAGINN. I intend to do so, Mr. Horgan. Come Millikin give us a song extempore. You cannot avoid it. You have been taken *flagrante delicto*, as the lawyers say,—like Mars with Cytherea.

MILLIKIN. Mr. President, I willingly bow to your mandate. I shall give you a stave, as you require it; and the theme I shall select will be the beautiful cause of my penalty. She would, indeed, inspire a less warm imagination than mine. *Το γαρ του σωματος καλλος αυτης προς τα του λειμωνος ηριζειν ανθη. ναρκισσου μεν το προσωπον εστιλβε χροιαν, ροδον δε αυτελλεν εκ της παρειας. ιον δε η των οφθαλμων εμαρμαυρεν αυγη, αι δε κομαι βοστρυχομεναι μαλλον ειλισσοντο κιττου. τουσουτος ην Δευκιπτης επι των προσωπων ο λειμων.* Her Beauty rivals the flowers of the field. For the hue of the narcissus gleams on her forehead, and the blush of roses on her cheeks: The glitter of her eyes is like the splendour of the violet, and her clustering ringlets are more closely entwined than the branches of the ivy; and her features are so lovely that they resemble some enchanting garden. So says Achilles Tatius, in the Nineteenth chapter of his First Book. So say I of sweet Mary Gentle here, upon whom it is impossible to look without being filled with bright thoughts. So brothers,—so, here I commence: I sing in the manner of older and more poetical times than we have of late witnessed. "*Lusibus his similes Erato mea*

luserat olim." as Scaliger says. Whether I shall catch aught of the splendid spirit of those days, I leave to your own judgment:—

Sweet Mary Gentle.

Her browe is like the morninge starre,
Her mouthe the opening rose,
Her skin most like the cristalle sparre,
That in the sunlighte glowes.

Her auburn locks fall loosely o'er
Her soft and swanlike breaste,
An anchorite mighte bowe before
That Paradise of rest.

Her smyles—oh! not the rosie lighte
Of rainbowes sweetlier gleames,
And eache is brighte—aye, very brighte,
Like Heavenn beheld in dreames.

Round her the Graces three doe move
Her looks to beautifie,
Whyle slyly couches laughing Love
I' the violets of her eye.

Her motion is like musicke, and
Each accente of her tongue
Is lyke the lyre when cunning hande
Awakes it into songe.

Her soul is riche as anie mine,
Her witte beyond compare ;
The lighte of minde doth round her shine
Like lighte around a starre.

There is soft musicke in her face,
 And in her child-like laugh,
 Her lypes doe shewe a honeyed place
 Whose sweets I long to quaffe.

The starres that beautifie the skies
 And goddesse-lyke appeare,
 Bring to my thought those soft sweet eyes,
 Which are my Eden here.

The summer sun, whose smylinges sweete
 Flowers from dull earth doe bringe,
 What doth he more than her fayr feet,
 Which make the roses spring?

Her rosie mouth is Cupid's fane,
 The Muses, too, dwell there;
 The boy doth every heart enchaine,
 The Nine the minde ensnare."

* * * * *

As soon as my masher had concludod the foregoing pome, he rose up, buttoned on his big fur coat, primed his pistols, and beckonin' to Miss Gentle, wint off with his companyon in a coach.

Docthor Maginn then rose up to deliver the inaugural sarment on Potheen. But who could do justass to a speech from the glorious O'Doherty, in which the larnin' of three hundred scholars, and the eloquence of six hundred mimbers of Parliament, and the fun of ten thousand wits was combined? Every one knows that Maginn is a waukin college, and that he scatters about

him in 5 minnits as much wealth of mind, talent and readin as 'ud keep a dozen Lord Chancellors, a score of Statesmin, a whole bench of Bishops, a thousand reviewers, and at laste a million newspaper writhers in clover for a month. To the eloquence of such a man who could do justass? Sartently not Barney Brallaghan larned and clever though he confessedly is. I'll therefore contint myself by givin a mere sketch of what the Doctor said, for the wit of man could'nt report him perfectly.

“Gentlemin” says Doctor Maginn, risin and fillin out a quart tumbler full of brandy “I believe ye all knows that we have been instituted for the noblest of all purposes—the propagation and diffusion of a taste for punch. No man—and if I may judge from the brighte eyes that surrounds me, no woman aither—listens to me who is not seriously resolved to enjoy the golden moments as they passes—to blend the *utile* with the *dulce* (the whisky with the sugar) to be gay while she may; in a word

nil prætermittere quod sit
Ad bene vivendum conducibile atque beate.

The ould rithers compares the pleasures of life to the evanescent splendhors of the rose:—beautiful, blushing and exquisite to day, like you my darlint little Rose M'Sweeny; to-morrow withered, faded, and forgotten like you my fine ould Throjan, Harriet Martineau.

Το ροδον ακμαζει βαιον χρονον, 'ην δε παρελθης
Ζητων 'ευρησεις 'ου ροδον, αλλα βατον.

Soon fades the rose—once past the fragrant hour,
The loiterer finds a bramble for a flower.

And it is that no man may loither, but may pluck his rose while he can, in other words, enjoy life and its *summum bonum*, potheen, as long as he is able, that this noble Society has been instituted. The present state of Cork is enuff to bring tears into the eyes of every thrue paythriot. Like the Jews, we may sit down and hang our harps by the bushes on the margin of the silver Lee, and repait the melancholy stanzas of the ould minstrel so applicable to our own forlorn condishun. [*Here the Dochter recited a butyful pome in Haybroo, which I regrits much I wasn't able to ketch.*] “We have seen our city in a worse condishun than if we had been beseiged by a forren enemy, and reduced to horseflesh like the Chaldees, as discribed in that celebrated pome of——” [*I regrets I couldn't ketch the tittle but the Dochter repated in this place a fine Chaldee manyskript to our grate edifikayshun.*] “Duels and abduxshuns, pleasure and ruxshuns—where are they? and Echo ansers sadly where are they? Whisky-dhrinkin' is declinin'; timperance is comin' on us like the fatal Simoom minshund in the Moakallat.” [*The Dochter here quoted from some Syriac epic; but want of space purvents my insartin it.*] “We have not had a duel or a rape for the last eight days.” [*Poor*

Misther Crougthy here grew quite sad, and began to cry at the sorrowful intilligince.] In this deplorable stait of serkimstances is it becomin' in *us* to be found fitin' among ourselves for Whigs or Tories—for Papists or Protistants—for Orangemin or Croppies? In the words of Jocasta I axes you

ω τάλαιπωροι

ουδ επαισχυνεσθε γης

Ουτω νοσουσης *ιδια κινουντες κακα ;

which may be thus thranslated :—

O ye rascals

Ar'nt ye ashamed whin yer country

Is thus goin' to the dogs, to be kickin' up a bobbery among yerselves?

As the Hindustanee minsthrel said whin he was on his way to the gallows—[*Our presidint thin quoted sum illigant lines in this langage, but my notes is so badly written here that I ca'nt well make 'em out.*] “Are these things to last? [*Loud cries of No, no.*] “Never, never, I repait, while we have throats to swallow and a heart for Ireland.

“Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not,

Who would be drunk, themselves must mix the punch?”

(*Loud cheers.*)

Seven senturies of iron oppreshun we have indured; but, like the eels, so butiffully described by the Arabic rither —” [*Here Docther Maginn quoted a long Arabian canto, for which I has no space in this lletter.*] “we were

used to it. We endured all that Saxon tyranny could inflict; but still we had our whisky. The cowl'd-hearted Sassenach never could deprive us of that consolashun. As the Pershun author sez——” [*Several more harmonious eligant lines in the Pershun was here intherdoosd by Maginn.*] “Fellow-counthrymen, I axes ye, will ye indure this state of things any longer? Ar’nt we nine millions? Ar’nt we the finest people on the face of the globe? Ar’nt our valleys and our people the greenest in the wide world? Ar’nt our sthraims the fullest of fishes and sprats? Ar’nt our mountains the highest and our climate the most salubrious? Why, then, as we are so shooperlatively excellent, should’nt we be the whisky-drinkinist? The inspired Russhin poet sez——” [*I am extraimly sorry I couldn’t thranskribe these noble lines quick enuff whin they were quoted by the presidint.*] “Is there any man among you so base, as to be a teetotaller? [*Loud cries of “No, no; not one,” and great excitement.*] “If any, spake, for him I have offinded. Is there any man among you so base as not to love whisky?” [*Shouts of “No, no.”*] “Is there any man among you so base as not to be a swiper?” [*Here the cries of “No, no,” were redubbl’d, amid a sensation that I never saw aiquilled.*] “No—there is not one man among you so paltry as not to love the green iland of his berth; and how can a man be sed to love the counthrey when he don’t love the food of the counthrey—thrice glorious whisky? As the Polish poet indignantly exclaims——” [*Here the Dochter*

repaired some fine soale-stirrin' vases in the Polish dialikt.] "Oh! I loves the counthry much; but I confiss I loves the whisky of the counthry moar. My blood boils within me whin I see a teetotaller. I think of the energetick langidge of the Jarmin bard——" [*Here Dockthur Maginn quoted some Jarmin rither, whose name I couldn't ketch.*] "If ye do indeed wish to see the counthry in the words of the Italian minstrel whom that amorous dwarf, Tom Little, thus thranslates :

" Great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea."

if, I sez, you wishes to see this, ye must fly the wather-dhrinkers. Hate them; call them names; let all the girls and wimmen point at them in the sthreet; let the little boys run afther thim and call them Hanovayrians, or waterarians, or some other kind of arians, and put a death's head and cross-bones over their doors." The Dochter pursseeded for about five hours in this sthrain, afther the manner of our Irish orathors, and conklooded by callin' on Philosopher Keleher for a song. William jumped up at once and expectorated the followin' song, which my masther thransformed into Grake, and Father Mahony thransmogrified into Latin. And afther this was over, we all tackled to the whisky; and that's all I recollects of that party.

Yer most affexshinat friend,

BARNEY BRALLAGHAN.

ΒΡΕΝΝΟΣ Ω ΛΙΝΝ.

Βρεννος Ω Λιν εν Ιερη τ' εφυ,
 Εφιλησε και κορας "ως εγω η συ,
 Γενειητης θ' "οδοντος στραβων καιπερ ην,
 " Καλλιστος ειμ' ανηρ," φη Βρεννος Ω Λινν.

Φαλ δε ραλ λα ραλ λα λα ραλ λαλ λεε.

Γενειητης θ' "οδοντος στραβων καιπερ ην,

" Καλλιστος ειμ' ανηρ," φη ραντιγ, ροαριγ, βοαριγ, σκρευιγ,
 αυγεριγ, γμιλετιγ, μαλλετιγ, "αμμεριγ, κοβλεριγ,
 ναυλοριγ, σολδιεριγ, σαιλοριγ, τιγκεριγ, "αττεριγ,
 βαρβεριγ, ταιλοριγ, σχημεριγ, ραμμιγ, δαμιγ, βοξιγ,
 πιγ-κιλλιγ, ρουιγ, κυρσιγ, γρογ-δριγκιγ Βρεννος Ω Λινν.—

" Πυγμαχησω Διαβολον," εφη Ω Λινν.

Βρεννος Ω Λινν χιτωνα ποτ' ειχ' ου,
 Συγγονοι και ηνεγκαν μαλλον προβατου,
 Το ειριον εξω το δερμ' εσω ην,
 " Ψυχρος θ' αβρος εστ'," εφη Βρεννος Ω Λινν.

Φαλ δε ραλ, κ.τ.λ.

Βρεννος Ω Λινν "ιππον τ' ειχε γλαυκην,
 Ποδωκεα λεπτην και γεροντικην,
 Ανα θ' "ελεα ταχυ ηνεγκε δε μιν,
 " Γυναικα γαμησω," φη Βρεννος Ω Λινν.

Φαλ δε ραλ, κ.τ.λ.

Brian O'Linn.

Brian O'Linn was an Irishman born,
 His teeth were long and his beard was unshorn ;
 His temples far out and his eyes far in,
 " I'm a wonderful beauty," says Brian O'Linn.

Fal de ral la ral la la ral la lee.

His temples far out and his eyes far in,

" I'm a wonderful beauty," says ranting, roaring, boring, screwing, augering, gimleting, malleting, hammering, coblering, nailoring, soldiering, sailing, tinkering, hattering, barbering, tailoring, schemering, ramming, damning, boxing, pig-killing, rowing, cursing, grog-drinking Brian O'Linn :

" I would leather the Devil," says Brian O'Linn.

Brian O'Linn had no breeches to wear,
 So they brought him a sheep-skin to make him a pair ;
 The woolly side out and the fleshy side in,
 " It is pleasant and cool," says Brian O'Linn.

Fal de ral, &c.

Brian O'Linn had an old grey mare,
 Her legs they were long and her sides they were bare ;
 Away he rode through thick and through thin,
 " I'm going to get married," says Brian O'Linn.

Fal de ral &c.

Κοκκυγος προς οικον ἄϊππον τοτ' ἄελαυνων
 Μητηρ ειπε, “ Λαβ' ἔμων μιαν θυγατρων,
 “ Ξαινειν αυτην διδαξα νηθειν δε και νιν,”—
 “ Ἄμφω ἄμα γαμησω,” βοαιε Ω Λινν.

Φαλ δε ραλ, κ.τ.λ.

“ Ουν εμε γαμησεις νυν;” εφη κορη.
 Αμειβετο δ' αυτος, “ Γαμησω, φιλη,
 Θανατος τε και Ἄιδης οισουσι με πριω
 Ὅψει με σε λειπειν,” φη Βρεννος Ω Λινν.

Φαλ δε ραλ, κ.τ.λ.

Βρεννος, και γυνη, και ἦ πευθερα
 Συνηρισαν εις ευνην γελωωιτες ἄμα.
 Ψιλαι δ' ησαν ἄι στρωμναι, μικρον λεχος τ' ην,
 “ Χρη πυκνοτερωσ ευδειν,” φη Βρεννος Ω Λινν.

Φαλ δε ραλ, κ.τ.λ.

Βρεννος, και γυνη, και ἦ πευθερα
 Ὑπερ γεφυρας επεραον ἄμα.
 Γεφυραν μοιρ' ερρηγνυ, πιπτοντες δε μην,
 “ Κρεμαηται τεκτων,” εφη Βρεννος Ω Λινν.

Φαλ δε ραλ, κ.τ.λ.

Away he rode to the old cuckoo's nest,
Who said "Which of my daughters do you like best?
There is one can card and the other can spin."
"Hoo! I'll marry them both," says Brian O'Linn.
Fal de ral, &c.

"Will you marry me now?" this damsel replied.
"I will marry you now, my honey," he cried;
"And I'll forfeit my life, or it's I will you win:
Faik! it's I that will settle you," says Brian O'Linn.
Fal de ral, &c.

Brian O'Linn, his wife, and wife's mother,
They all went into one bed together;
The blankets were broke, and the sheets were thin,
"Let's lie close together," says Brian O'Linn.
Fal de ral, &c.

Brian O'Linn, his wife, and wife's mother,
They all went over the bridge together;
The bridge it broke down and they all tumbled in,
"Bad luck to the mason," says Brian O'Linn.
Fal de ral, &c.

Bryanus O'Linn.

Bryanus O'Linn Corcagiensis erat natus,
 Dentibus percelebris et splendè barbatus,
 Et tametsi strabus erat, sæpe est effatus,
 " Certe sum Hibernicorum maximus ornatus."

Semel Bryanus O'Linn braccá indigebat,
 Frater dedit rubræ bovis pellem quam habebat,
 Hocque corpus cruraque Noster induebat,
 " Frigido jucundum est," Bryanus dicebat.

Clarus O'Linn habuit nigrum senem equum,
 Quo currebat campum, sylvam, paludem, et lacum ;
 Surgens semel cepit animal hoc secum,
 Inquiens, " Referre certus sum uxorem mecum."

Equum tunc ascendit, nec cessavit equitare,
 Donec nidulam advenit Lesbæ et Claræ.
 Mater dixit, " Filiarum unam tibi dare
 Volo," sed O'Linn clamavit, " Ambas, ambas, care."

" Jungat augur nuptiis manus?" ait puella.
 " Fœminæ et viri status res est bella."
 Bryanus consentit, et mulier tenella
 Conjux fit cum osculavit rosea labella.

Bryanus, et uxor, et uxoris mater (mire!),
 Unum lectum visi extemplo tunc inire,
 Tineæ tapetem voraverant sed diræ,
 Bryanus boât, " Necessè arctè est dormire."

Bryanus et fœminæ transeuntes pontem,
 Fracta est pons, frigidum et dedit iis fontem,
 O'Linn orat vidit ut uxorem pereuntem,
 " Habeat Diabolus architectum sontem."

CHAPTER III.

A SHORT NOTE FROM CROFTON CROKER, TO OLIVER YORKE,
COMMUNICATING BOYLE'S TABLE TALK.

Admiralty, Monday.

DEAR YORKE,—Among the archives of the Deipnosophist Club, I do not find any paper composed by the Founder of it, JOHN BOYLE. Your correspondent Brallaghan by whose extensive and exquisite learning, the whole literary world has been delighted, having applied to me on the subject, I am happy to forward you the enclosed, and if you publish it as an introduction to your account of the meetings and transactions of the Club, you will render its proceedings more clear and intelligible to the profane than they would otherwise be. I feel so strong an interest in the success of this great work that I assure you I did not get one wink of sleep last night with dreaming of you, it, and Brallaghan.

The claret which you sent down to this place was extremely cold. Pat and I finished it all in one night, but we never could have done so, only, that we converted

it into whiskey punch by adding hot water and sugar to it. We drank your health in many a bumper.

Wishing you all happiness, I remain

Your's truly,

T. CROFTON CROKER.

P.S.—You have often said I could not write a letter without putting some Irish bulls in it. Now I challenge you to discover a single bull in the above.

SPECIMENS OF THE TABLE-TALK OF THE LATE JOHN
BOYLE, ESQ., P.L., TO THE CORK CORPORATION,
EDITOR OF "THE FREEHOLDER," ETC.

" Look at that little fellow, with a crowd
Of lubbers 'round him: that's that little BOYLE
That makes the Freeholders. Just hear how loud
He talks: his clapper's not in want of oil.
He's a damned funny chap, though bloody proud."
BOLSTER'S Cork (Screw) Quarterly.

Ἀηροὺς καὶ φλυαρεάς.—TATIAN.
Jests and trifles.

I.

I was standing yesterday at the corner of Fishamble Lane, deliberating, after my usual manner, whether I should dine on beefsteak or calves' head when an Italian,

with an organ and a monkey came by. He stopped within a few yards of where I stood, and presently became the cynosure of all the lazy vagabonds who congregate around our Exchange. Suddenly a Kerry man came up. I knew him by his large open mouth, grey frieze, and potent shilalah. With suspended breath he stood listening to the national air of "Patrick's Day in the Morning," while he glanced alternately from the monkey to his master with an inimitable stare of surprise. Suddenly seeing another of his countrymen coming towards the place, my Kerryman ran up to him, exclaiming, "Och, Dan, my boy! honom on dhioul; here's a fellow *grinding* music;"

II.

What is an Irishman but a mere machine for converting potatoes into human nature?

III.

If the age of women were known by their teeth, they would not be so fond of shewing them.

IV.

The mythology of the ancient world is Philosophy in the robe of fiction. In the sublime story of the Titans hurling mountains against the gods, and striving to tear down the very battlements of Olympus, is shadowed forth the daring impiety of ATHEISTS, who sought to wrest from the minds of men the dominion of the Deity;

and introduce into the world an anarchy of thought, and word, and act, to which the wildest chaos were harmony itself.

V.

The motto of Arminius is characteristic of the man :—
“ *Bona conscientia est Paradisus.*” If his doctrines were but as good, why it would have been all the better for his proselytes.

VI.

What is the Latin for Quakeress?—*Quassatrix*. Who were the first people who said nay?—The *Naiads*, Who first sold bacon?—The *Hamadryades*. Where did the dentists originally come from?—*Tuscany*. Which is the most celestial part of the British empire?—The Isle of *Sky*. In what Greek work do we find the best account of eels?—The *Iliad*.

VII.

“ ’Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good.” This is the converse of a famous Latin axiom, “ *Nihil ex omni parte beatum.*” What would tailors and milliners have done had not Mother Eve plucked the tree of knowledge?

VIII.

“ *Vox populi, vox Dei,*” I call “ *Vox et præterea nihil.*”

IX.

Rich specimens of unsophisticated nature are we Cork folks. One of our ladies seeing a fine turbot, said to her husband, “ Oh, Jerry! did you ever see such a large

fluke?" Another, a thirty-ninth cousin of my own, on her first visit to London, seeing the footmen behind the lord-mayor's coach with long wigs and gold liveries, sensibly asked, "Yerrah Dan, *are them bishops?*" A Cork schoolmaster declared Cove Harbour to be "the finest water scape he ever saw!" and another commenting on the great and christian patience of a friend of mine, whom I had handled pretty severely in *The Freeholder*, said, "He must be a distant relation of Job." Yet with all our simplicity, we are witty betimes. Bœotia had her Pindar. Father Mat Horgan, who can quiz a pretty girl and take his tumbler like a fine old parish priest, once seeing a group of country maidens laughing heartily, asked them, inquisitively enough, "What they were laughing at? "Nothing," says rosy Peggy Callaghan. "What's nothing, my child?" says his reverence. "Shut your eyes," says Peggy, "and you'll soon see it, sir."—*Mem.* Charley Porter, LL.D., defines nothing to be a legless stocking without a foot to it!

X.

The smiles of a pretty woman are glimpses of Paradise.

XI.

I have had intimate intercourse with sundry Englishmen, both here, and in England, and have invariably found them as ignorant of this "gem of the sea," as if it were planted in the Pacific Ocean. Some of them think

we ought to be all Paddies ; and others, that we never open our mouths but out pops a bull. Read Fielding ; the conversation of his Fitzpatricks is tessellated with blunder from beginning to end ; illuminated occasionally by such bright exclamations as “ Oh ! upon my shoul,” &c., &c. The only thing in which Englishmen have done us tardy justice is in acknowledging our well-earned glory in the sports of Bacchus, and our trophies in the bowers of Venus. Smart in one of his poems, pays us a pretty compliment. The *veni-vidi-vici* style of courtship is indeed peculiar to us true Milesians :—

She said, a youth approached, of manly grace,
A son of Mars, and of th' Hibernian race ;
In flowery rhetoric he no time employ'd,
He came—he woo'd—he wedded—he enjoy'd.”

Apropos of Smart, my friend, Tom Moore,—

Quem tot tam rosæ petunt puellæ,
Quem cultæ cupiunt nurus, amorque
Omnis undique et undecunque et usque
Omnis ambit amor, Venusque, Hymenque.

as Pontanus sweetly warbles,—has been guilty of a slight and *unacknowledged* theft of one of poor Frank's thoughts, who, Heaven knows, has as few to spare as any poor devil of Parnassus :—

SMART:

She brought me a sun-flower—this, fair one, 's your due.
 For it once was a maiden, and love-sick like you.
 Oh, give it me quick, to my shepherd I'll run,
 As true to his flame as this flower to the sun."

MOORE.

*Oh, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close ;
 As the sun-flower turns to its god when he sets
 The same look which it turn'd when he rose."*

This is only one of his million plagiarisms which I shall publish to the world some fine May morning. I never blushed for Tom Moore as an Irishman, until I found the following ungallant stanzas :—

Oh ! what would have been young Beauty's doom,
 Without a bard to fix her bloom ?
 They tell us that in the moon's bright round
 Things lost in this dark world are found ;
 So charms on earth long pass'd and gone,
 In the poet's lay live on."

This is scandalous ! The poets owe every thing to the women—inspiration, taste, fame ! and yet this rhymer must needs demand extraordinary gratitude from the angels of earth for celebrating their charms ! May I ask Master Little what would *he* be *now* only for the women ? All the world knows that we tolerate poets only because

of their descriptions of female loveliness. Why else, indeed, should we? "They are a worthless set," says my Lord Byron (who knew them well), and so i' faith they are; but that they should openly traduce our fair friends, is, like Miss Martineau or Mrs. Fry, beyond bearing. Why, what says Martial, who with all his libertinisms, never forgot that he was a gallant gentleman? He gives the sex the glory of creating poets, and with truth:—

Cynthia te vatem fecit lascive Properti:
 Ingenium Galli pulcra Lycoris habet:
 Fama est arguti Nemesis formosa Tibulli;
 Lesbia dictavit, docte Catulle, tibi,
 Non me Pelignus, nec spernet Mantua vatem
 Si qua Corinna mihi, si quis Alexis erit."

And Propertius, also, who is quite as good an authority as Mr. Little in love-matters, sings in unison with Martial:

Quæritur unde mihi toties scribantur amores
 Unde meus veniat mollis in ore liber?
 Non mihi Calliope, non hæc mihi cantat Apollo
 Ingenium nobis ipsa puella facit."

Mr. Thomas Moore, if I were by your side when you penned that impudent stanza, I would have pulled your nose, even though I ran the risk of facing another of your leadless pistols on the following morning.

XII.

The very mention of metaphysics gives me a headache. I swear by the ghost of Bürgersdicius, I would not have been Samuel Taylor Coleridge, or Von Immanuel Ignoramus Kant, were I made lord and master of all the stars in Heaven.

XIII.

I never look on the letter H but I think of the Siamese twins, or Crofton Croker and Tom Moore—two I's; that is, two Irishmen shaking hands over a bowl of punch, or (what is just as likely in a pair of pugnacious Milesians) "sticking the maulies into each other's bread-baskets,"—a phrase which I have taken from Tom Cribb and *Bell's Life in London*.

XIV.

The owl is called the Bird of Wisdom, because he bends both his eyes on the object which he contemplates. I wish our "parliament members" were greater owls than we generally find them.

XV.

A good translation is a literary metempsychosis.

XVI.

I have seen the gravity of parsons in the pulpit, lawyers in court, judges on the bench, Quakers at conventicle, demagogues at a meeting of the rabble, the Chancellor in

the Lords, the Speaker in the Commons, soldiers at drill, doctors near a patient, clients at a law-suit, auctioneers puffing a worthless daub, antiquarians over a brass farthing, and Thomas Frog Dibdin over a Wynkin de Worde, old gentlemen at funerals, and young gentlemen at tailor's bills, bailiffs at an execution, and the hangman at the gallows; I have seen the gravity of an author when his play was damned, and of a coxcomb taking his place at twelve paces; of an attorney drawing out his bill of costs, and of an alderman adjusting his napkin at a city feast; I have seen Mr. Rogers and Belzoni's mummy; but the gravity of each and of all taken together does not equal the gravity of a cow chewing the cud.

XVII.

The only shops in Paris which an Englishman should carefully shun are those in which a notification is written up for visitors, "*English spoken here.*" Not only is English spoken there, but great cheating practised; and indeed it is only just that your spooney Englishman who goes to Paris without a knowledge of the language, should pay something additional for the kindness of the shopkeepers in providing him an *interpreter*.

XVIII.

Military men never blush; it is not in the articles of war.

XIX.

We look with pleasure even on our shadows.

XX.

No man knows the value of his own soul.

XXI.

Punning is a pleasant vice. Your dull-witted fools, who find it as impossible to make a decent pun as to square the circle, affect to sneer at it, and call it the lowest species of wit. Be it so. But while it amuses I am content to take it with all its faults. I can bear the worst pun with complacency. Hence I laughed with Miss Martineau, when she remarked to me the singularity of the name of Luther's wife, Catherine de *Bore*. But Harriet did not even smile when Dr. Maginn, once bantering her on her "preventive check," said, "Between you and me, Harriet, your philosophy is all in my eye Betty Martin oh!" Every body knows the humorous derivation given for the name of Dr. Meade,—*a medendo*. Colman the Younger, as the old fool loved to call himself being asked if he knew Theodore Hook, replied, "Oh, yes! Hook and I (eye) have been long acquainted." Talking of Hook reminds me of an admirable pun which he once made in my hearing. A foreigner asking whether he was not Mr. H. the improvvisatore, the *John Bull* replied, "Yes, monsieur, like the man in Terence—

"Plenus rimarum sum, hâc atque illâc perfuo."—*Eunuchus*.

Milton has perpetrated a pun in the *Paradise Lost*, in a passage which Addison properly calls the most exceptionable in the whole poem—

“The small *infantry*
Warr’d on by cranes.”

Yet this, though bad, has found an imitator in Mr. Gay, who thus writes in the *Country Post*, (from the Hen-roost):—“Two days ago we were put in a dreadful consternation by the advance of a kite, which threatened every minute to fall upon us. He made several motions as if he designed to attack our left wing, which covered our *infantry*.” Little Dick Shiel sometimes puns, but very wretchedly indeed. He and I were once riding in a London omnibus, which was as thickly crammed as the Calcutta dungeon. Being both little, we escaped pretty well. On remarking to him the inconveniences of a crowded omnibus, “The Apostate” replied, “*Omnibus hoc vitium est.*” This was very, very middling. In the *Mirror of Parliament*, vol. xxxiii. p. 2680, will be found another pun, as poor as the little creature himself. It is as follows:—“If I may be permitted to play upon a word, I should say that the history of Irish Protestantism is to be found in *Rapin*.” This was met with loud applause from the Tail, Feargus O’Connor flinging his caubeen up to the ceiling, for which he was called to order by the Speaker. Sam Rogers and Father Mahony

once walking down the Strand, a *black* approached, when Master Sam, in affected alarm, exclaimed—

“*Hic niger est:—hunc tu Romane caveto.*”—HOB.

Swift's Mantua and Cremona pun is scarcely better than this; nor is that which my friend Frank himself made the other day at all inferior. He and Bulwer were in a gin-palace in St. Giles's. Mahony called for a pot of half-and-half. Bulwer put on his elegant drawing-room drawl, and declared that he never drank malt liquor; but, above all, he could not drink out of a vulgar pewter *pot*. “Faith,” says Frank, “ye may do worse my, jewel; but 'tis plane you don't know what honest ould Alexis says, wid all your Grake—

‘*Ουδεις φιλοΠΙΟΤης ανθρωπος εστι κακος.*

ATHENÆUS, lib. ii. c. 2.

N.B.—Dr. Maginn translates this, “No lover of *potheen* was ever a bad man.” Mr. Thomas Little used to pun well once—indeed, most of his wit is of the pun kind; and although indifferent enough, he has feathered his nest well thereby. You know what airs he gives himself when he gets into good company, and how vain he is of Byron's affectedly complimentary, but really sarcastic, dedication of the *Corsair*,—“While Ireland ranks you among the first of her sons,” &c. A gentleman observed

him in Covent Garden one evening playing off his most ridiculous airs. Not knowing that the immortal Mr. Fudge was before him, he inquired, "Who the devil are you? To which *Little* replied—

Sum *brevis* ; at nomen quod terras impleat omnes
Est mihi.—OVID.

Aristotle is reported to have died with a pun in his mouth. Not being able to discover why the Euripus ebbs and flows seven times every day, he threw himself into its waters, with these words, "Quia ego non capio te, tu capias me." For the credit of the Stagyrite, however, it must be added that Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Inquiry into Vulgar Errors*, book vii. chap. 14, doubts much the authenticity of this story. Rabelais also died punning. A few moments before he expired he called for a domino, and wrapping it round him, said, "Beati qui in *domino* moriuntur." Curran is said to have punned the last morning of his life. When my friend Shiel's play was damned by the gods of the gallery, I whispered to him, from Euripides—

Δει φερειν τα των ΘΕΩΝ.

But my advice was thrown away, as he bore his damnation very unphilosophically. It is to be hoped he will bear all future damnations better. I was a mere boy when Flood, the orator, asked me in the House of Com-

mons whether I had ever been in College? "Yes," said I, "*Collegisse juvat.*" When a young legal friend of mine was going to London, to dine his way to the bar at Gray's Inn, I said to him, "My dear Ned, bear in mind the admirable advice of Nestor to Antolichus—

Αιεί ΤΕΡΜ' ὀρωω.—*Il.* xxiii. 322.

Always mind your term.

"Tom," says the Marquess of Lansdowne, "why the deuce don't you write verses now?" Moore replied—

Petti nihil me sicut, antea juvat

Scribere versiculos.—Hov.

The first time I saw Kean act, I was so enraptured by the majesty of mind which flashed around his every word, and gesture, and movement, that I repeated aloud from Sappho—

Φαινεταί μοι ΚΗΝΟΣ ἴσος θεοισιν.

By the by, what does old Coleridge mean by saying, "To see him (Kean) act, is like reading Shakspeare by flashes of lightning?" (*Table Talk.*) There is a little too much of metaphysic trash in this for homely John Boyle. The last time that Dr. Maginn dined with me he made some gems of puns. We had some ham and chicken for dinner. The Doctor said, "You know,

Boyle, what old Ovid, in his *Art of Love* (book iii.), says—I give you the same wish—

“ ‘Semper tibi pendeat *hamus*.’ ”

May you always have a *ham* hanging up in your kitchen.” We talked of tea. The Doctor insisted that it was well known to the Romans; “For,” says he, “even in the time of Plautus it was a favourite beverage with the ladies—

“ ‘Amant *te omnes mulieres*.’ ”—*Miles Glor.*, act i. sc. i. v. 58.

You know Sukey Boyle, my pretty housekeeper. The Doctor observed her, “Ah, John,” cries he, “I see you follow the old advice we both learned at school—*Καρίζου την ΨΥΧΗ*—‘Indulge yourself with Sukey.’ ” We had some hock at dinner, which he thus eulogised—

Hoc etiam sævas paulatim mitigat iras,

Hoc minuit luctus mœstaque corda levat,

Ov. Ep. vi. lib. iv. v. 15, 16.

Sam Rogers was once persuaded to set up for a borough. He wrote to some of the burgesses thus—

“ *Vota precor votis addite vestra meis*.”—Ov. Ep. ix. v. 72.

At another time he landed at Boulogne. The custom-house sharks, of course, overhauled his baggage, when Sam, with great good humour, said—

“ *Cernite sinceros omnes ex ordine truncos*.”—*Nux Ovidii*, 35.

Wordsworth, who is under many obligations to Brougham and Jeffrey, has gibbeted the former in one of his poems—

But deem not this man useless, statesmen ye
 Who are so restless in your wisdom! Ye
 Who have a *Broom* still ready in your hands
 To rid the world of nuisances.

Brougham himself (who, believe me, is no *misogynist*) once praised to me the beauties of his place in Westmoreland, and said that it was embosomed in majestic hills. "That is just the place," said I, "Harry, I would expect *you* of all men to select." "Why?" quoth his lordship. "Because," answered I, "you recollect what Virgil says in his *Georgics*,—'*Bacchus amat colles.*'" When Jemmy Todd became a fellow of Trinity, great indeed was the surprise of every one who knew of his *abilities*. A friend pointed him out to me a few days after, stalking across the old brick court in great pomp, with a new gown and a long tassel to his cap. I could not help crying out—

'*Ἦμιν μὲν ΤΟΔ' εἶπνε τερας μέγα μητιετα Zeus.*—*Π.* ii. 324.

But in the name of Bacchus, Charley Crofts, why don't you pass the potheen? Faith, I have made a long sermon.

XXII.

It is particularly inconvenient to have a long nose—especially if you are in company with Irishmen after dinner.

XXIII.

There can be no doubt that kissing is derived from *κισσος*—ivy.

XXIV.

What a pretty word is *λυσιζωνος*!

XXV.

Weak-minded men are obstinate: those of a robust intellect are firm.

XXVI.

Sundry critics have made a great fuss about Lord Bolingbroke's celebrated definition: "History is philosophy teaching by example." Bolingbroke himself admits that he took it from Dionysius Halicarnassensis; but the learned Thebans, who prate so much about their knowledge of Greek, have never been able to find the passage. Certainly, I have never seen it pointed out by any. All this is very funny in literary *Hidalgos*, who, like the man in Rabelais, "monochordise with their fingers, and barytonise with their tails;" and has often made me laugh heartily. The original of the definition is as follows—*Περι Λογων Εξετασεως*—*Τουτο και Θουκυδιδης εοικε λεγειν περι ιστοριας λεγων "οτι και ιστορια φιλοσοφια εστιν εκ παραδειγματων."* So that, after all, Thucydides was the original author of this famous and certainly beautiful aphorism.

XXVII.

Swift declared he was too proud to be vain. The distinction was very nice. On the same principle, a wise man is too prudent to be cunning.

XXVIII.

I never read the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher without being hurried into the bosom of antiquity, and fancying myself sporting with the Nymphs, and Fauns, and Dryads of Poesy.

XXIX.

It is now considered vulgar to fall asleep at church; none but shopkeepers and Goths are guilty of it. The aristocracy very properly ceased to patronise it, when it became *low*. The same remarks apply to cock-fighting.

XXX.

Bear-beating has gone down very much of late. The best exhibitions of that manly and rational amusement take place nightly in the House of Commons.

XXXI.

The proper way to make a tumbler of punch is, to put in the sugar and water first; and when the sugar is thoroughly dissolved, to add whisky *quantum suff.* Many put in the whisky first, and the sugar afterwards; but this spoils the flavour.

XXXII.

I never had any real respect for a man who could not drink thirteen tumblers of punch.

XXXIII.

When you are invited to a drinking-party, you do not treat your host well if you do not eat at least six salt herrings before you sit down to his table. I have never known this to fail in ensuring a pleasant evening.

XXXIV.

Always *finish* with champagne. If you begin with champagne, and then follow it up with other wines, the morning's dawn will find you cursing your headach and your want of thought.

XXXV.

The best drinking-song ever written is by Rabelais. Lord Brougham has often called my attention to it:—

*Remplis ton verre buide,
Buide ton verre plein,
Je ne puis souffrir dans ta main
Un verre ni buide ni plein.*

*" Fill, fill your glass, which empty stands,
Empty it, and let it pass ;
For I hate to see in people's hands
A full or empty glass."*

Rabelais was indeed a jolly old soul, well worth 500 of your modern French *petits mattres*. Guizot and Chateaubriand, and De Lamartine and Thiers, and all that set, are but one degree removed from donkeys. The only thing satisfactory is, that they know it, and confess it to be true.

XXXVI.

We should never be deceived by the flattery of others did we not flatter ourselves. Man is his own worst and greatest sycophant.

XXXVII.

A friend of mine who hates the Scotch as heartily as Johnson, returned lately from a tour through the Highlands. I asked him what gave him the greatest pleasure during his travel. He replied, "To see the funerals."

XXXVIII.

"Qui de *Purgatorio* dubitat Scotiam pergat, et amplius de pœnis Purgatorii non dubitabit" (*Sancti Cæsarii*, lib. Dialog. cap. 38). This I take to be the true reason why your real Scotchman eschews Papacy. His *amor patriæ* will not allow him to confess Scotland to be Purgatory. He therefore laughs at the whole thing as an imposture. Englishmen have not so much to say, by Jupiter!

XXXIX.

FIELDING.—I say it is a disgrace to England that there is no monument in Westminster Abbey to this truly great man. He was the Shakspeare of romance. Unequaled by all preceding, contemporary, or succeeding novelists, he stands alone and pre-eminent—the standard of a perfection to be admired, but not to be attained. His knowledge of human nature was wonderful. He had mixed with high and low, and has drawn the vices of both classes with a pencil unequalled for fidelity and vividness. His personages, without the caricature of Smollett, or the maudlin sensibility of Richardson, actually live and move before you: every nice stroke, every beautiful delineation of character, persuades you that

“ Nature herself this magic portrait drew.”

His wit is easy and elegant, and, when he chooses, full of the gracefulness of Addison; and his humour infinitely surpasses that of Smollett,—of whom, indeed, I have always entertained a poor opinion. His burlesque imitations of Homer are not only original, but charm at every new perusal: “*Decies repetita placebunt.*” His learning was extensive, and had been drawn from the purest wells of literature. His volume was the heart, and he had fully mastered its every emotion. His delineation of Irish characters is perfectly inimitable. Gibbon with an enthusiasm that does him high honour, calls him our “immortal Fielding,” and states that he was of the

younger branch of the family of Denbigh, who are earls or something of that kind. I wish they would condescend to think of the very brightest jewel in their coronet, which is their relationship to Henry Fielding, and no longer delay to do justice to his memory.

XL.

Potheen (*ποθεν*) is derived from the Greek word *ποθος*—*desiderium*. You look surprised at this definition, as if you would cavil about it; but the truth is, Ireland was well known to the ancient Greeks, and honoured by their particular notice. Hence the name of Erin, the proper derivation of which has been so long a *crux*, and that of the crossest kind too, to the antiquarians, was first conferred on this country by the Greeks. It comes from *ἔρις*—contention; a satisfactory proof that, from the oldest period, our fame as a fighting nation has been widely diffused and universally acknowledged. I will not go the length of saying, with my excellent friend Philosopher Keleher, that Homer's family was originally Irish, and assert that his name was Ω ΜΗΡΑ (ΩΜΗΡΟΣ); but I fully agree with my grandmother; that the poetess Erinna was a denizen of this "bright little isle of our own," as, indeed, her name satisfactorily demonstrates—*Ἠρινηνα*. Suidas has preserved some fragments of a poet named Πιανος. He was certainly an Irishman, and of the Ryan family. The O'Ryanes were also well known to the Greeks: witness Theocritus, in whose twenty-

fourth Idyl we find the following allusion to a gentleman of the name :

Αμος δὲ στρεφεται μεσονυκτιον ἔς δυσιν ἄρκτος
ῶΡΙΩΝΑ κατ' αὐτον.—V. 11-12.

They were all, however, greatly to the disgrace of Ireland, members of the Temperance Societies of those days, as we find Propertius calling the head of the clan "*Aquosus O'Rion*." Allen (ἄλλην), and Perry (περι), and Hogg (ὄγ), and Hopper (ὄπερ), and Todd (τοδ), and Howe (ου), and Creagh (χρη), and Denahy (Δαναη), and Keily (χειλη), and a whole host which I could enumerate, are both Irish and Greek names. The name of Magner is derived from *μεγας ἄνηρ*—a great man. Father Prout has shewn that Fagan is derived from *φαγειν*—to eat. An Irishman named Dowden (an ancestor, perhaps, of my friend Richard) is spoken of in Sappho's immortal ode. Those who run may read :

Ἄλλὰ καμμεν γλωσσα ἔαγε, λεπτον δ'
Αυτικα χρω πυρ ὑτοδεδρομακεν
Ὀππαεσσω Δ'ΟΥΔΕΝ ὄρημι βομβευ-
σιν δ' ἀκοαί μοι.

Philipps, with true Saxon jealousy, has left out this interesting record of our antiquity, and intimate intercourse with Greece, in his translation of the ode. Moore and O'Moore are also Irish names. Tom Sloperton quotes from Anacreon in proof thereof, although the hint

was first given by Erasmus, in his *Moriae Encomium* :—

Ἐγὼ δ' Ὁ ΜΩΡΟΣ ἄρας

Ἐδησαμεν μετωπῶ.

I could multiply instances of this enough to fill a volume, and, indeed, I know not but that I shall do so some day when I am i' the vein. I have strayed away from the Circean subject of Potheen. It was a favourite drink with the old Greeks. Hence the far-famed aphorism of Alexis, which I quoted for you a few nights since. But the testimony of Aristophanes quoted in Athenæus (book i. cap. 7, *sub finem*) sets the matter beyond all dispute, or even doubt :—

Βίος θεῶν γὰρ ἔστιν ὅταν ἔχης ΠΟΘΕΝ.

“ We live like gods when we have potheen.”

This settles the matter for ever.

XLI.

He who asks a lady to drink wine with him before the first course is removed deserves to be buried alive. It is worse than blasphemy.

XLII.

Butchers and doctors are with great propriety excluded from being jurymen.

XLIII.

I never knew a thick-lipped man who was not a block-head, or so insufferably sulky that to talk to him was dangerous.

XLIV.

A Hint to the ladies.—Blue-eyed men are generally the best tempered. This is not egotism, for my blinkers are not cerulean.

XLV.

If you get into a dispute with a man, and find that he jaws a good deal, depend upon it he is an arrant coward. The best course is, at the outset, to give him a good dounce between the eyes; and if he is pluckless, the matter is settled at once; if the contrary, you have saved time and talk.

XLVI.

He is a philosopher who can bear the company of either the Bulwers, or tight boots, without shrinking.

XLVII.

I can forgive a man any thing but rudeness to a woman.

XLVIII.

Few men have the moral courage *not* to fight a duel.

XLIX.

What an admirable illustration of the truth of Rabelais's aphorism is Father Mahony! "Monachus in clauastro non valet ova duo, sed quando est extra bene valet triginta." Mahony is a very pretty little priest—a Catullus in canonicals.

L.

No sportsman should come to Ireland without an introduction to Archbishop Whately. A hunter, with all the skill and daring of Squire Western; an angler, with all the patience and enthusiasm of Izaak Walton; and a boon companion, with the wit and vocal powers of the famous Captain Morris. Not to know his grace is not to enjoy true Irish sporting.

LI.

After all, there is nothing like a tumbler of the genuine native! Behold it stand upon your table, sparkling as the eyes of the lasses; exquisitely sweet, warm, and inspiring—Hippocrene itself! The light plays upon its surface; the Muses young and laughing dance around it; and Cupid himself is seated on the brim. Do but taste it, and the honey of woman's kisses, even were they ten times more delicious than those which Horace mellifluously describes as—

“Oscula quæ Venus

Quintâ parte sui nectaris imbuit.”—Lib. i. od. 13.

is at least rivalled,—gallantry forbid that an Irishman should say is excelled! and in its fragrance there is a perfume surpassing that of roses. In the words of Dionysius Halicarnassensis*—“Ὠσπερ ἀπο τῶν εὐωδισταίων λειμῶνων αὐρα τις ἠδεια ἐξ αὐτῆς φερεται”—“A gale of

* Epistle ad Cn. Pompeium, de Platone, sect. ii.

odorous sweets is wafted around, as from meadows of freshness and choicest fragrance." I never see a tumbler of potheen without thinking of Venus; for what so near akin as love and whisky? Do but taste it, as I said before, and straightway you are conveyed into a new world of happiness; scenes of beauty and delight to which the picturesque fictions of Oriental imagination are but idle dreams, seem to spring up before your eyes; you mingle in visions of enchantment. When I drink wine, says Anacreon, (and no gentleman will dispute his authority), my cares are lulled to sleep. Farewell all labours, anxieties, and sad reflections! Such is the power of mere wine. But what vintage can equal the potheen of Ireland? Who ever gazed upon a tumbler of "mountain-dew" without feeling a glow, a warmth, an inspiration, such as the minstrels of old would fain persuade us resulted from deep draughts of the Castalian fountain? Who that ever drank the bewitching cup did not feel in it a panacea for all the miseries of existence? Let us then, while we live, quaff deeply, carouse merrily, sing lustily, and live freely. What have we to do with the sayings of the wise? The best book of philosophy is a full bottle. As Athenæus wisely says, *It gives strength to soul and body*—*ἰσχυρὸν δίδωσι ταῖς ψυχαῖσι, καὶ τοῖς σωμασιν*. And what more can your Senecas and Sophists achieve? Can they, indeed, achieve so much! Who ever dreamed of acquiring strength of body in a library? Nobody. Study is detrimental to health; but potheen—

glorious, exquisite soul-thrilling, paradisiacal potheen!— is the true and only ambrosia of life, and alone worthy of a rational and immortal being like man.

LII.

It is a saying of the excellent Tom Brown, “No poet ever went to a church when he had money to go to a tavern.” This may be looked on as an indisputable axiom; there is no truer proposition in Euclid. Indeed, the very name of poet is derived from *potare*—to drink; and it is not by mere accident that the same word signifies *Bacchus* and a *book*.

LIII.

My friend, Lord Althorp, seems to be as fond of bulls as Pasiphaë herself. Fortunately, this is not an age of scandal, or we should have had a new version of the Minatour romance of old. In my opinion, bull-breeding is an enlightened and philosophic study. I hope to see it become fashionable among our young noblemen.

LIV.

Imagination is a bank on which we can draw at will: it is often an author's only bank.

LV.

Everything is done in these days by clubs, societies, &c. That arch wit, Andrew Sullivan, who is fond of ridiculing

fooleries of this sort, told me a story last night at which I laughed heartily. A person asking him for some relief complained that he had of late become less generous and charitably inclined than ever before; Andrew replied, "My good woman, don't you know that I have lately become a member of the Selfish and Churlish Association?"

LVI.

"Who is this?" says Philemon, pointing to a melancholy object passing by. "A doctor," replies his friend. "Ah!" rejoins Philemon, "how ill every doctor looks when every one else looks well!" The same wit declared that a doctor feels as much sorrow in seeing his friends in health as a general in seeing all countries at peace. A physician boasted to Nicocles, that his art was of great authority. "Thou art in the right," quoth Nicocles, "when it can kill so many with impunity." One asked a Spartan how he had attained to so great an age? "I was not acquainted with any doctor," replied he.

LVII.

Tell me, did you ever read the *Anacreontica* of Scaliger? It is the most inane, insipid stuff possible—full of absurd conceits and schoolman gallantry. He makes love in a pedant's gown, and kneels before his mistress with his pen in one hand and his tablets in the other. He is more engaged in weighing longs and shorts than

in contemplating the charms of the lady ; and where he should be observing her smiles, he is only looking for an appropriate spondee. Take the following specimen of his love-songs ; it is one of the best of the set :—

Si fatale fuit mihi
 Ut morerer ante mortem ;
 Cur fatale non item fuit,
 Ut viverem ante vitam ?
 Sed si non valet hoc fato
 Fieri, ut ante vitam vivam :
 Fortasse fiet, et erit
 Post vivere mortem.

They are all in this style. Scaliger prided himself on his classic taste !

LVIII.

I am in love with Mary Queen of Scots ! She is the Morning Star of History. So exquisite was her beauty, that once, carrying the pyx in the procession of the host, at Paris, a woman, struck by the enchantments of her figure and features, burst through the surrounding crowd anxious to touch her garment, to convince herself that she was not an angel from the skies. It is related of Hume, that when last in France, the principal of the Scots College placed in his hands some manuscripts in the handwriting of Mary, and at the same instant asked him why he had affected to write her character without having previously consulted these memorials ? Hume

made no reply ; but taking up the papers through curiosity he looked over them for some minutes, and so affected was he by their pathetic eloquence, that he suddenly burst into tears. I have forgiven David many of his errors for this noble trait of sensibility. But Buchanan,* who, fed by her bounty and advanced by her largesses, afterwards basely libelled her character, I can never pardon. Ingratitude is so foul a crime, that the vilest criminals, who glory in all other misdeeds, are ashamed to own themselves guilty of it ; and the very devils in hell are true to each other.

LIX.

The most ferocious monsters in existence are authors who insist on reading their MSS. to their friends and visitors. I really believe that the greater part of them are descended from the Hyrcanian tigers. They are cannibals, beyond the pale of society ; their hand is against every man, and every man's hand should be against them. I speak strongly, because I have suffered

* One of this hypocritical ruffian's begging letters to Mary is worth quoting. It is not destitute of point.

“ AD MARIAM REGINAM SCOTIÆ.

Invida ne veterem tollant oblivia morem,

Hæc tibi pro xenio carmina pauca damus ;

Sunt mala ; sed si vis, poterunt divina videri

Nam nunc quod magno venditur ære, bonum est.”

much from fellows of this sort. Take an instance. I was once invited by a poetaster to his house in the country, and during my sojourn I was as miserable as those unhappy wretches within that gloomy portal on which Dante tells us is inscribed,—

“ Perish all hopes once ye have entered here !”

Songs and comedies were served up with breakfast ; tragedies and farces at luncheon ; philosophical essays (or, as the author called them, theses,—though in my opinion *Tom-fooleries** would be a more appropriate name) garnished the dining-table ; odes, madrigals, and canzonets, were introduced with the dessert ; coffee was accompanied by a long epic called the “ Progress of Time,” or the “ Progress of Trash,” I forget which ; and the summons to supper was the signal for producing some assafoetida stuff dedicated to Spring Rice.† Conceive my misery. At last, one fine morning, before a soul was up, I made my escape ; and since then I have not approached within twenty miles of the county wherein the dragon resides. Often have I blessed the memory of Byron, who, at the close of one of his letters (inviting a

* The wight thus immortalised by Boyle was named Tom—ED.

† Better known as Lord Mountcrow. It was a favourite pun of Boyle to ask his Tory friends,

“ — *Risum teneatis, amici ?*”—ED.

friend to Newstead), and after he had enumerated all the pleasures they should enjoy—"books, baths, wines, bright eyes," &c., thus writes, "*Nil recitabo tibi.*" Never was a more agreeable promise to a visitor of a literary man.

LX.

"I am positive," says Tom Moore, pointing to a large beech around which some ivy branches twined luxuriantly—"I am positive," quoth the little man, that *kissing* is derived from *κισσος*—Ivy."

LXI.

They say that "Truth *lies* in a well." Why, then she had better never go into one, if it induces her to fib!

LXII.

Men of letters who keep their knowledge hoarded up from the world, I call *mental misers*, and think them entitled to infinitely less respect than the most avaricious wretches who are covetous but of mere gold.

LXIII.

I have heard very dull men say many witty things, though unconscious of them. Aganippè had its source in the centre of Bœotia.

LXIV.

I once read the following P.S. to a letter: it was written by a schoolmistress to the mother of a child of

her "establishment:" " *Will dearest Mrs. ——— allow her affectionate friend, Mrs. ——— (the schoolmistress) to get interesting Eliza a stays ?*"!! By the way, that is not a bad idea of my friend Coleridge, who calls those strings of boys and girls who parade the metropolis in rank and file, " *walking advertisements.*"

LXV.

I have been lately dipping into the *Observer*; it is flippant and shallow; the criticism is of the small-beer species, and the witticism is of no species at all. Cumberland was a poor creature. Can any thing mark his want of taste more than his attack on Philostratus in the seventy-fourth number? He calls his love-epistles, which are full of elegance and wit, "an obscure collection of love-letters written by the sophist Philostratus, in a very rhapsodical style, merely for the purpose of stringing together a parcel of unnatural, far-fetched conceits." Afterwards, he calls him "a despicable sophist," and his letters "unseemly and unnatural rhapsodies," to copy from which was marvellous condescension in Ben Jonson. These be hard words. Let us see whether they are applied deservedly. Cumberland was the first to point out a translation by Jonson of different portions of the love-epistles. These selections the latter wreathed together, and formed from them that most sweet and poetic madrigal,

Drink to me only with thine eyes.
And I will pledge with mine!"

which has a charm in it that I cannot describe. Jonson's classic taste is universally admitted; it was one of the most refined, I had almost said fastidious, order. How unlikely, then is it, that such a man would resort to a "despicable sophist" for materials of poesy, and finding them in abundance, would transcribe and translate them with an accuracy worthy of the most "*reddere verbum verbo*" interpreter! Does not the fact of Jonson's having concealed that the verses were not original shew clearly, that he would be proud to have them considered as his own, and as such they were regarded until the theft was discovered in the *Observer*? Yet Cumberland will have us believe that what the haughty, overbearing Ben Jonson would have been glad to have the world look on as his own original composition, are unnatural and far-fetched conceits, utterly devoid of merit! I have read Philostratus over and over again. His life of Apollonius is full of philosophy, and the style is spirited and agreeable. In his miscellaneous works the reader will find scattered some very noble metaphors, which would shine in a modern composition. His love-essays are full of poetic thoughts; they breathe the very spirit of elegant gallantry, and the compliments which are interwoven with the text are gracefully and beautifully conceived. What can be more exquisite than the following? *Ἐὶ δὲ γενοῖτο καὶ νύξ ἄνω βλέπω μόνου ἀστερας τῶν Ἑσπεριῶν καὶ σε* [Epist. 50].—"When it is evening, I behold two shining stars, *Hesperus and you.*" Never was a finer compli-

ment paid to "ladye fayre."* In his epistle to a pretty bar-maid there is also much to admire. You may call the thoughts as far-fetched as you wish, but while they please the mind I am not one to decry them. It is as follows :—

Παντα με αιρει τα σα, και ὀλιγους χιτων, ὡς ὁ της Ισιδος, και το καπηλειον ὡς Αφροδισιον, και τα εκπωματα ὡς Ηρης ὀμματα, και ὁ οινος ὡς ἄθος, και των τριων δακτυλων αἱ συνθεσεις, εφ' ὧν ὀχειται το ποτηριον, ὡσπερ αἱ των φυλλων των εν τοις ῥοδοις, εκβολαι· καγω μεν φοβουμαι μη πεση, το δε ἔστηκεν ὀχυρως ὡς γνωμον ἔρηρισμενον, και τοις δακτυλοις συμπεφυκεν· εἰ δε και ἀποπιεις ποτε, παν το καταλειπομενον γινεται θερμτρον τῷ ἀσθματι, ἥδιον δε και του νεκταρος· κατεισι γουν ἐπι τον φαρυγγα ἀκωλυτοις ὀδοις, ὡσπερ ουκ οινῷ κεκραμενον, αλλα φιλημασιν.—Epist. xxiii.

"All that is thine captivates me; thy robe transparent as the veil of Isis; thy shop agreeable as the haunts of Aphrodité; thy cups, that shine like the eyes of Juno; and thy wines, which blush like rosy flowers. With what graceful ease thou dost join thy three fingers, supporting the full goblet as the stem supports the full-blown blossom! Sometimes I am in terror lest it should

* Perhaps it is equalled by that delicate and elegant conceit of Achilles Tatius (The loves of Clitiphon and Leucippe. Book ii. c.1). Ἦ μὲν ταῦτα ἤδεν· ἔγω δὲ ἔδοκουν τὸ ῥόδον ἐπὶ τῶν χιλεῶν αὐτῆς ἰδεῖν,—"These things she sweetly chaunted; and methought I saw upon her lips the blushing rose of which she sang." Achilles Tatius is (as the ladies say) a love of a book.—ED.

slip; but it remains poised firmly like a dial, and clings as it were to thy clasping hand: and when thou dost taste it, the liquid becomes warm as thy breath, and far sweeter than nectar; and we drain it off, not as if tempered with wine, but with thy kisses."* A man must be very old or very tasteless who finds fault with a love-letter like this! Cumberland was one of the many small wits of the last century, who pitched their tents on the lower slopes of Parnassus, and lived on, mistaking the applause of coffee-house coteries for true, and solid, and

* In a strain somewhat like this last thought, the Eastern poet Hafez, says to one presenting him with a cup of wine—

“Let on its edge a kiss of thine be fix’d;
The wine will taste as *if with honey mix’d.*”

Ovid wishes to be the first to snatch the cup which his mistress has laid down; and will apply his lips to that side of it only which her’s had touched—

“Quæ tu reddideris ego *primus* pocula sumam,
Et quâ tu biberis, hac ego parte bibam.”

Amorum, lib. i. el. 4.

We read in Lucian, also, the jealous remonstrance of that prototype and pattern of the generality of wives, Juno, who thus upbraids the henpecked ruler of the skies:—Πινεις ὄθεν καὶ αὐτος ἔπιη καὶ ἔνθα προσηρμώσε τα χεῖλη, ἴνα καὶ πινῆς ἄμα καὶ φίλης. “You drink from that part of the cup which my rival’s lips have touched; so that you blend a kiss with the nectar which you imbibe.” It were easy to produce a multitude of prettinesses of this sort; but to none would the conceit of Philostratus be found inferior.—ED.

surviving fame. Their structures, raised upon the sands are gradually mouldering away; and posterity, which usually judges aright, will yield them no higher niches in the Temple of Letters than those which Dennis and D'Urfey, and others of that calibre, now ingloriously occupy. Yet was not Cumberland destitute of genius and judgment, though his absurd coxcombry invariably got the better of both. Striving to blend together the rather incongruous characters of fine gentleman and moralist, philosopher and fop, he sacrificed his all to his endeavour to succeed; and this has been his ruin. His papers have little of the learning of the bookman, and less of the light gaiety and sparkling effervescence of the man about town. His works are passing from the library to the book-stalls; and from the book-stalls to the trunk-makers and pastry-cooks (who, by the by, are the real *helluones librorum*), the transition is short and easy, *The West Indian, The Fashionable Lover, &c. &c.*, are, like the author, gone the way of all flesh; and the people of the year 2000 will know him more by Goldsmith's flattering picture than by any works of his own. How he repaid Oliver is well known. "Poor fellow!" cries he, "he hardly knew an ass from a mule, or a turkey from a goose, but when he saw it on the table;" a piece of flippant ingratitude which does no credit to

"The Terence of England, the mender of hearts."

But, like all little wits, he thought that by running down

contemporary genius he should exalt his own name higher than it would be otherwise placed. He is careful to let us know that Wilkes called Boswell's *Life of Johnson* "the work of an entertaining madman;" that Soame Jenyns wondered how so ugly a man as Gibbon could write so good a history; that Jenyns himself "had a wen," and that "his eyes protruded like the eyes of a lobster;" and of Johnson he assures us, that "if fortune had turned him into a field of clover, he would have laid down and rolled in it." Such a man was Dick Cumberland!

LXVI.

Tom Hood, the punster, and I, John Boyle, were once mounting up Ludgate Hill, when Hood challenged me to pun on St. Paul's Church: "I will bet you half-a-dozen glasses of gin-and-water," quoth he, "that you will not be able." "Pooh, pooh!" said I; "*Paulo majora canamus*,—Give me a nobler subject than *Paul*." Hood confessed himself beaten, and lost the wager with a very bad grace. When the late Tom Gannon, of Trinity College, ran away with the wife of a poor man, I wrote over his door:

"Addis cornua pauperi."—HOR. lib. iii. od. 21.

Tom was a punster himself, and so he only laughed.

LXVII.

When I first started *The Freeholder*, Mahony, Maginn, Crofton Croker, James Roche, Shéridan Knowles, Father Maguire, Windele the antiquarian, and a few more of the prime wits of Cork—

“Animæ, quales neque candidiores
Terra tulit, neque quis me sit devinctior alter.”

HOR. SAT. V. LIB. I. 40—

in conjunction with me, organised a club called “The Deipnosophists;” and, verily, no more amusing records are to be found in Athenæus himself, than those which I still treasure in my writing-desk relative to our glorious symposiacs. The club consisted of one hundred; all sworn friends and associates: but there were several honorary members. A portrait of every member was hung up in our spacious hall of meeting. Under each was placed his coat of arms, and a classical motto selected by himself. I remember a few. Mahony’s motto was from Anacreon’s sixty sixth ode, as follows:—

Ἄπαλην παιδα κατεχειν
Κυπριῶ ὄλην πνεουσαν
Οὐ τοδε τοῖ καλον ἔστι.

My own motto was that golden line from the poet Mimnermus:—

Τί δε βιος, τί δε τερπνον, ἄτερ χρυσης Αφροδιτης;

which I cannot translate better than in the words of Bobby Burns—

“What signifies the life o’man
An’ ’twere na for the lasses, oh?”

Under Tom Moore’s picture was written (by himself), from the *Hecuba* of Euripides :—

Γυναικες ὤλεσαν με.—V. 1078.

which means—

“The light that lies
In woman’s eyes
Hath been my heart’s undoing.”

The poet Theognis supplied the Countess of —— (an honorary member with a motto :—

Ου τοι συμφορον ἔστι γυνῆ νεα ἄνδρὶ γερουτι.—V. 457.

of which Shakspeare (though in all probability he never heard of the line), supplies us with a translation—less pretty, however, than the Greek :—

“Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together.”

Lady Morgan was also an honorary member. Under her ladyship’s picture was inscribed :—

Δυχνου ἄρθειτος γυνῆ πασα ἦ αυτη.—*Incerti Auctoris*.*
“Every woman is at heart a rake.”

* The fact of the author’s having concealed his name would seem to hint that he did not care to expose himself to the resentment of the ladies.

Charles Grant (since Lord Glenelg) was also a member, and one of the jolliest of the set. I do not know why he selected the following verses of Homer for *his* motto, but certes they were placed by himself under his picture. They became more applicable some years after, than during the days of the Deipnosophists :—

Οὐ^ς χρη παννυχιον ευδειν Βουληφορον^ς ανδρα

Ω λαοι τ' επιετραφαται, και τοσσα μεμηλε.—HOMER.

“A statesman ought not to snore for hours in the House of Lords.”

Perhaps there was not a single motto better selected than that of the renowned Doctor—the Doctor κατ' ἑξοχην, (or, as the French translate it, *par excellence*.) For what is Doctor Southey, or Doctor Black, or Doctor Giffard, or Lardner, or Bowring, or Lingard, or Lushington, or Buckland, or Chalmers, or the famous Δ of *Blackwood*—what, I say, is any of these, when compared with our own Doctor?—

“Who has so many languages in store,

That only fame shall speak of him in more.”—COWLEY.

Let any one of these learned doctors choose his favourite art or science, pit him against our Corkman, and I am convinced that Maginn will beat him in his own line, in those very accomplishments or acquirements on which he most prides himself. But this is straying. The Doctor's motto was taken from Anacreon, Ode 47; thus :—

Τριχας γερων μεν εστι,
 Τας δε φρενας νεαζει.*

“ His locks, indeed, are white ; but his wit is strong, sparkling, and brilliant as ever.

I recollect only two more ; those of Sam Rogers and Crofton Croker. The first of these worthies chose a motto very applicable. It is from the *Iliad* ; and was suggested to Sam, doubtless, by a remark which Captain Medwin relates to have been made by Lord Byron, to the following effect,—that Rogers was “ the Nestor of little poets : ”—

Τω δ' ἤδη δυο μεν γενεαι μεροπων ανθρωπων†
 Εφθιατ'.—HOMER.

Crofton Croker's motto was taken from the Greek anthology ; and contains sage counsel to little men :—

Ασφαλεως οικησον εν αστει μη σε κολαψη
 Αιματι Πυγμαίων ἠδομενη γερανος.—JULIANUS.

“ Dwell cautiously in the city, lest some crane, delighting in the blood of little men, may snatch you up in his beak.”

* Plautus (*Miles Gloriosus*, act iii. scene 1) has a thought copied from this of Anacreon—

“ Si albus capillus hic videtur, neutiquam ingenio est senex.”

† Mr. Rogers is called the Poet of Memory because, having lived longer than all other men, his memory of course extends over a wider period.

Our Deipnosophist Club flourished long in the city of Cork ; but some political row having commenced in the county, half of us joined the Whiteboys, and went about gagging tithe-proctors, rescuing cattle, sending threatening notices, and assisting the ill-used peasantry in other legal practices ; while the other half joined the Brunswick Club, and became the most inveterate foes to their former associates. From this I date the downfall of Cork. While the Deipnosophists were in full glory, it was the Athens—when they fell, it became the Bœotia of Ireland.

LXVIII.

A good motto for the Quakers :—

“ *Sin in sua posse negabunt
Ire loca.*”—*Georgic.* ii. 234, 5.

What a punster I am becoming !—

Through Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, Munster,
BOYLE'S the smartest, wittiest punster.

LXIX.

A friend of mine, one of the wittiest and most learned men of the day, once recommended a Frenchman, who expressed an anxiety to possess the autographs of literary men, to cash their bills : “ And believe me,” says he, “ if you do, you will get the handwriting of the best of the tribe.” This, however, the Frenchman declined to do.

LXX.

Tailors call Adam and Eve the first founders of their noble art; they have them depicted on their banners and escutcheons. But they would be nearer the truth if they called the devil the first master-tailor; as only for him a coat and breeches would be unnecessary and useless. This would be giving the devil his due. Johnson has already done him the justice of owning that he was the first Whig. It remains for the tailors to do their duty to such a benefactor. They are a high spirited body; and I hope they will follow my advice.

LXXI.

Youth and old age seem to be mutual spies on each other,—blind, each, to its own imperfections, but extremely quicksighted to those of its opposite.

LXXII.

I am very well pleased with a sentiment attributed to Dr. Whately :—" Truth, honour, justice, virtue, religion and so on, are all stubble. The only thing of any real value in life is money. Fielding shews his sense and his sagacity by deriving honesty from *ovos*—an ass." These principles do great honour to lawn sleeves. I love him for them.

LXXIII.

“ Possunt, quia posse videntur.”—*Æneid*, Lib. V. 231.

To what is not this little sentence applicable? In company we please—*because we try to please*. In politics, in law, in every science or pursuit in the world, we succeed, because we *think* we shall succeed; and therefore exert our best efforts to do so. If Epictetus, in his epitome of all worldly philosophy—“*bear and forbear*,” teaches the true rule for the government of man, Virgil teaches the surest path to his success. I do not know a nobler motto for a young man.

LXXIV.

A very acute man used to say, “Tell me your *second* reason: I do not want your first. The second is the true motive of your actions.”

LXXV.

We are informed by Philostratus that a siren was placed on the tomb of Isocrates, as a symbol of the divine sweetness of his eloquence.

LXXVI.

Acidalius Valens, a distinguished schoolman and critic of the sixteenth century, published in 1595, a small tract which had the ungallant title of, *Dissertatio perjucunda quæ Anonymus probare nititur, Mulieres homines non esse*; or, that women were not of the human species. This

created a general sensation. The fair sex, who saw their rights scandalously attacked, determined, one and all, to wreak vengeance on the unhappy Valens. But he wittily excused himself, by declaring that in his opinion the author was a man of judgment and politeness; *the ladies being certainly more of the species of angels than of mere mortality.* This graceful compliment disarmed the bright eyes of his opponents of all their terrors, and restored the critic to their good favour.

LXXVII.

In Howell's *Letters*, we are informed that it was a tradition among the Turks that the Virgin Mary conceived our Lord by smelling of a rose presented to her by the angel Gabriel. A chap who is called Dr. Millingen, in a very ridiculous work entitled *Curiosities of Medical Experience*, states (but I wish he had condescended to inform us on what authority), that it was affirmed by St. Luke that Mary was a negress. This is balderdash,—sheer, arrant balderdash; and if it is meant for a sneer at the Catholics, it is a very contemptible one indeed. But what does this Printer's Devil of an author mean by calling (in the same book) the ladies "delightful tormentors"? After this I shall not be surprised to hear of Billy Punch writing his memoirs.*

* Since this was first published, Billy Punch *has* published his memoirs, and a more delightful publication has never emanated from the British Press.

LXXVIII.

Hints to men of Business.—Whenever you are in a hurry, engage a drunken cabman: he will drive you at double the speed of a sober one. Also, be sure not to engage a cabman who owns the horse he drives: he will spare his quadruped. and carry you at a funeral pace. Both these maxims are as good as any in Rochefoucault.

LXXIX.

We Irishmen have been stoutly attacked in all quarters for our propensity to making bulls. Justly, perhaps; but we do not blunder to so great an extent as is generally supposed. A Cork poet once wrote of our famous Foundling hospital, that it was the place wherein were kept those children—

“Who never had father or mother,
But were found in the groves of Blackpool.”

Now this is a very fine blunder; but the Corkman only copied Horace, who in the sixth satire, first book, gravely assures us—

“Persuades hoc tibi verè,
Ante potestatem Tullî atque ignobile regnum,
Multos sæpe viros *nullis majoribus* ortos
Et vixisse probos.”

The Scotch gentlemen are foremost in ridiculing our bulls; but was there ever a greater blunder than that committed by a sober Glasgow farming society, who on the first appearance of Miss Edgeworth's *Essay on Irish*

Bulls, ordered a dozen copies of the work, supposing that it related to the breed and quality of Irish horned cattle ! Paddy D'Israeli tells a story not unlike this. When Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* was first published, some very learned scholars, and among the rest Budæus, took the history of the island and its population to be correct in every particular, and proposed that missionaries should be despatched thither at once, in order to convert so wise a nation to Christianity.

LXXX.

A friend of mine, who prides himself a good deal on his tact in the discovery of literary larceny, once pointed out to me, with great triumph, the following passage in Gregory Nazianzen, of which he told me he had discovered a palpable plagiarism. And by whom think you ? Why by George Colman the younger—a man who was as capable of reading the works of the elegant and learned bishop, as of deciphering the hieroglyphics on Alexander's tomb in the British Museum ! The Greek elegy is very eloquent and affecting ; and a story is connected with it, which makes me introduce it here :—

Ὀφέλες ὦ Λιβιά ζῶειν τεκεεσι φιλοισιν
 Ὀφέλες ἀχρὶ πύλας γηραὸς ἔμπελασαι,
 Νῦν δὲ σε μοιρ' ἐδαμασσεῖν ἄωριον εἰσετι καλῆν,
 Εἰσετι κουριδιοῖς ἀνθεσι λαμπομενῆν
 Αἶ', Αἶ', Ἀμφίλοκος δὲ τεὸς ποσις ἀντὶ δαμαρτος
 Ἐσθλῆς καὶ πινυτῆς τλήμονα τυμβὸν εχει.

Now for the plagiarism by Coleman. To do my friend justice, I must certainly say that the last two lines of the original Greek bear some resemblance to the second verse of the English :

“ Oh, Thady Rann, the Isle of Man
 I left and sail'd for you ;
 I'm very ill-luck'd all night to be duck'd,
 For keeping my promise true.
 Oh, Thady, your bride cannot sleep by your side,
 Go to bed to another lady ;
 I must lie in the dark with a whale or a shark,
 Instead of my darling Thady.”

The story of which I spoke is this : Dr. Moir has one of the most stout and stalwart fists of any man in Musselburg. Passing through the High Street of Auld Reekie one day, he was jugged by a Yankee, who, on Moir's demanding an apology, snapped his fingers in his face. The Doctor, in a trice, floored his man. Sydney Smith who was passing by (and who told me the story), turned to the American ; and, whispering in his ear from Gregory,—

Νυν δε σε ΜΟΙΡ' εδαμασσειν,

joined the Doctor, and both walked away, laughing heartily ; the one at the punch which he had given to the Yankee, and the other at the pun with which he had so readily followed it up.

LXXXI.

He who whistles to perfection is not to be despised !
Why, quotha ? Because he hath made himself master of
one science.

LXXXII.

We poor Papists eat so much fish, that it would be
indeed no miracle if we had fins. So says Erasmus.

LXXXIII.

I have seen an old blanket look well in the sunbeam.

LXXXIV.

Man is a twofold creature : one-half he exhibits to
the world, and the other to himself.

[Here ends the Table-Talk of the late John Boyle,
and certainly the world has never received a richer trea-
sure in a smaller space. Boyle's reading was immense,
and to the learning of the bookman, he added (what is
rarely to be found conjoined with it) an intimate and
extensive knowledge of mankind in all its phases. He
had conversed with the highest, and mingled with the
most humble orders of society. By many he was loved—
by all he was admired ; and should the time soon arrive,
as I fondly hope it will, when his grateful countrymen
shall erect monuments of brass to his fame, even *they*
will be found less durable than his works, and future
ages will contemplate with reverence and awe, Cork the
cradle of the modern Crichton. T.C.C.]

Literary Executor of the late John Boyle, Esq.]

A NIGHT WITH THE DEIPNOSOPHIST CLUB.

Scene. *The Deipnosophist Club Room.*

A long apartment wainscotted with black oak, and lighted from the centre of the ceiling by an antique bronze lamp; In bookcases ascending to half the height of the room are huge tomes, magnificently bound, and lettered on the backs with inscriptions in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, German, Irish, and Chaldee. Busts of the members ranged around on pedestals of white marble; their pictures by Maclise suspended over the bookcases, with the mottos of each elegantly painted on the frames. Costly prints thrown carelessly about the floor, and mixed up with sundry manuscripts, books of poetry, albums, and fragments of Moore's Lalla Rookh, which appears to have been torn up for appropriate occasions—a lady's bonnet and shawl; several pairs of boxing gloves; cigar boxes, and two cases of duelling pistols. Twenty-four Irish shilalahs, a black silk mask, and twelve dozen champagne flasks. In the centre of the room is placed a large oaken round table, whereat is discovered sitting with magisterial ease and dignity JOHN BOYLE, Esq., Editor of the Freeholder; glasses, decanters, cigars, filberts, corkscrews, jars of whiskey, pipes, and an unlimited supply of various wines, &c. &c. Time, 1823.

BOYLE (*drinking off a glass of wine*)

Hilloah! Pleasant times these, and no mistake! A

blazing sea-coal fire, ambrosial wine, the best Havannahs, and good books ; what more need I to complete my Paradise ? Our *Freeholder* goes on swimmingly ; every body reads our libels, laughs with them, and is delighted ; our circulation has increased, is increasing, and cannot be diminished ; and our contributors are the best set of fellows in the wide world. Where we shall stop, Heaven only knows, but *The Cork Freeholder* is maintaining its ground right nobly as the monarch of periodicals. From the eastern to the western hemisphere, from Cork to Kamschatka, from Mallow to the Malabar Islands, from Dingle dee Couch to the falls of Niagara, our little gem-like periodical is published, and sold, and praised as never periodical was praised before. Old gentlemen buy us for our wisdom, and young ones for our wit ; elderly ladies for our beautiful poetry, and bright-eyed young ones for our tales and romances ; politicians study us for our sound Tory and constitutional views, and men of letters for our general excellence. In fine, there is but one book in the world beyond us. (*Filling out a glass of sparkling Burgundy.*) Here's success, then, to *The Cork Freeholder* and its editor the illustrious Boyle ! May it always be as brilliant as this wine, and love and poetry glitter in its pages ! Amen ! O'Callaghan, you ruffian, where are you ?

Enter O'CALLAGHAN.

Has Captain Sabertash arrived yet ? You needn't

speak—your look says no. Shew the captain in the moment he comes. Vanish—levant, I say!

[*Exit O'CALLAGHAN.*

(*Taking up a book.*)

Sabertash is an especial favourite of mine; and he deserves to be so, for he is that most rare of all characters, a military man, who unites a perfect knowledge of the drawing-room, with the most thorough intimacy with books. He has shown me a manuscript volume on *Conversation* which is in every particular a jewel of a book, and sparkles no less with wit than with sound practical sense. By the by, what is this I find between the leaves? A song! and a pretty one too, upon my life! I wish I had a Jew's harp to accompany me while I try to sing it, or one of the Disraelis, at least, to whistle a symphony for me. I could warble like a lark once, but my voice begins to crack. Here goes, however:—

A Song.

Invest my head with fragrant rose
That on fair Flora's bosom grows:
Distend my veins with purple juice,
That mirth may through my soul diffuse;
'Tis wine and love, and love in wine,
Inspires our youth with flames divine:

A first-rate sentiment! What next?

Thus crowned with Paphian myrtle I
In Cyprian shades will bathing lie;

Whose snow, if too much cooling, then
 Bacchus shall warm my blood again.
 'Tis wine and love, and love in wine,
 Inspires our youth with flames divine !

Worthy of Homer ! Another glass.

Life's short, and winged pleasures fly ;
 Who mourning live, do living die :
 On down and floods thus swanlike I
 Will stretch my limbs and singing die.
 'Tis wine and love, and love in wine,
 Inspires our youth with flames divine !

To be sure I will. Could I edit my *Freeholder* if I were a water-drinker ? Could I write wit, or poetry, or sense, if I were fed on Adam's Ale ? Aristotle says that no man can write poetry who has not had his eyes blackened half-a-dozen times :—Aristotle is right. Does not honest Harry Cary, as Ritson delights to call him, assure us of that same Stagyrice—

“ ZENO, PLATO, ARISTOTLE,
 All were lovers of the bottle ?” ;

And how else could a literary man make up for the constant wear and tear of his brains ? For my part, I never denied that I learned most of what I *do* know in the bright days of my youth—in *dulci juventâ*, as Horace wisely calls it—when I used to beat watchmen as if they were spaniels or walnut-trees, and fought every man I met for the sheer fun of the thing. Where is life, says

the illustrious Confucius, to be learned if not in a watch-house? Who ever selected a drawing-room or a boudoir to study the passions? Talk to me of the universities indeed! All I learned at Alma Mater was to smoke and drink, to talk slang and spar scientifically, to run in debt, to play at cricket and billiards, and hunt a fox or a bailiff, to set my bull-dogs at the proctor, and court the head-porters' pretty daughter; and here I am now, the greatest literary man in the empire, the companion of scholars and nobles, the leading pillar of administration, the head and guiding star of criticism all over the world—an Oracle in America—a divinity among the literati of the East. (*Fills out another glorious glass.*) Can Tom Moore, or any other of the famous Toms of the day, hold a candle to me in any one department of literature? No, upon my honour; and the whole literary world, *quorum pars maxima fui*, admits it. And if any one denies it!—*Naboclish*. Well, after all, an Editor's life is pleasantish enough. It has many drawbacks; many troubles and botherations, as most trades and callings have; but all vexation is counterbalanced by that autocratic dignity in which he feels himself constantly enveloped, and the privilege of passing sentence of condemnation on the writings of his fellow-men. Here before me are some thousands of manuscripts,—good, bad, and indifferent. And to me JOHN BOYLE, alone is consigned the glory of making the fortunes of the writers or sending them, perhaps, without a dinner. Is this

nothing? Is this no recompense for my own little vexations? Verily an editor is a great man, and the greatest man in the world is the editor of *The Cork Freeholder*. Greater than Gifford of the *Quarterly*, because John Murray would indeed look queer if my shoe-making little friend exercised his critical judgment over one of Milman's long-winded narcotics and did not print it off-hand. Greater than Jeffrey of the *Edinburgh*, for the whole management of that volume is in the hands of the publishers only. Greater than Christopher North for * * *. Greater than the manager of Colburn's *Monthly Magazine*. because * * *. Greater than——

Enter CAPTAIN ORLANDO SABERTASH (*singing*)

Well met, old fellow!

BOYLE.

Ha! Sabertash, my dear! Delighted to see you. You are looking very well. That Military cloak becomes you admirably. Sit down. You and I'll tumble into this Burgundy. When did you arrive?

SABERTASH.

Only this instant; and thirsty enough I am, I assure you. Who do you think I was taken for in the coach?

BOYLE.

I don't know. A sheriff's officer, may be?

SABERTASH.

No, truly; but for the redoubted Tom Little.

BOYLE.

Why, my good fellow, you have limbs and muscles!

SABERTASH.

So I flattered myself; but it seems that an old lady and her daughter thought differently, and so after receiving innumerable compliments, which I answered only with—ahem!—my blushes; I was obliged to give them a lock of my hair as a memento. But let me try this Burgundy of yours. Faith, you live well.

BOYLE.

Of course I do, and the secret of it is, I am paid well. You know that after the *Quarterly*, Boyle's is the best paying Magazine.

SABERTASH.

Do you think I'd write for it if it were not? Catch a military man at that folly. By the bye, I never can get a hint of who your contributors are. The riddle of the Sphinx, or the secret of the Eleusinian mysteries, was never kept up so well.

BOYLE.

Mum's the word, old fellow. My lips are a sealed book. Not even to you, captain, would I reveal the mysteries of the printing-house; but I believe you'll see some of them here to-night.

SABERTASH.

Is it true that the Quarrantotti libel was written by Rogers? I heard it attributed to the author of *Columbus*, in Bath last season.

BOYLE.

No bad guess either. It is certainly like his style—

very—but his contributions do not appear often in my magazine. The fact is, none but men of genius write for us.

SABERTASH (*bowing*).

You are very complimentary, Noll. Reach me over those cigars. Windele told me, when I was last in Cork, that Sydney Smith was one of your principal writers. Come, come, is it so?

BOYLE.

Pray don't ask me. That's a secret.

SABERTASH.

And those pretty verses in that last number you sent me, were written by the Duchess of—

BOYLE.

Hush! Not a word of that. Let us change the subject. Here's a toast:—

BACCHUS, VENUS, MUSA, CUPIDO,
Salvete omnes.

I beg your pardon, captain, for talking Latin: but I know you are a first-rate classic.

SABERTASH (*after a hearty swig*).

I knew something about it once, but I have been of late so much engaged in making love that I have not had time even to look into Ovid. The fact is, I am getting into years (why should I conceal it?), and when a man begins to see a grey hair or two on his head, he don't half care for these old fathers, but works out practically

the maxim, *Carpe Diem*. However, I have not quite forgotten the author from whom you quote (Scaliger, I believe it is), and, like him, I follow up that excellent recommendation which ought to be blazoned deep on the heart of every military man in the kingdom —

“ Quocunque differtur levis
Cincinnus huc sequimur ;”

which means—

Where'er pretty ringlets are flowing,
On bosoms as melting as snow,
There soldiers should be with hearts glowing,
And anxious to fight the fair foe.

BOYLE.

Give me your fist, captain. Since the days of the glorious Macheath, there has not been a finer fellow, or a finer maxim. You military men are the only lads who really know how to court the ladies ; and the ladies of England and Ireland are the only women in the world who are worth taking any trouble about ;— *le pays de belles femmes et des bons philosophes*,” as Voltaire says in his letter to Doctor Pansophe.

SABERTASH.

War and love, you know, are congenial sciences : though according to a great authority (Ninon de l'Enclos), it requires infinitely greater genius to court women than to command armies : *Qu'il falloit cent fois plus d'esprit*

pour faire l'amour, que pour commander des armées. I can do both. When I was with the duke in the Peninsula——

BOYLE.

Oh, deuce take the Peninsula!—I beg your pardon. Fill your glass, captain: let us continue the old subject.

SABERTASH.

If you like, John, my fine fellow. *En passant*, I don't think much of your cigars, but your drink is good.

BOYLE.

I am sorry for it. I got the first as a present from Robinson of the Exchequer: I needn't tell you they never paid duty. The spirits were sent by Brougham.—But speaking of the ladies, I must say that our modern fine gentlemen know nothing of gallantry. I sometimes think the art of courtship went out with swords and shoe-buckles. We never have a duel now for a fair lady, and Gretna is no longer the fashion. I hope the old times will revive when the next Prince of Wales gets into a breeches and the command of a regiment. Until then, if we should happen to live so long, you and I must look on and put our tears into our bottles in silence. Even the French, who had some spice of the antique spirit in them, have lost it all of late.

SABERTASH.

The rascals! after beheading Marie Antoinette how can *they* hold up *their* heads? I never liked the false gallantry for which Mounseer was noted, and I think

John Bull would do better than imitate him in any thing. I have a song here in my pocket which pleasantly ridicules the affected airs of one of our young gentlemen who had been to France ; shall I shew it to you ? One would think it was written to satirise Mrs. Gore's French-stuffed novels, or my friend Miss Méchante's letters. Push the lamp nearer :—

A Song. Sung by a Jap, newly come from France.

Ah! Phillis, why are you less *tendre*

To my despairing *amour* ?

Your heart you have promised to *render*,

Do not deny the *retour*.

My passion I cannot *défondre*,

No, no, torments increase *tous les jours*.

To forget your kind slave is *cruelle*,

Can you expect my *devoir* ?

Since Phillis is grown *infidelle*,

And wounds me at every *revoir*,

Those eyes which were once *agréable*

Now, now are fountains of black *désespoir*.

Adieu to my false *esperance*,

Adieu, *les plaisirs des beaux jours* ;

My Phillis appears at *distance*

And slights my unfeigned *efforts*,

To return to her vows, *impossible*,

No, no, adieu to the cheats of *amours*.

BOYLE.

It is a very capital song, and we will print it in the

first vacant corner of *The Freeholder*. Reach me the nippers. Will you try some champagne after your journey?

SABERTASH.

Volontiers, my dear editor,—it makes me think of your wit. And yet I don't care much for champagne. For an Englishman, there is no drink like the real substantial port, though sherry is rather getting up of late. Our soldiers who pitched into the French at Waterloo were officered by men who had emptied many a rich juicy hogshead of Oporto's vintage. Had they been suckled upon Gallic wines, God knows what might have been the result of that day. The minister who first introduced rum into our navy was a wise man, and deserves a statue of gold. So long as the French drink their foolish white wines, so long must they be the kicked and kickable of the English, which period, I pray, may extend to the day of judgment.

BOYLE.

Per omnia sæcula sæculorum, as the Papists say—Amen! So be it! I think it must be admitted that we have frightened the very hearts out of those French. All they have now are livers, and these white enough.

SABERTASH.

Why, yes: I think you will wait some time before you see them going to war again. I rather regret this, for it is pleasant to take the conceit out of such braggarts. One of your Irish brigade fellows, of whom I remember to have read so much, would be a match any day for

half-a-dozen Frenchmen; and so long as we fight side by side we may defy the world. When have you seen Prout of Watergrasshill?

BOYLE.

Last night at the club, with another brother spectacle, *Στακκος Μορφιδης*, one of the most eloquent fellows in Ireland, and the wittiest. But why do you ask?

SABERTASH.

Because I have not seen a song from him this long while in the *Freeholder*. Has he given you up?

BOYLE.

A couple of right good merrie songs were thrown, a week or two since, into our publisher's letter-box, having no name, but evidently in the pot-hooks of Prout, which, by the way, are rather remarkable. I asked him last night, was he the father of the bantlings—he laughed, but gave no answer. Would you wish to see them?

SABERTASH.

By all means. And indeed, I remember I have a letter from him here in my coat-pocket. By comparing the hands we shall see in a moment whether they are identical.

BOYLE (*handing the songs*)

They are in Latin and English. I almost think I read them before.

[*Here the gallant captain examines the songs. Certain cabalistic signs, known only to Deipnosophists pass between him and the editor. He then reads the following elegant productions.—*]

Epistola Amatoria.

Divina es mea per Jovem Cytheri
A Deis genita, a Deisque missa,
Nos ut ætheriis bonis beares.
Nam rides quoties nitenti oculo
Tu sydus Veneris Jovisque rides.
Si quid tu loqueris, deùmque nectar
Et coeli loqueris beatitatem.
Pulchra es, quæ superes nitore Phæbum
Et candore nitentis ora Phæbes.
Quæ genis viola rosæque vernant.
Quo grato cilium nigrore fulget.
Colla per nivea fluunt capilli,
Halant ambrosiam aurei capilli.
Ostro labra ardent corallina et quæ
Exugant animam intimâ ex medullâ.
Quæ sedent geminæ papillæ in illo,
Illo pectore, poma, lilieta.
Sic inter hilarent cor atque ocellos
Ludunt hic Charites, Jocusque, Amorque,
Sed ð quæ redolet sinus beatus,
Unguenta Assyriæ, Arabumque messes
Tota es deliciæ atque tota luxus
Jurarim Venerem esse te Cytheri.

A Love Letter.

Kitty, Kitty, you're a goddess,
Sprung from bright Olympian stock :
Beautiful you're in your boddice,
But more beauteous in your smock.

From those distant starry stations
You have come to gild our sphere ;
Gods ! your eyes are constellations !
Every glance as diamond clear.

Sweeter are your words than honey ;
Heaven seems round me while you speak :
People call Apollo " sunny,"
But he ne'er shone like your cheek.

On your lips bud million roses—
Soft and dark your eyebrows grow ;
On your snow-white neck reposes
Hair in hyacinthine flow.

On your mouth, like coral blushing,
I my soul could breathe away :
See !—your breast and cheeks are flushing
Like rose-trees in early May.

Round about you skip the Graces,
Love and Laughter all the day ;
How I envy their embraces !
How I wish that I were they

Not Arabia breathes more sweetly,
Eden is less fair to view ;
You have charm'd my heart completely—
Kate or Venus ?—which are *you* ?

Altera Epistola Amatoria.

Ne me, ne, Violanthe, sic adure

Istis igniculis tuis ocellis.

Parce, parce ferire tot sagittis

Quas crebro facis igneis ocellis.

Vel si virgineus timor pudorque

Vel si fecerit ira pulchriores.

Quod si in ore aderit beatus ille

Subrisus, mare temperat qui et auras

Pro suprema Venus, feruntur illæ

In præcordia sauciantque pectus.

Sed ò quid fatuus precorque et opto?

Quin cæcus fieri ipse si potis sim

Rebus in reliquis velim libenter

Unam te aspiciam modo, es Diana,

Es sol, es reliqua astra tu mihi una

Ura me, Violanthe, torre et ure.

Another Love Letter.

Nay, sweetest, shoot not at me so,
The starry arrows of those eyes ;
A glance like thine than lance or bow
More quickly wounds, more fleetly flies.

Whether with virgin light they beam,
Or anger sparkles in their rays.
'Tis all the same—their ev'ry gleam
Thy love for me, sweet girl, betrays.

Thy smiles are like the golden dawn
When moving o'er the rosy sea ;
Or else some bright Idalian lawn
Bephrant with flowers curiously.

Let me the wish at once recall
I dared to urge ; and let thy looks
Warming and bright around me fall,
Like sunshine on sweet summer brooks.

To all the world beside I'm blind,
Thou only art my guiding light :
Though dark my *days*, 'tis bliss to find
Thee.—thee the Dian of my *night*.

Enter BOYLE'S PUBLISHER with a bundle of Papers.

Well done, my lads! I am glad to see you enjoying yourselves. Captain Sabertash, how are you? You have not sent us a paper this good while! I paid a draft into the London and Westminster Bank a few days since to your account.

SABERTASH.

You did right. Continue that fun, old boy, and you may command me to your dying day. You ask me why I have not sent you a paper? How the deuce could I? I have been raking away in Scotland. I left Glasgow only a week ago. Bless my soul! you are getting quite fat and good-looking!—Fine times these for publishers, I opine.

BOYLE.

Pray be seated Patrick. I can only offer you champagne and claret; the Burgundy is out: but the Lafitte is right good:—

Tam liquidum tam dulce sapit ut non ego malim

Quod Peligna legunt exanima lambere nectar.

So softly this claret glides over the palate

So sweetly it tastes, and so rosy its hue,

That the head of that numskull deserves a stout mallet,

Who'd dare for ambrosia this drink to eschew.

What news? Any comedy going on in the bookselling trade?

PUBLISHER.

None that I bother myself about. All I care for is

The Freeholder. Here I have brought you a bundle of manuscripts. You must look over them, and give me your opinion soon. This is very fine wine.

[*Singing without.*]

‘Oh! we won’t go home till morning,
We won’t go home till morning,
We won’t go home till morning,
And daylight does appear!

Enter FATHER PROUT, JOHN ANSTER, GOLD SPECTACLES, CROFTON CROKER, WINDELE, SHERIDAN KNOWLES, DICK SAINTHILL, MAT HORGAN, SAM LOVER, WILL AINSWORTH, and FATHER TOM ENGLAND, *all after dinner.*

BOYLE.

Here they are! I knew we should have them. O’Callaghan!—O’Callaghan, I say!

Enter O’CALLAGHAN.

Order in a gallon of brandy, a dozen of port, a dozen of champagne, ditto claret, ditto sherry, ditto madeira, half-a-gallon of gin, and a three-gallon jar of whiskey.

[*Exit* O’CALLAGHAN.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

’Pon my honour, Boyle, you have acted like a decent fellow. Is it in honour of us you have done all this?

SAM LOVER.

To be sure!—reach me that cigar-box. Now for a song. Come, Patrick, we want a stave from you.

PUBLISHER—(*very seriously*).

Not just now. We were talking on business. Here is a letter from Barry Cornwall, who requests —

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Oh! deuce take business and Barry Cornwall together! We have had enough of that rubbish. Roll over that claret jug.

GOLD SPECTACLES.

What says Aristophanes in the *Frogs*?

Ἰακχ', ὦ Ἰακχε,
 Ἐλθε τον δ' ἀνα λειμῶνα χορευσσῶν
 ὄσιους ἔς θιασῶτας
 πολυκαρπον μεν τινασσῶν
 ἄμφι κρατι σφ βρυοντα
 στεφανον μυρτων.

Come dance o'er the meadows, my jolly fine Bacchus,
 Wend hither my boy to our Club-room to night;
 For here sits the fellow that's sure to attack us
 With whiskey the finest that e'er met your sight.
 Bind over your forehead a garland of myrtles,
 To make us remember that Love should unite
 With Bacchus; and bring us fair nymphs with loose kirtles,
 For, blow me, if we shan't be merry to-night.

BOYLE to PUBLISHER.

With respect to that political article which Croker offered us, I think we shall accept it; and I will write to him to-morrow. The accounts of the *Freeholder* stand thus at present. To Croly we owe, say £150; to Jeffery about £1000; to Mrs. Gore —

WINDELE.

Does any gentleman feel inclined for a rubber of whist? I vote that business this night is a bore. Come Boyle your health.

BOYLE *aside to PUBLISHER.*

The fact is my dear fellow, since these roysterers have come in, we can do no business, and we may as well humour them. Let us make a night of it, and when they have tumbled under the table, you and I'll soberly proceed to business.

GOLD SPECTACLES (*overhearing*).

A good motion that. I second it. So order in the boiled water. I protest I am quite melancholy.

FATHER ENGLAND.

Drink, then, my hearty. Don't you know what Xenophon says?—Τῷ γὰρ οἶνῳ ἀρδῶν τὰς ψυχὰς τὰς μὲν λυπὰς ὡσπερ ὁ μανδραγόρας τοὺς ἀνθρώπους κοιμίζει, τὰς δὲ φιλοφροσύνας ὡσπερ ἔλαιον φλόβον ἐγείρει: "Wine, when it hath filled the soul, charms *melancholy* (as a mandrake the eater) asleep; and awakens mirth as oil the flame." Success to *The Cork Freeholder*, and the Cork Deipnosophist Club.

BOYLE.

Will any person give us a song? Anything to get rid of this prate.

SAINTHILL.

I will old chap here is a right good drinking melody:—

Chanson à Boire.

*Je cherche en vin la vérité,
 Si le vin n'aide à ma foiblesse,
 Toute la docte antiquité
 Dans le vin puisa la sagesse,
 Oui c'est par le bon vin que le bon sens éclate,
 J'en atteste Hypocrate,
 Qui dit qu'il fait à chaque mois
 Du moins s'enthrer une fois.*

*Socrate cet homme discret
 Que toute la terre révère,
 Alloit manger au cabaret
 Quand sa femme étoit en colère.
 Povions-nous mieux faire que d'imiter Socrate,
 Et de suivre Hypocrate ?*

Qui dit, &c.

*Platon est nommé le divin,
 Parce qu'il étoit magnifique,
 Et qu'il régala de son vin
 La cabale philosophique.
 Sa table fût toujours splendide et délicate :
 Il suivit Hypocrate,*

Qui dit, &c.

*Aristotle buvoit autant,
 Et nous avons lieu de le croire
 De ce qu'Alexandre le Grand
 Son disciple, aimoit tant à boire.
 Qu'il dejeta cent bois sur les bords de l'Euphrate,
 En suivant Hypocrate,*

Qui dit, &c.

A Drinking Song.

In the depths of the wine-cup we're told
 That Truth, the Divinity, lies ;
 'Twas thus that the sages of old
 By draining their goblets grew wise,
 I swear by the gods there is wisdom in wine,
 If you doubt me—then hark to the Doctor divine,
Whether miser or monk, poor, or rolling in wealth ;
Once a fortnight get drunk, if you wish for good health.

The man to whose wisdom we bow,
 Old Socrates, thought it no sin,
 When his Xantippè kicked up a row,
 To fly to the arms of an inn.
 And shall we not, like Socrates, revel in wine ?
 Aye, my lads, and remember the precept divine,
Whether, &c.

Old Plato—you've all heard his name,
 Like the star of the morn was his soul ;
 What gave him his garland of fame
 But his love of the high-brimming bowl ?
 On his board stood a circle of blush-red wine,
 Like an Iris ;—so sing me the verse divine,
Whether, &c.

Aristotle, we know, tippled well,
 And his pupil the victor of earth,
 In his drinking feats bore off the bell,
 And was truly the monarch of mirth.
 On the banks of Euphrates he revell'd in wine,
 Hip, hurrah !—and remember'd the precept divine
Whether, &c.

*L'on veut que Diogène aimoit l'eau,
 Mais il n'eut point cette folie ;
 Il se logea dans un tonneau
 Pour sentir le goût de la lie.
 Et pour mieux boire au pot il jetta la sa jatte,
 Et tint pour Hypocrate.*

Qui dit, &c.

*Démocrite près de sa fin,
 Par une invention jolie,
 En flairant seulement le vin
 De trois jours prolonga sa vie.
 Le vin retard plus la mort qu'il ne la hâte,
 Témoin notre Hypocrate,*

Qui dit, &c.

*Héraclite toujours était
 En pleurs à ce que dit l'histoire
 Mais ce que le vin lui sortait
 Par les yeux à force de boire.
 Par ce remède seul il guerroisot sa rate,
 Comme ordonne Hypocrate,*

Qui dit, &c.

*Epicure, sans contredit
 De bons buveurs est le vrai père,
 Et sa morale nous induit
 Au plaisir à la bonne chère.
 En vain l'homme ici bas d'un autre bien se flatte,
 Suivons donc Hypocrate,*

Qui dit, &c.

It was said by some learned poltroon
 That Diogenes ne'er drain'd a flask ;
 Pooh !—the cynic was not such a spoon,
 Don't we know that he liv'd in a cask ?
 Aye, a cask by bright Bacchus well season'd with wine,
 For the sage recollected the axiom divine,
 Whether &c.

Democritus wish'd to escape
 The pangs and the torments of death,
 He called for the juice of the grape,
 And in toping gave up his last breath.
 Yet 'tis true, that his life was prolong'd by good wine,
 As Hippocrates vows in his counsel divine,
 Whether &c.

Heraclitus, always in tears,
 Was said to be griev'd at man's vice ;
 But in truth and in fact, it appears
 'Twas the liquor that flow'd through his eyes.
 For he tipp'd too much of his Bromian wine,
 And outstepp'd the bright rule of the doctor divine.
 Whether, &c.

Epicurus, beyond all dispute
 The father of fun must appear,
 For his principles each, branch and root,
 Shew the wisdom of having good cheer.
 'Tis vain to seek pleasure except in red wine ;—
 Fill—and grave on your souls the monition divine,
 Whether, &c.

*Esope quelque fois la nuit
De complot avec le servante,
Chalumeoit sans faire de bruit
Les tonneaux de son maître Xante.
Il en eut mit dix pots sous sa grosse omoplate,
Il suivoit Hypocrate,*

Qui dit, &c.

*Galen, ce fameux docteur,
En traitant du pays de la vigne,
Dit qu'il faut défendre le cœur
Contre la qualité maligne.
Qui trouble nos humeurs les altre et les gâte,
En rapport Hypocrate.*

Qui dit, &c.

*Horace nous dit que Caton,
Des Romains censeur austère,
N'avoit jamais plus de raison
Que lorsqu'il buvoit à plein verre.
Et qu'à table, il est bon que la sage se batte,
Qu'il imite Hypocrate,*

Qui dit, &c.

*Dans un énorme in folio
Pliné, ce grand naturaliste,
Ecrit, quo loco nescio,
Que sans vins le repas est triste.
Engayons-le, sablons ce champagne à la hâte,
En honneur d'Hypocrate,*

Qui dit, &c.

The fabulist Æsop's delight
 Was to steal every flagon he could,
 And when tipsy and jolly at night,
 To scatter his puns like Tom Hood.
 He ne'er swallow'd less than six bottles of wine,
 So hurrah ! for the girls and the doctrine divine,
 Whether, &c.

An excellent doctor of old,
 To his pupils and readers address'd
 A maxim more precious than gold—
 "When you drink let your wine be the best;"
 For there's nothing so odious as flat or sour wine,
 Says Galen,—and he of the warning divine,
 Whether, &c.

Horace tells us that Cato the Wise
 Was a clown when his cups were but few,
 But by dint of his constant supplies
 He grew sager as drunker he grew.
 His board always sparkling with strong Chian wine,
 Shew'd the censor's respect for the precept divine,
 Whether, &c.

In a tun-bellied book of advice,
 Writ by Pliny, I've read o'er and o'er,
 (I can't tell you the chapter precise),
 "That meat without wine is a burr."
 Let us rollick and sport them in seas of good wine,
 And practise till death the monition divine,
 Whether, &c.

PUBLISHER.

Call you that a mere drinking song? It is an epic worthy of the greatest man that ever lived, and I would give many a pound to be able to write as good.

AINSWORTH.

I have a letter here in my pocket, covering two songs that will form an excellent sequel to that epic.

*A Letter from Ned Hyde to Harrison Ainsworth, Esq.
Trinity College, Dublin,—Feast of St. Patrick.*

DEAR WILL,—Our excellent librarian, Dr. Todd, has made a strange discovery here within the last three or four weeks—nothing less than the inedited songs of an old Greek poet, named ΕΔΟΥΑΡΔΟΣ ΚΕΝΕΑΑΗ. I have looked over the manuscript, and have been highly entertained by its contents, particularly by the lyrical effusions, which breathe the combined spirit of Anacreon and Sappho. They have all the epicurean, wine-loving, gay freedom of the first, interwoven with the warm fancies of the Lesbian. There has been no such literary treasure discovered, since the Odes of Anacreon:—as to the Epistles of Phalaris, they are little better than waste paper when compared with these new jewels of imagination.

Now, my dear Will Harrison Ainsworth, I have been seriously revolving in my mind whether a selection from these songs of ΚΕΝΕΑΑΗ would not sell admirably. If you take my word for it, they will be just the thing; for the taste of the day is running wonderfully in favor of Greek, and after the bedevilling which Tom Moore

has given poor Anacreon, there is no reading him. As a substitute, therefore, I would strongly advise you to treat with old Todd, to allow you, if possible, the privilege of publishing this MS. to the expectant world. The Donnellan Professor is a fair, liberal little fellow enough, and I have no doubt that if you come down handsomely with the *mopuses*, this work will be yours. Suppose you say five guineas a song? Eh?

With respect to KENEAAH it would be difficult to say in what Olympiad he lived. Homer mentions one of the family who was remarkable for a long sword:—

KENEAAH *ταναηκει χαλκω*.—*Iliad*, lib. 7, v. 77.

And allusion is made also to another of the same name in the Ninth Book of Athenæus. The present author, however, seems to have been more attached to the goblet and the rose-wreath than helm or shield, and to have been much fonder of making campaigns in the bowers of Venus than in the rough fields of Mars. As you get acquainted with him you will find him a pleasant writer, with no harm in him, but much fun. I have sent you a hamper of pickled salmon, a keg of potheen, and Dr. Whately's Pastoral Letter. Good bye, old fellow! E. V. H.

P. S.—Chatterton seems to have discovered some of the songs of this Greek writer, for I find he has written a translation of the enclosed. I suppose they were buried with the other gems of antiquity in that immortal box of Redcliffe Church. The critics will stare at this new instance of plagiarism. Shakspeare also appears to have learned a thing or two from him.

ΚΕΝΕΑΛΗΟΣ ΩΔΑΡΙΟΝ.

Ου μοι μελει μαχεσθαι,
 Ου μοι μελει βελεμνων'
 Τι γαρ κλεος μεν εστι ;
 Σκια, σκια μεν εστι'
 Δος οινον ουν Λυαιε,
 Πιων γαρ ειμ' ευδαιμων
 Βιος δ' ανευ κυπελλου
 Τι εστι ; Ψυχης οκνος'
 Κισσοστεφης Κυθηρη
 Τερπει με και κισσος τε'
 Δος οινον ουν Λυαιε
 Πιων γαρ ειμ' ευδαιμων.

ΕΙΣ ΚΟΡΙΝΝΗΝ.

Λαβ', ω λαβε χειλεα τα
 "Ηδεως" οis επιορκεις,
 Ομματα και εωθινα
 "Οis εω γ' εξαπαταις—
 Αλλα μοι ανακομιζε
 Τα φιληματα σημεια
 Αφροδιτης—φεν ματαια'
 Κρυπτ', ω κρυπτε νιφετωδεις
 Κρυερω σευ κολπω λοφους,
 "Ων θηλαι βρυσουσι" ωσπερ
 Ανθεα Θαρρηλιωνος,—
 Αλλ' ελευθεροε πρωτον
 Καρδιαν μευ κρυσταλλωδη
 Δεσμω τουτων και Ερωτος.

FROM THE GREEK. BY THOS. CHATTEERTON.

What is war and all its joys ?
Useless mischief, empty noise ;
What are arms and trophies won ?
Spangles glittering in the sun.
Rosy Bacchus, give me wine,
Happiness is only thine !

What is life without the bowl ?
'Tis a languor of the soul.
Crown'd with ivy, Venus charms,
Ivy courts me to her arms.
Bacchus give me love and wine.
Happiness is only thine !

FROM THE GREEK. BY W. SHAKSPEARE.

Take, oh take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn ;
And those eyes the break of day—
Lights that do mislead the morn :
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears—
But first set my poor heart free
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

BOYLE.

These are indeed a couple of most exquisite songs, and I shall have the greatest pleasure in printing them. And now Brother Deipnosophists as our publisher Pat Higgins has brought me in a whole deluge of manuscript intended by the writers, for *The Freeholder*, a sudden thought strikes me. If you have no objection, let us blend pleasure and business together, and decide on these contributions. I promise you some amusement in getting through them, and you shall have wine and whiskey enough. Is it a bargain? Your silence gives assent. Let us, therefore open the first ballad that comes to hand, which is, I see, to the air of "Auld Lang Syne."

Bring forth the Bowl.

Bring forth the bowl, the sculptur'd bowl,
 And round it roses twine;
 And pour the juice that Bacchus loves,
 The bright-ey'd wine.

CHORUS.

The bright-ey'd wine, my girl,
 The bright-ey'd wine;
 We'll light our souls from beaming bowls
 Of bright-ey'd wine.

Away away to yonder bower
 Of gaily-mantling vine;
 We'll pass the day with dance and song,
 And bright-ey'd wine.
 And bright-ey'd wine, &c.

When Pain and Grief frown down on us,
And manliest hearts repine,
The breast of woe still pleasure finds.
In bright-ey'd wine.
In bright-ey'd wine, &c.

And thou shalt press the crystal cup
With those dear lips of thine ;
Thy kisses sweet make sweeter still
The bright-ey'd wine.
The bright-ey'd wine, &c.

Bid care begone,—we know him not ;
Fond hearts like thine and mine
Were form'd alone for smiles and bliss
And bright-ey'd wine.
And bright-ey'd wine, &c.

Thus while we live our hours with love
And rapture pure shall shine,
Our songs shall be of joy and thee,
And bright-ey'd wine.

CHORUS.

And bright-ey'd wine, my girl,
And bright-ey'd wine ;
We'll light our souls from beaming bowls
Of bright-ey'd wine.

GOLD SPECTACLES.

It is a fair average song enough. Turn to the next :—

A Cradle-Song for a Lady's Album.

I.

Lady, believe me,
When I vow that thou'rt dearer to me than the sun to my eyes;
For thy charm'd looks inweave me,
And more fondly for thee pants my soul than for aught in the skies.

II.

Thou hast sworn to adore me
More dearly—oh! yes, more dearly than life or light;
And thy presence comes o'er me
Like the visits of angels to hermits in ecstasy bright.

III.

Had the wide world one treasure
From which than from life or the sun 'twould be harder to part;
I would yield it with pleasure
To be—oh! to be as I'm now—the one star of thy heart.

IV.

Is there aught that could win thee
The love which thou bearest to me for one hour to resign?
While life is within thee
Thou'lt be mine, my own dearest and best, thou wilt only be mine.

WINDELE.

I have an utter contempt for all love songs. Pass to something else.

BOYLE.

The next is entitled, "The Death of Adonis," and appears to be a translation from Bion.

The Death of Adonis.

FROM THE GREEK.

"O pereant sylvæ, deficiantque canes!"—TIBULLUS, lib. iv. carm. 3.

OH, weep—oh, weep : the flower-like Boy hath faded !
Adonis fair, from life and beauty rent ;
Venus no more by olive-bowers shaded
The Hunter-Youth shall woo to blandishment.
Distract with grief, she tears her golden tresses ;
Dim Sorrow veils the lightnings of her eyes ;
Her smile so wan, her mourning robe expresses
How dearly loved was he who calmly lies
In cold, cold death !

Weep on, weep on ! the Cupids round are rushing
The boar-strook Stripling. See, he sleeps—he sleeps !
Pale are his lips and cheeks, whose rosy blushing
Stole all her soul who now beside him weeps.

His eyes are dark, departed are the graces
 Which round his limbs divine like jewels hung ;
 Yet Venus still the clay-cold corse embraces,
 And clings around his limbs as once she clung,
 Ere still'd by death.

Weep on, weep on ! the wound Adonis beareth,
 Which ruby-like doth stain his snowy skin,
 Is nought to that which now so wildly teareth
 The breast of Venus rioting within.
 His gallant beagles howl around him sadly,
 The blue-eyed Oreads pluck their sun-bright hair,
 The Love-Queen wanders o'er the greenwood madly,
 And looks the imaged goddess of Despair.
He lies in death.

Her blood is sprinkled o'er the summer flowers
 Which once of lovely Adon were the bed ;
 The sacred drops bedew the woods—the bowers—
 But she regards it not, since *he* is dead.
 Onward she wanders wildly, him bewailing,
 Her loved Assyrian lord—her light—her joy !
 Alas, alas ! her cries are unavailing,
 Her voice of music wakens not the Boy
 From death's cold sleep.

Her eyes' delight, Adonis, hath departed,
 As sinks the Sun-god in his Ocean-halls ;

While Venus strays alone and broken-hearted,
 And in fond frenzy Adon ! Adon ! calls.
 The mountains mourn, the crystal springs descending
 Softly like moonbeams, weep to see her woe ;
 Beside them stoops she full of sorrow, blending
 Her pearly tears with theirs as on they flow—
 She weeps his death.

Alas, alas ! the Boy so bright hath vanish'd,
 Echo repeats too oft the mournful truth ;
 And Joy henceforth and happiness are banish'd
 From the fair Goddess of immortal youth.
 Soon as she saw her loved Adonis lying,
 Wounded, and faint, and sinking into death ;
 She clasp'd him to her heart, she soothed the dying,
 And stoop'd to win his last expiring breath
 Ere soul had fled.

“ Remain, remain ! ” she cried, “ Shall Clotho sever
 Hearts fondly link'd like ours in Love's sweet tie ?
 Or, if 'tis Fate that we should part for ever,
 Let me—oh ! let me catch thy latest sigh !
 Oh ! that thy soul could glide into my bosom,
 And thy dear spirit dwell within my heart ;
 There it should flourish like some cherish'd blossom,
 And of my being, love, become a part,
 As thou hast been.

" Kiss me, sweet Boy ! though dying still caress me,
 Thy lips are dear to me as Heaven above ;
 Oh ! let thy latest pleasure be to press me
 Close to thy breast, and hear my voice of love.
 Alas, alas ! fleetly from me thou'rt flying,
 The gloomy groves of Dis shall soon be thine ;
 I sit alone beside Adonis dying,
 And see those eyes that sweetly shone on mine
 Grow fix'd in death.

" Take him, Proserpina, my heart is broken,
 The brightest things of earth return to thee :
 Our love hath pass'd like words of sweetness spoken—
 Hath pass'd—and grief, deep grief, remains for me.
 Lonely I weep, a widow'd heart deserted,
 My cheek is furrow'd deep with many a tear ;
 No joy is mine since Adon hath departed,
 Who was my love, my Life, my all most dear—
 But now is Death's ! "

The Loves stand by, their tears descend in showers,
 Profuse as Adon's blood that near them lay ;
 From this springs up the Rose, the queen of flowers,
 And from the tears the pale anemone.
 The Boy hath been—his life is like a vision ;
 Fleeting, though lovely—lay him on the bed,

Where once he pass'd his hours in joys Elysian,
 And Rapture o'er him brightest blisses shed—
 Now cold in death.

Dead though he lies, the light of Beauty round him,
 Sparkles as though he slept—now roses strew ;
 With which in sport the Cupids often bound him,
 Alas ! with him the rose hath wither'd too.
 Deck him with myrtles, flowers, unguents precious ;
 Swathe him in purple, let the Loves stand by :
 His smiles were once like theirs sweet and delicious,
 And Heaven seemed pictured in his large bright eye—
 He lies in death.

Alas, alas ! with grief each heart is swelling,
 The Wood-Nymphs weep for Venus is alone ;
 Tears from fair eyes, sobs from fond hearts are welling,
 And Hymen's hymns have lost their gladsome tone.
 Fair Venus wanders silent, sad, and lonely,
 The Muses chant no more their songs of joy ;
 One mournful theme is theirs, and one theme only—
 The woe of Venus parted from the Boy—
 Who lies in death.

After this we have a Latin version of the Welshman's
 Shibboleth, " Of noble race was Shenkin."

Illustris stirpe Shenkin.

*Illustris stirpe Shenkin,
Ex genere Tudoris ;
Sed cessit a me
Splendor famæ
Vulnere Amoris.*

*Ocellis Winifridæ
Bellæ cor est trajectus,
Nec medicina
Neque vina
Amantis curant pectus.*

*Præclarus ille fuit
Certamine bacilli,
Cursu equestri
Vel pedestri
Haud ultus compar illi.*

*Nunc gaudia fugerunt,
Emaciantur genæ :
Cor heu sic dolet,
Non ut solet,
Tam cæpe olet bene.*

*Nec hydromeli juvat
Potare de Montgomery,
Si cessat quies
Plus sex dies,
Eternum vale flummery !*

~~Of noble race was Shenkin.~~

Of noble race was Shenkin,
Of the race of Owen Tudor,
But hur renown
Is fled and gone,
Since cruel love pursued hur.

Sweet Winny's cheeks bright shining,
And snowy breast alluring,
Poor Shenkin's heart,
With fatal dart,
Have wounded past all curing.

Hur was the prettiest fellow
At football or at cricket,
At hunting chase,
Or nimble race,
Ye Gods, how hur could prick it !

But now all joys are flying,
All pale and wan hur cheeks too :
Hur heart so aches,
Hur quite forsakes
Hur herrings and hur leeks, too.

No more shall sweet Metheglin
Be drank in good Montgomery,
And if love sore
Lasts six days more,
Farewell cream, cheese, and flummery !

This translation was written by an Irishman, who dates his paper from St Giles's. Gold Spectacles, pass round the claret.

The next parcel contains a batch of songs written on rose-coloured paper, and which appear to be the production of some unfortunate gentleman who is in love. Shall I read them my lads ?

To Arch-ep^o's Little Bell.

Who cares for Apollo, or Night, my boys,
 Or the moon which your poets so prize ?
 Look, here are *my* fountains of light, my boys,
 Nelly's fond and beautiful eyes.
 The stars, by my troth, may go hang for me,
 Nell's eyes are my starshine, and aye shall be.

When her eyes on my eyes fondly gleam, my boys,
 Though 'tis midnight they seem a sun-ray ;
 But whene'er on some other they beam, my boys,
 I'm in darkness though round me is day.
 The stars, by my troth, may go hang for me,
 Nell's eyes are my starshine, and aye shall be.

To Eleonora.

Thou art bright to mine eyes
 As the first glimpse of heaven to the soul,
 Or those orbs of the skies
 That in beauty and melody roll.

And I love thee, mine own,
As the flowers love the sweet sunshine,
And thine image hath grown
Like a life in this heart of mine.

O dearest! O best!
Wilt thou be my guide-star here?
My life—how blest
When those fond eyes of thine are near!

Lines to —

With a presentation copy of Anster's Xeniola.

This book that I send thee was giv'n me in days
When my heart like thine own was as fresh as the flowers,
When pleasure threw round me her roses like rays,
And life seem'd a journey through gardens and bowers;
But years have pass'd on and my spirit no more
Wears the bloom of enjoyment, but tearfully sees,
Like some exile whose bark moves away from the shore,
The fondly-loved landscapes fade off by degrees.

As it hath been with me, so it shall be with all—
And haply *thou* too may'st in moments of gloom
The image of pleasures departed recall,
That charm'd thee in days like the present, of bloom.
If thou should'st let these "love gifts" bestow'd by thy friend
Bring to mem'ry his words breath'd in days of the past;
"That beauty of face shall alone have an end,
But beauty of heart shall survive to the last."

Hymnus.

AD DIVAM VIRGINEM.

*Candida Virgo
 Ut rosa vernans,
 Lucida cœli
 Porta sereni ;
 Sidus amicum er-
 -Rantis opaca
 Per freta nocte,
 Defer ad aures
 Diva Tonantis
 Hæc pia vota
 Corde profecta.
 Ipse petita
 Matris amata
 Audiet æqua
 Aure benignus.
 Fac Dea justam
 Mitiget iram
 Promptaque ponat
 Fulmina clemens.
 Inserat illam
 Quam dedit illam
 (Dum petit astra),
 Pectore pacem
 Quam neque turbant
 Prælia mundi
 Nec ferus hostis
 Insidiator
 Eripit audax.
 Sacra libido
 Et sitis auri
 Exculet a me ;
 Sit mihi candor
 Mentis et omnis
 Invidia absit,
 Et Venus in me
 Frigeat ardens :
 Nec meus error
 (Plurimus error)
 Illius umquam
 Provocet iram.*

Hymn.

TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Virgin, like a summer rose,
 Heaven's portal fair and bright,
 Starry friend and guide to those
 Tempest-tost at sea in night,
 To the great Creator bear,
 O! Benignant, this my prayer!

He will listen unto thee
 Virgin holy, Virgin dear,
 Can a mother's offerings be
 Aught but blessed to his ear?
 Like pure waters from a spring,
 From my soul my prayers wing.

May his mercy, Mother, fall
 Like a heaven-refreshing dew,
 On the wearied hearts of all,
 And our souls with love imbue!
 Love to Him, and love to Thee,
 Unto whom we bend the knee.

May he freely on us shower,
 Peace Divine and love to man!
 This he left—a heavenly dower—
 Ere his radiant reign began.
 Peace whose base not worlds could shake,
 Nor a world could give or take.

From the miser's golden thirst
 May my soul be purified!
 Never near that drought accursed
 Truth or holy thought abide.
 Snow-white may my spirit shine,
 Worthy gentle prayers of thine!

May unruly passions sleep,
 Nor with sin pollute my breast;
 O'er them Grace her watch may keep
 Happy in her bright behest.
 May my errors be forgiven,
 Nor draw down the wrath of Heaven.

The Greek Part's Dream.

*Siate presenti * **
Tu madre d'Amor col tuo giocondo
E lieto aspetto, e' l tuo figliol veloce
Co' dardì sol possente à tutto 'l mondo,
 BOCCACCIO.

I dream'd a dream
 As fair—as bright
 As the star's soft gleam,
 Or eyes of light.
 At the midnight hour
 The Queen of Love,
 From her faëry bower
 Of smiles above,
 With Cupid came,
 And, with grace Elysian,
 Yielded the god
 To the bard's tuition.
 "This child hath comé
 To learn from thee,
 In thine own dear home
 Thy minstrelsy :
 Teach him to sing
 The strains thou hast sung ;
 Like a bird of spring
 O'er its callow young."
 She vanish'd in light,—
 That witching one,
 Like a meteor of night,
 That shines, and is gone.
 The Sprite of the skies
 Remain'd by me,
 His deep-blue eyes
 Radiant with glee.

His looks were bright
 As roses wreathed.
 A wild delight
 From his features breathed.
 Legends I taught him
 Of nymph and swain ;
 Of hearts entangled
 In love's sweet chain.
 Fables that charm
 The soul from sadness ;
 Stories that warm
 The coldest to gladness :
 Songs all glowing
 With passion and mirth,
 Like music flowing
 From heaven to earth.
 Such were the treasures
 Of wit and thought
 I gave : yet dream'd not
 My task was nought.
 Cupid listened,
 And clapp'd his hands,
 And his wild eyes glistened
 Like burning brands.
 Fanning the air
 With snow-white wings,
 He seized my lyre,
 He swept the strings :
 He look'd he glitter'd
 Like golden morn,
 As he chanted the loves
 Of the heaven-born.
 His voice was sweet
 And perfume-laden,
 And light as the feet
 Of dancing maiden.—

“ Hearts there are
In Heaven above
Of wild desires,
Of passionate love
Hearts there are
Divinest of mould,
Which Love hath among
His slaves enroll'd ;—
Love hath been,
And ever will be :
The might of Heaven
Shall fade ere he.”
Then the Boy,—
Nearer advancing,
The Spirit of Joy
In his blue eyes dancing,
Told me such secrets
Of Heaven as ne'er
Were before reveal'd
But to poet's ear,
Revealings of beauty
That make the soul
Like the stars, that on wings
Of diamond roll.
In song—in splendour
The god departed ;
The spell was o'er,
From sleep I started.
Thoughts like sunbeams
Around me hung.
And my heart still echoed
What Love had sung.
Oh ! what could Heaven
Deny to us,
To whom it hath given
Its secrets thus ?

Stanzas.

On a Portrait inserted in an Album.

Blest as the gods indeed is he
Who thus beholds his form pourtray'd
In hues that soft and radiant be,
By thy fair hands enchanting maid.

And oh! forgive, if while he views
Within thy book this imaged scroll,
He feels that every day renews
Thine image in his inmost soul.

The Shepherd Paris.

Lonely on the vernant side
Of the crystal-springing Ide,
Gazing on the towers of Troy,
Lay the princely shepherd-boy.

On a bank with flowers o'ergrown
Carelessly his pipe was thrown,
Like a singing-bird asleep,
When the stars their vigils keep.

Though around him sunshine lay,
Little heeded he the ray,
Or the fragrance of the rose,
On whose lips the bees repose.

Though a fountain murmur'd near,
With a music soft and clear,
Little reck'd he its sweet sound,
Buried in his thoughts profound.

Love alone was in his dreams,
Tincturing with Elysian gleams
All the fancies fair that roll
Through the am'rous shepherd's soul.

While thus rapt in rosy thought,
On a beam of sunshine wrought,
Four Immortals from the skies
Wafted were before his eyes.

On the flowers descended there
Juno, Pallas, Venus fair,
Stately all, and bright of blee,
Each a very galaxy.

Hermes fourth was in the band,
Bearing in his godlike hand
A gold apple—the bequest
Destined for the loveliest.

From the green and dewy lawn,
Like a startled forest fawn,
Jump'd the boy in mute amaze,
Dazzled by the heavenly blaze.

But before a word he spoke,
Wingéd Hermes silence broke—
“ From our own Olympian home,
Shepherd, to thy fields we come.

“ Zeus has sent us unto thee
Beauty's happy judge to be ;
From this gentle choir select,
As thine eye and taste direct.

“ This fair gift of brightest gold
For the loveliest behold—
Take it, and bestow it where
Centre charms beyond compare.”

Thus he said, and vanish'd straight,
Like the stars when Morning's gate
Opes, and young Apollo speeds
On with lightning-footed steeds.

Then the goddesses prepared
Each with snowy bosom bared,
By the longing youth to pass
As he stretch'd upon the grass.

First came Juno, Heaven's queen,
Rivalling the sun in sheen ;
In her eyes was Power enshrin'd,
On her brow imperial Mind.

“ Thrones and empires shall be thine,
If thou mak'st this apple mine”—
Speaking thus, along she pass'd
Like a trumpet's mighty blast.

Next Athenè came, blue-eyed,
With that mild and gentle pride
Which on Wisdom always tends,
Elevates, yet ne'er offends.

“ Knowledge, which is Power,” she cries.
“ Shall be thine, if mine the prize !”
Like some old delicious song,
Gracefully she moved along.

Lastly Aphroditè came,
 With an eye of sapphire flame,
 With a cheek which rosy hues
 Lovelier than the Morn suffuse.

With a breast more lustrous far
 Than the glittering Evening star,
 And a form than snow more white
 Sleeping in the cold moonlight.

“ At my feet the apple throw,
 I'll on thee a Nymph bestow,
 Whom all hearts confess to be
 Only less divine than me.”

Gaily on the Goddess moved,
 In her hand the prize beloved ;—
 Who would not for Beauty bright
 Crowns and wisdom gladly slight ?

A Serenade.

“ *La creatura bella
 Bianco vestita, e nella faccia quale
 Par tremolando matutina stella.*”—DANTE, *Purg.* C. xii.

The waters are sleeping—the heavens are shining
 In light,
 And a planet-wrought crown the fair head is entwining
 Of Night.
 The winds murmur music—and lo, from the roses
 A breath,

Like the fragrance that hangs round a saint who reposes
 In death.
 On her hinds snowy-white the sweet Dian now flyeth
 Through air ;
 And than thee and thy bosom of light nought espieth
 More fair.
 My light boat is waiting, and longs to convey thee
 Afar ;
 Descend, then, and hence with thy lover, I pray thee,
 My star !

I have twin'd, as thou seest, a garland of flowers,
 Rose-bright,
 Round my boat's silken awning, where pass shall our hours
 Of flight.
 I have brought thee a lute, too, which waked by thy finger,
 Shall pour
 A music like that which made mariners linger
 Of yore.
 With ruin those syren strains, flung o'er the water,
 Were wreath'd ;
 In *thine*, love, life, beauty, sweet Italy's daughter,
 Are breath'd.
 But than music or garland more valued one present
 Shall be,
 'Tis *my heart*, which is filled with devotion incessant
 To thee.

Oh ! canst thou those sweet days of sunshine and dances
 Forget,
 When our souls, passion-fraught, sparkled forth in our glances
 And met ?

Or hast thou forgotten that moment of heaven
 Mine own,
 When thou said'st that to me was thy virgin soul given
 Alone ?
 Oh, no !—by those smilings that mine thou'rt for ever
 I know ;
 And our current of love pure and bright as this river
 Shall flow.
 Then fly to me, dearest, ere Eos in splendour
 Appear ;
 Thou art come—O bright Venus, the lover's befrienders,
 Be near !

To Babe-like Little Nell.

My darling Nell,
 Whose face is a bower,
 Where a million blush-roses
 Bud up ev'ry hour ;
 Walk'd forth with a choir
 Of maidens to pull
 A garland of roses
 Most beautiful.

As lilies—as roses
 That fair hands twine,
 Brighter than other buds
 Breathe and shine.
 So look'd my Nell
 In that golden noon :
 They were but stars,
 But she the moon.

Cupid arch
 In that garden lay hid,
 Nestled beneath
 A hyacinth's lid.
 As I gazed in her eyes,
 He shot his shaft,
 It pierced, and the urchin
 Fled off, and laughed.

Since that dear hour,
 Our hearts have grown
 Together, and nought
 But love have known ;
 Though the roses she pluck'd,
 Most flowers excel
 Yet I have a fairer
 Than all—my Nell.

Stanzas.

I place not my heart in pomp or power,
 In palace of marble, or pillar'd hall ;
 Such pleasures as these are the toys of an hour
 But treasures more exquisite far than all,
 Shall be ours' if thou wilt be mine love.

A rustic garden of roses fair,
 A silver stream that glasses the sky,
 The music of birds in the sunny air
 And bosoms that beat to their minstrelsy,
 Shall be ours' if thou wilt be mine love.

And the murmur'd music of crystal floods,
 And hillocks of verdure and valleys sweet,
 And bowers of jasmine and shady woods
 Whose echoes thy songs of love repeat
 Shall be ours' if thou wilt be mine love.

And hopes and thoughts of most pure delight
 And the smile divine that beams in those eyes,
 And the fragrant dawn and star-rob'd Night
 And bliss like a picture of Paradise,
 Shall be ours' if thou wilt be mine love.

Ἐν ἑνὶ Φαυνταίνῳ ἐν Ἠμμεττῷ.

— γλαυκῶν Χαριτῶν θαλός, καλλικομῶν μελεδῆμα, σε
 μὲν Κυπρίσιν ἀτ' ἀγανοβλεφάρους Πειθῶ ροδεοῖσιν ἐν ἀνθεσίῳ
 θρεψάν.

IBYCUS ep. Athenæum.

O pure and limpid fountain,
 What snow on Alpine mountain
 Sparkles like thee?
 While on thy turf reclining,
 Our features soft and shining
 In thee we see.
 The Zephyrs flitting o'er thee,
 O fount! methinks adore thee,
 And linger still,
 With winglets light and tender
 O'er thine eyes of splendour,
 And drink their fill.

A thousand sunny flowers
 Their fragrance, like rich dowers,
 Around thee shed ;
 And through the woodbine branches
 No breeze its coldness launches
 On thy calm bed.
 Sunshine upon thee slumbers,
 As if thy rills' sweet numbers
 Lull'd it to rest ;
 The stars of night and morning
 For ever are adorning
 Thy crystal breast.

About thy banks so fragrant,
 That little rose-winged vagrant,
 Cupid, is seen ;
 And in thy silv'ry waters
 Bathe the mild Goddess-daughters,
 In beauty's sheen.
 The Dryads rob'd in brightness,
 With feet of fawnlike lightness,
 The Graces Three,
 Beneath the golden glances
 Of Hesper weave their dances
 O fount ! round thee.

Pan leaves his rosy valleys,
 And by thy brightness dallies
 All day,—and wakes
 Echo—the forest-haunting—
 Up with the notes enchanting
 His wild pipe makes.

Here, too, at times resorted,
 Fair Venus, when she sported
 With am'rous Mars.
 Their hearts with passion beating,
 And none to view their meeting,
 But the lone stars.

Play on, thou limpid fountain,
 Eternal as yon mountain
 Olympus-crown'd :
 Gush on—in light Elysian,
 As Poet's shape-fill'd vision,
 Or Apollo's round.
 The smiles of Heaven above thee,
 And the stars to love thee,
 Fount, thou shalt glide
 From thy crystal portal,
 Strong, beauteous, and immortal,
 Whate'er betide.

The Muse of Calford.

As I gazed
 A vision moved before me :—not the star,
 The golden winged herald of the dawn,
 Nor Cynthia, when she walks abroad at night,
 Nor dewy Spring, nor Summer when her smile
 Gives life to opening flowers, and paints the meads
 With roses lovely as the Pleiades,
 Equalled the sunbright beauty of that shape.
 Her cheeks, her brow, her majesty of mien,
 The Amphionic sweetness of her smiles,
 Her loosely flowing tresses, falling free

Over a bosom bright as noonday clouds
 When the sun fills them ; and her footsteps light
 As summer winds, to fancy made her seem
 Fairer than her whose golden glance of love
 Stole from himself th' impassioned youth of Troy.
 She came—her coming was like morning light.
 She moved—so moves the cygnet o'er the stream.
 She spoke— and Melody herself stood charmed.
 There breathed a perfume from her rose-like lips
 Sweeter than that which woos the passing winds
 In Araby the blest, and courts their stay :
 While her dark silken lashes curtain'd o'er
 Eyes in whose softness all her soul broke forth.
 Whose look was language, and whose light was thought.

Lightly she stood ; and with a look more soft
 Than wreathed flowers, sang the days of old,
 The mighty days of old, when earth was young
 And Greece and Glory were a synonyme :
 When Freedom sate upon her tower'd hills
 Like some delicious Iris ; and her sons
 Shrining within their hearts the wondrous truths
 By the great orators and bards bequeath'd
 Deemed Liberty the proudest prize on earth,
 And the worst hell a life of servitude.
 Yes they were mighty days, those antique days,
 Men's minds were giant, giantlike their deeds.
 Poësy then went forth to witch the world
 Shining in youthful splendour like the sun
 And fill'd life with her charms ; woman's eyes
 Beam'd brightest on the worthiest ; and Wisdom
 Unveiling star-like beauties, walked abroad

In full-orbed loveliness and godlike power,
 And taught to man his origin and worth ;
 Shewed him the true, the noblest ends of life
 That Virtue only is the good man's God,
 That words of Truth are beautiful as pearls,
 And life well spent the purest happiness.
 And then she changed the theme, and sang of love
 Of love divine the Hebe of the heart ;—
 Oh ! had you seen her when with eyes that gleam'd
 Like polish'd gems she sang young Ion's fate
 And the Athenian maid of gentle soul ;
 Creusa loving hopelessly but well ;
 Or when with more than Delphic warmth she spoke
 Of the heroic Captive in whose breast
 The Spirit of ancient deeds and glories dwelt
 Or of his high-browed Mother, you'd have bow'd
 Before the sweet enchantments of her song,
 Deeming the Muse of Sophocles was there.

To Mary.

In your sun-eyes playing, shining,
 Love I saw as if designing
 Thence to win a world of hearts
 Nestling in your eyelids, Mary,
 Cupid sly and never weary
 Shoots around a thousand darts.

Look, methinks in every feature
 Cupid sits, and like a preacher,
 Tells the world he's joined us two ;
 Like bright garlands in embraces,
 He our spirits interlaces,
 You'll be me, let me be you.

Lines on the Lord Ashley's Motion—JUNE 7, 1842.

There was deep silence in the Senate's walls—
 A deep and breathless silence, such as reigns
 In the lone greenwood, when the gentle Night,
 With constellations round her like fair nymphs,
 And in her train the Spirit of Repose,
 Comes with her spells, to lull the wearied world.
 There was deep silence, and the busy crowd
 Grew still, like waters when the winds are gone.
 When lo! amid the many, One stood forth,
 Upon whose brow, and in whose soft bright eyes
 Youth, like the morning-star serenely shone.
 I marked him as he rose—long while his name
 Thy synonyme, divine Philanthropy!
 Had fallen, like songs of sweetness on mine ear.
 For he, regardless of the gilded scenes
 Which Fashion opens to the highly-born,
 Regardless, too, of aught that could entice
 His spirit from its own most god-like task,
 Had been where Rank and Wealth but seldom tread,
 Had seen what Rank and Wealth but seldom see,
 Or seeing, disregard—the poor man's woe,
 The misery that clusters round his home,
 And deadens all the feelings of his soul.
 He had observ'd it, pitied, and relieved;
 He had been eye the generous friend of all
 Who needed kindness in this icy world;
 From earliest years the infant's advocate,
 Who broke the bonds accurs'd which Av'rice bound
 Round Childhood's frame—And therefore much mine eyes
 Desir'd to see, and ears to hear him now.

With kindling eloquence his words came forth,
 With eloquence born of the heart, not head ;
 Simple and unadorned such as beseem'd
 One on high mission sent. With words that wept,
 Methought, at the sad tidings they conveyed,
 He pleaded Childhood's, Girlhood's, Woman's cause ;
 The veil undrawn, what mis'ry was disclos'd !
 What infant torture, what undream'd of wrongs,
 What scenes to make the coldest bosom melt,
 And paint the sternest cheek with blush of shame !
 Childhood, that once in England's golden days,
 When Peace and Plenty brightened all the land,
 Gambol'd with fawn-like freedom o'er the sward,
 Lived but for laughter and for joyous sport,
 Its hardest task to cull the summer flowers,
 Its only lesson prayers to its God,
 Its happy smile, and rosy beaming face,
 And eyes that spoke the raptures of the heart ;
 How changed alas ! from what it once had been.
 Condemn'd to work in mines in summer's heat,
 And winter's frigid days and dreary nights,
 Inured to misery ere it well could crawl,
 Indentured to draw chains, to creep through chinks,
 Delug'd almost with water, and to work
 Naked for hours, amid a poison'd air ;
 To bear the savage blow when it grew weak,
 To know not God, nor sunshine, nor a soul,
 To live the life that never beast endur'd,
 And curse the day that gave it to the world.

And girlhood, gentle girlhood, too, the slave,
 To Avarice, and victim of grey guilt,
 Work'd to deformity, crippl'd, debas'd,

Its finer functions, all its nobler gifts,
 Given for great ends and loftiest purposes,
 Thoroughly rooted out—not e'en a trace
 Left to point out if they had ever been.
 Those lips bestow'd by heaven to charm, to soothe,
 To chant His praises, made th' unholy fane
 On which obscenity, the monster sate.
 Those gentle feelings (jewels of the sex)
 Corrupted all, and turn'd to criminal deeds
 That blush to see the light; their fairness gone,
 And haggard wrinkles where smiles might have bloom'd;
 Hearts harden'd, unredeemable; and souls
 That scorned, if they knew, their priceless worth.

Womanhood also was crush'd down like weeds,
 And knew not its own majesty; but toil'd,
 From day to day, in sickness and in health,
 Even to the hour of travail woman toil'd,
 Even to the hour most painful of all hours;
 She wore an iron fetter round her waist,
 She bore a ponderous weight upon her back,
 And labour'd naked among naked men,
 She, too, shut out from Heaven and heavenly things,
 Careless of human, reckless of divine
 Considerations, liv'd most wretchedly,
 Rivalling man in blasphemy and crime,
 A wretched libel on the form she bore.

Such were the scenes by Ashley's aid reveal'd—
 Such were the tidings that in horror burst
 On England's crowded Senate, wakening all
 To pity, and a burning wish to stay

Evils like this in mighty England's heart.
AND THEY SHALL BE ARRESTED IN THEIR COURSE !
 So say the Senate—so with loud acclaim
 Re-echoes England, so we soon shall find.
 Will not our noble-hearted Queen assist,
 By countenance and favour to sweep off
 This fatal stain, which shames our annals thus ?
 Will she not aid to elevate her sex,
 Hapless, degraded, and corrupted now,
 From that most monstrous bondage of the mines ?
 My life upon her aid ! The Queen, and all
 Who bear the hearts of men within their breasts,
 Who've ever dropp'd a tear at sorrow's tale,
 Who've ever wip'd the dew from sorrow's eyes,
 Will up and gird them to throw off this foul
 And national discredit of our age—
 So shall their names be honour'd to all time !
 So shall the deed be hallow'd to all time !
 So shall our isle be blessed to all time !
 So shall their children's children reap the fruit
 Of prayers sent up to Heaven from thousand hearts,
 Taught even now to look beyond this life,
 To turn from vice, and enter virtue's paths,
 And wend the way that leads to God and Heaven.

A Hint.

I.

A fair lady once, with her young lover walked,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary ;
 Through a garden, and sweetly they laughed and they talked,
While the dews fell over the mulberry tree.

II.

She gave him a rose—while he sighed for a kiss,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary ;
 Quoth he, as he took it, " I kiss thee in this"
While the dews fall over the mulberry tree.

III.

She gave him a lily less white than her breast,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary ;
 Quoth he, "'twill remind me of one I love best ;"
While the dews fall over the mulberry tree.

IV.

She gave him a two faces under a hood,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary ;
 " How blest you could make me," quoth he " if you would,"
While the dews fall over the mulberry tree.

V.

She saw a forget-me-not flower in the grass,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary ;
 Ah ! why did the lady that little flower pass ?
While the dews fell over the mulberry tree.

VI.

The young lover saw that she passed it, and sigh'd,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary ;
 They say his heart broke, and he certainly died,
While the dews fell over the mulberry tree.

VII.

Now all you fair ladies, take warning by this,
Gillyflower, gentle rosemary ;
 And never refuse your young lovers a kiss,
While the dews fall over the mulberry tree.

Una Veneziana Barcarola.

Oh pescator dell' onda,

Fidelin,

Vieni pescar in quà

Colla bella sua barca.

Colla bella se ne va,

Fidelin, lin, là.

Che cosa vuol ch'io peschi?

Fidelin,

L'anel che m'è cascà,

Colla bella sua barca.

Colla bella se ne va, &c.

Ti darò cento scudi,

Fidelin,

Sta borsa ricamà,

Colla bella sua barca.

Colla bella se ne va, &c.

Non voglio cento scudi,

Fidelin,

Nè borsa ricamà,

Colla bella sua barca.

Colla bella se ne va, &c.

Io vo un basin d' amore,

Fidelin,

Che quel mi paghera,

Colla bella sua barca.

Colla bella se ne va, &c.

A Venetian Barcarole.

O fisher ! o'er the waters glide
Bring here thy bark of lightness,
Come search the deep and azure tide
That sleeps in the moon's brightness.

What shall I seek within its waves ?—
A ring of radiant splendour
I've lost, but soon those coral caves
The jewel back shall render.

A thousand crowns of shining gold
Young fisherman I'll send thee,
When once again my ring I hold
If haply Fate befriend thee.

A thousand crowns I will not take
O lady ! rob'd in beauty ;
To search the deep for thy fair sake
I hold it is my duty.

But if perchance thou wilt persist,
And payment be thy pleasure,
I'd rather by thy lips be kist
Than all thy golden treasure.

A Golden little Dream.

A spirit with starry eyes and wings
Comes to me oft in dreams ;
Her face is as fair as the sweet young spring's
Her laugh like sunshine gleams.
Her cheeks are a garden of flow'rets rare ;
Sweet music is in her sighs ;
Her smiles illumine the golden air,
And heaven is in her eyes.

Her beautiful neck and breast of snow
Are as bright as the milky way
When its thousand stars shine forth, and show
A lustre exceeding day.
Her dark brown tresses and little hands
And feet of exquisite mould,
Make her seem as she walks on the silver sands,
Like sea-born Venus of old.

She treads the earth as angels tread
The bowers of bliss above ;
And such beauty and goodness are round her shed
That I think she's the spirit of Love ;
But ah ! when she ought to be warm, I find
That she's colder than winter snow ;
How *can* she look so winning and kind
And tease a poor dreamer so ?

The Poet to his Mistress.

Hither, hither ladye fair,
O'er the meadows bend thy way,
To thy bright eyes I'll display
Scenes of beauty rich and rare,
Sparkling with the light of May.

Palaces with golden domes,
Marble fanes and silver towers,
Gardens glittering with flowers,
Where sweet Aphroditè roams
All the live-long summer hours.

Lakes whose bosoms are as clear
As the emeralds of the mine,
Trees with rosy fruits that shine,
Founts that shed upon the ear
Music like thy voice divine.

Gentle winds whose whispers fall
Softly through the trembling leaves,
And a bower that idly weaves
Its green boughs into a hall—
Saffron morns and purple eves.

Nymphs that wander through those scenes
Like fair Venus every one ;
Youths as beauteous as the sun,
When from his bright car he leans
Ere his evening march be done.

All these visions I can place
Palpably before thine eye ;
See—what Shape is sitting nigh—
Fancy is his name—his face
Far outshines the starry sky.

He can open Heaven and Earth
And to me their sights disclose ;—
Past and Future well he knows,
From the hour the Sun had birth
Till the hour its light shall close.

Those who love the minstrel's art
Are the chos'n with whom he dwells,
Unto whom he gives his spells—
Come then mistress of my heart
With me to those fairy dells.

All the night and all the day
Thou shalt be my heart beside ;
While the happy moments glide,
Thou shalt hear the things I say
And smile on me like a bride.

Thou those fancy scenes shalt see
Which the Heaven-born shall suggest,
And while clasp'd unto my breast,
I will waken minstrelsy
To delight thee lovely guest

A Madrigal.

*"A paragon of beauty—a desire ;
An angel she of gladness."*—T. J. OUSELEY.

Come hither, come hither, and sit by me,
Under the shade of the greenwood tree ;
I've a secret, dearest, to murmur to thee,
 On those twin lips dewy and tender ;
And thus while I sit, to thy bosom prest,
With all thy love in thy look confest,
Oh, wonder not if I feel more blest
 Than kings on their thrones of splendour.

Thy voice has a music to stay the hours,
Thy smiles are as sweet as those garden bowers,
When broider'd by May with the rosiest flowers
 That summer skies ever beam'd on ;
And in those eyes, as the morning bright,
Is sitting a Cupid—a sunlike sprite—
Oh, never hath Bard in vision of light,
 A lovelier Image dream'd on.

The books, the songs, I loved so well,
The evening walk in the leafy dell,
The midnight planets, whose radiant spell
 Could cheer my solitude lonely,
Are changed—and no more their joys impart
When thou art away, who my angel art,
There stands a Temple within my heart,
 And thou art its idol only.

A Phantom of Beauty, more bright than May,
Flits round me like sunlight, and gilds my way—
Her smiles, her glances, wherever I stray,

Like flowers of roses fall o'er me;

✿ Come tell me dearest, come tell me true,
The name of this Phantom that meets my view,
Or need I declare that while sitting by you
The Real of this Phantom's before me ?

CG ***** *****.

In the green and leafy wood
When the golden sisterhood
Of stars are bright,
Wilt thou—wilt thou, lady fair,
Wander fondly with me there,
By the pale star-light ?

We shall stroll beneath the trees,
Through whose boughs' interstices
The clear moon flings
Smiles as sweet and pure as thine,
Or the million rays that shine
In a spirit's wings.

We shall wander by the stream,
Gazing on its water's gleam,
Glassing the skies,
Hand entwined with hand the while,
And upon me bent the smile
Of thy gentle eyes.

As its waters glide along,
 We shall listen to its song,
 Whose melody,
 Though it charm full many an ear,
 Still is far—oh ! far less dear
 Than thy voice to me.

On the turf we'll sit and pull
 Flowers the most beautiful—
 A moonlight wreath ;
 Though their bosoms perfum'd be,
 Have they, love, the fragrancy
 Thy kisses breathe ?

When our garland is entwin'd,
 I with it thy brows will bind—
 O garland blest !
 Of this flowery diadem,
 Every leaf is worth a gem
 On a monarch's breast.

Then, along the turf we'll walk,
 Talking only Cupid-talk,
 And the sweet bond
 Of affection, which, methinks,
 Our two spirits closely links
 In *one* spirit fond.

Or, within our own dear grove
 We shall sit and talk, my love,
 Thou my sweet theme ;
 How I first before thee knelt,
 Wildly, fondly lov'd, and felt
 Thee my life's dream.

How thou wert within my heart
 Long its bright Star: how thou art
 Still—still mine own;
 How unto the paradise
 Of thy face and shining eyes
 My whole life hath grown.

As our Eden moments fly
 Thus beneath the purple sky,
 The stars shall shine
 With a sweeter, lovelier light,
 On that bower flower-dight,
 Where thou and I recline.

In the green and silent wood,
 When the starry sisterhood,
 With footsteps bright,
 Trip along the azure air,
 Meet me, meet me, lady fair,
 By the pale star-light.

A Farewell.

Take back the ivy-leaf
 Which once thy gentle bosom bore—
 My soul is filled with grief
 Its rosy dream of bliss is o'er.
 Yet as this leaf shall be
 Though sere and broken green for aye,
 Thy image shall to me
 Be always clothed i' the light of May.

If e'er thou tread'st again
Those cloister'd halls and pictured cells
As once beside me, when
Thy smiles threw o'er my soul their spells,
Think of my spirit's bliss
While thy sweet nymph-like form beside ;
Ah ! did I dream of this ?
That fate such hearts should soon divide.

Think while these simple lines
Traced by affection's hand thou'lt see,
Of one who still enshrines
In his heart's Temple only *thee* ;
Think—though no more to meet—
How thou didst grow unto his heart ;
In all his visions sweet,
The loveliest—dearest—purest part.

Coul'dst thou but inly feel
Aught of my bosom's deep, deep woe,
Or watch the tears that steal
Down from mine eyes in ceaseless flow,
E'en *thou* might'st shed with me
One little tear that Fate should rend
Hearts, twin in sympathy,
Hearts form'd by nature's self to blend.

Farewell—alas ! farewell—
That word of sorrow must be breath'd !
Every bright pleasure dwell
Round thee and with thy life be wreath'd !
Give me a passing thought
At times—I ask no more. But thou
So with my soul art wrought
I'll love thee always even as now !

Dreams of my Youth.*O mihi præteritos si referat Jupiter annos.*

Dreams of my Youth!—

Bright golden Dreams, ah! whither have ye fled
 There was a time when round my heart ye spread
 Hopes, beauteous as the rainbows, but as fleet,
 Thoughts of enchantment, that like music sweet
 Breath'd—but in breathing, died;—so frail—so brief;
 Now ye are gone, and left my soul in grief

Dreams of my Youth.

In times of old

Angels came down from Heaven's starry floors
 And walk'd on Earth and knock'd at poor men's doors,
 And entered and sat down in earthly guise
 But brought bright revelations from the skies—
 So to my soul came Dreams of lovely things;
 Dear Angel-dreams; alas, why had ye wings

Ye times of old?

In those sweet days

When o'er me childhood shed its purple light,
 This world seemed some vast garden faëry-bright,
 Through which my spirit wander'd plucking flowers
 Under fair skies and sunshine-laden hours;
 And many a fancy garland then I twin'd
 And many a rosy hope employed my mind

In those sweet days.

All the long day

In sunshine would I sit near some old tree,
 Dreaming o'er Spenser's precious minstrelsy,

Of towers and silver lutes and ladies gay
 Of tilt and tournament and knightly fray,
 And songs—old songs, the music of the soul—
 These thoughts across my busy brain would roll
 All the long day.

At other hours

Beneath some ruin I was wont recline
 Profusely mantled o'er with ivy twine,
 Catching sweet pictur'd fancies from my books,
 While round me cawed the old monastic rooks,
 And dappled deer and silver-footed fawns
 Flitted like nymphs across the emerald lawns

At other hours.

At Evening's fall

By the dark Ocean I would slowly pace,
 Watching the star-beams mirror'd on its face;
 Or stretched along the strand, sedgy and damp,
 Until the Moon lit up her crystal lamp,
 Gaze upward to the Heaven and pray that some
 Celestial shape thence to my side would come

At Evening's fall.

O happy Dreams!

My spirit still is with you;—in the night
 By my lone taper's dim sepulchral light
 I sit and weep, and think of early days,
 When *She* whose eyes were dearer than the rays
 Of Morn or Even Star, sate by my side
 Hand clasp'd in hand, spirit to spirit tied—

O happy Dreams!

Where is she now
 The Venus of my boyhood?—my sole tie
 On Earth—whose face like yonder glittering sky
 Thick set with stars, made me behold in her
 A radiant heaven-sent heavenly minister
 To be my happiness—my spirits mate—
 But she is gone! O Heart disconsolate
 Where is she now?

Dreams of my Youth,
 Will ye not come again to gild my heart?
 Ah!—no. I feel that we are wide apart—
 No more—no more upon my soul shall fall
 The sunlight that ye shed. Grief like a pall
 Of darkness sits upon me; and I go
 Through life a living monument of woe,
 Dreams of my Youth!

Here BOYLE in an ecstasy of delight knocks off the neck of a bottle of champagne, and without waiting to fill it into a glass, pours the entire contents down his throat. When he recovers he slowly ejaculates:—

Ha! my lads, what say you? Would it not be quite useless to criticise these songs? They shall certainly appear in our next publication, though it is a pity to hide their brilliancy under a bushel. They ought to be bound up with Lord Byron's poems.

What is next? Ah! here is a contribution from our piper Brallaghan. Few clubs are so fortunate as to possess so distinguished a linguist among their officers, and it is therefore with no little pride, I ask permission to read the following contribution, which is entitled—

Five songs by Βραβλάχαι.

ΜΟΣΧΟΥ ΕΡΩΣ ΔΡΑΠΗΤΗΣ.

Ἄ Κυπρις τὸν Ἔρωτα τὸν υἱέα, μακρὸν ἔξωστρει
 Εἴτις ἐνὶ τριοδοῖσι πλανώμενον εἶδεν Ἔρωτα,
 Δραπετιδᾶς ἔμος ἔστιν ὁ μανντᾶς γέρας ἔξει.
 Μισθὸς τοι τὸ φίλαμα τὸ Κυπριδὸς ἦν δ' ἀγαγῆς νιν,
 Οὐ γυμνὸν τὸ φίλαμα τὸ δ' ὦ ξένη καὶ πλεον ἔξεις.
 Ἔστι δ' ὁ παῖς περισσᾶμος ἔν εἰκοσὶ πασι μαθοῖς νιν
 Χρῶτα μὲν οὐ λευκὸς, πυρὶ δ' εἰκελὸς ὄμματα δ' αὐτῷ
 Δριμυλὰ καὶ φλογοεῖτα κακαὶ φρένες, ἀδὺ λαλήμα.
 Οὐ γὰρ ἦισον νοεῖ καὶ φθεγγεται ὡς μελι φωνά.
 Ἦν δὲ χολᾶ, νοὸς ἔστιν ἀναμερὸς, ἠπεροπευτᾶς,
 Οὐδὲν ἀλαθευὼν, δολιὸν βρεφὸς ἄγρια παισδεῖ.
 Εὐπλοκαμὸν τὸ καρανὸν, ἔχει δ' ἴταμον τὸ προσωπὸν.
 Μικκυλὰ μὲν τῆν ἄ χερυδρία, μακρὰ δὲ βαλλεῖ,
 Βαλλεῖ κεῖς Ἀχεροντᾶ, καὶ εἰς αἰδεὼ βασιλῆα.
 Γυμνὸς μὲν τογὲ σῶμα, νοὸς δὲ οἶ ἔμπεπυκασταί.
 Καὶ πτεροεῖς, ὡς ὄρνις, ἐφιτταται ἄλλοτ' ἐπ' ἄλλου
 Ἄνερας ἠδὲ γυναῖκας, ἐτὶ σπλαγχνοῖς δὲ καθῆται.
 Τοξὸν ἔχει μαλὰ βαιὸν, ὑπερ τοξφ δὲ βελεμνὸν
 Τυτθὸν εἰοῖ τὸ βελεμνὸν, ἔς αἰθερᾶ δ' ἀχρι φορεῖται.
 Καὶ χρυσεὸν περὶ ἰώτα φαρετριὸν, ἔνδοθι δ' ἐντὶ
 Τοῖ πικροὶ καλάμοι, τοῖς πολλὰκι κημὲ τιτρωσκεῖ.
 Παντὰ μὲν ἄγρια, παντὰ πολὺ πλεῖον δὲ οἶ αὐτῷ
 Βαιὰ λαμπᾶς εἰοῖσα, τὸν ἄλιον αὐτὸν ἀναιθεῖ.
 Ἦν τὴ γ' ἔλῃς τῆνον, δάσας ἄγε, μῆδ' ἐλεῆσης.
 Κῆν τοτ' ἴδῃς κλαίοντα, φυλάσσειο μὴ σε πλανήσῃ.

Κῆν γελᾶν, τὴν νῦν ἔλκε· καὶ, ἣν ἐθέλη σε φιλάσαι,
 Φεύγε· κακὸν τὸ φιλαμα, τὰ χεῖλεα φάρμακόν ἐντι·
 Ἄν δε λέγη, λάβε ταῦτα, χαρίζομαι ὅσσα μοι ὄπλα,
 Μῆτι θυγῆς, πλάνα δῶρα· τα γαρ πυρι πάντα βέβαπται.

Κυπαριόων Κυπιδί. From Moschus.

The madcap, Dan Cupid, from Venus one day
 With a pretty young nymph of her train ran away.
 And flew down to the earth with the girl in his arms;
 Then Venus rose up, and th' elopement proclaimed,
 And a gift for the finder of Cupid she named;
 "Who shews me the boy I'll reward with a kiss,
 Who brings him shall claim a more exquisite bliss.
 Shall be pressed to my heart and still all my alarms.

You may know the wild truant by tokens and signs,
 Like the sun in his glory he sparkles and shines,
 And his eyes win all hearts by their exquisite grace;
 His looks are serene, but within is deceit,
 And his language, like music, is winning and sweet;
 Though he smiles like a spirit of goodness and joy,
 Yet falsehood and passion are found in the boy,
 And serpents lurk under the flowers in his face.

His body is naked, but veiled is his mind,
 His hands are but little, yet when he's inclined,
 He can hurl with force and effect a love-dart;
 He's inconstant, and fickle, and false as the hours,
 He rifles young breasts as the bee rifles flowers;
 As the insect from rose-bud to rose-bud doth range,
 So Cupid delighteth to ramble and change,
 And he visits but seldom sojourns in a heart.

A smart little bow on his right arm is slung,
 A quiver of gold on his shoulder is hung,
 And thus armed he goes forth to pierce hearts on his way;
 His arrows, though tiny, have mounted the skies,
 And whenever he shoots them from blue or black eyes,
 So sudden his aim is—so dextrous his skill,
 That I never yet heard of his failing to kill
 The game that he sought to bring down as his prey.

Such—such is young Cupid, and oh! if you find
 The wanderer, seize him, and fearlessly bind
 His pinions and hands, and regard not his tears;
 For Love never weeps but he means to deceive;
 If he smiles, or a kiss should he offer to give,
 Or present you his weapons, take warning and fly
 Such presents from him, or, believe me, you die,
 Since to Love's every gift something pois'nous adheres."

ΒΙΩΝΟΣ ΕΙΔΥΛΛΙΟΝ.

Ἰξεντας ἔτι κῶρος, ἐν ἄλσει δενδράεντι
 Ὄρνεα θηρέων, τον ἀπότροπον εἶδεν Ἔρωτα
 Ἐσθόμενον πύξιοιο ποτι κλάδον ὡς δ' ἐνόασε,
 Χαίρων ὄνεκα δη μέγα φάνετο ὄρνεον αὐτῷ.
 Τως καλάμως ἅμα πάντας ἐπ' ἀλλάλοισι συνάπτων,
 Τῷ καὶ τῷ τον Ἔρωτα μετάλμενον ἀμφεδόκευεν.
 Χῶ παις ἄσχαλων ἔνεχ' οἱ τέλος οὐδεν ἀπαντη,
 Τως καλαμως ῥιψας ποτ' ἀροτρία πρέσβυν ἴκανε,
 Ὅς μιν τάνδε τέχνη ἐδιδιδάξατο. καὶ λέγειν αὐτῷ,
 Καὶ οἱ δειξεν Ἔρωτα καθήμενον. αὐτὰρ ὁ πρέσβυν

Μειδιῶν κινήσει καρῆ, καὶ ἀμειβετο παιδα,
 Φειδεο τῶς θήρας, μηδ' ἐς τόδε τῶρνεον* ερχεν.
 Φεύγει μακράν· κακὸν ἐντὶ τὸ θηριον· ὄλβιος ἔσση
 Εἰσόκα μή μιν ἔλθῃ· ἦν δ' ἀνέρος ἐς μέτρον ἔλθῃς,
 Οὗτος ὁ νῦν φεύγων καὶ ἀπάλμενος, αὐτὸς ἀφ' αὐτῶ
 Ἐλθων ἐξαπίνας, κεφαλὰν ἐπὶ σειο καθιξεί.

Shooting at Cupid. From Bion.

I'll sing you a song that was sung long ago,
 In the bright isles of Greece ere she bow'd to a foe,
 Of a young archer-boy who lov'd arrow and bow,
 And lov'd nothing else in this world below.

Sing Ballinamona oro, Ballinamona oro,
 Ballinamona oro, young Bion the Bowman was he.

This stripling, once rambling through greenwood and glade,
 Observ'd in the trees, as the legend has said,
 Little Cupid, the love-god, perched under the shade,
 And looking as slyly as *you* pretty maid.

Sing Ballinamona oro, Ballinamona oro,
 Ballinamona oro, 'tis you are the darling for me.

This archer was simple as archer may be,
 And he thought 'twas a bird that had perch'd on the tree,
 So he drew out his shaft, and his features beam'd glee
 As he thought "Little bird, I shall soon bring down thee."

Sing Ballinamona oro, Ballinamona oro,
 Ballinamona oro, dear Kitty, keep kisses for me.

Then aiming the arrow he drew back the string,
 The missile sped forth like a bird on the wing,—
 Cupid laugh'd and fled off with a smile bright as spring,
 While the boy stood amaz'd and confus'd at the thing,
 Singing Ballinamona oro, Ballinamona oro,
 Ballinamona oro, this bird is not destin'd for me.

The stripling grew angry, and went to the swain
 Who had archery taught him, and spoke in this strain,
 " Mr. Tutor, I think I have cause to complain,
 For the art of the bowman you've taught me in vain ;
 Sing Ballinamona oro, Ballinamona oro,
 Ballinamona oro, how nicely that bird hath trick'd *me*.

Then answer'd the shepherd, " My dear little boy,
 If you want peace of mind and content to enjoy
That bird you must shun, he's a rogue and decoy,
 And to fetter young hearts is his only employ ;
 Sing Ballinamona oro, Ballinamona oro,
 Ballinamona oro, little Cupid he's call'd I tell thee.

The young and the old he delights to undo,
 He cuts up young hearts and makes one out of two ;
 Though he fled from you now, he'll in time fly to you,
 And will teach that love secret to bill and to coo."
 Sing Ballinamona oro, Ballinamona oro,
 Ballinamona oro, 'twas a secret, sweet Kitty taught me.

Bella Genera.

*Vidi meam Næeram
 Nudam nihil tegentem.
 Ita me Dii Deæque
 Omnesque singulique
 Omnesque singulæque
 Boni benè adjuvassent.
 Ut præ lepore nudo
 Ornatus omnis alga est.
 Stupeo, micare, lingua
 Non alloqui potest. Quod
 Nemesis negat profari
 Nunc invidete cuncti:
 Felicitas perindè
 Ubi crevit ut putando
 Nequeat venire major.
 O nobiles fenestræ,
 Quæ nobili patore
 Mihi nobiles Amores
 Meos videre donant,
 Vos nobilis Poeta
 Dat nobiles in ævum
 Nec visa cum Næera est
 Me barbarè repellit.
 Nec rustico rubore
 Confudit innocentem
 Conviciovè rupit.
 Patulam sed ad fenestram
 Eburneo lacerto
 Suavissimè reclinis
 Ad oscula vocavit:
 Nolente me, ergo dixit,
 Vidisse, mi Rosille,
 Putes meum leporem?*

Pretty Mary.

I lately saw my darling Mary
In the sunshine light and airy.
At her bedroom window dressing ;
All that's witching—all that's splendid,
Seem'd within my Mary blended,
As I hope for Heaven's blessing.

My fond eyes towards her raising,
There I stood a full hour gazing,
Thinking—thinking like a stupid :
Ne'er knew I 'till then enjoyment,
Nor how pleasant's thy employment
Of transfixing maidens Cupid !

Windows—windows, Heaven bless ye,
Were I near ye, I'd caress ye,
But your fame shall live in story :—
Mary, when she saw me, beckon'd
With her white hand in a second,
Round the nymph there seem'd a glory.

As I seem'd to her to linger,
Archly pointing with her finger,
" Come," she cried—" to yield's thy duty—
Kiss me—hear me, sir, commanding,
Think'st thou that from where thou'rt standing
Thou hast seen thy Mary's beauty ? "

Pulchra Lycinna.

Una omnium, omnium una

Pulcherrima es Lycinna,

Laudant eo Poetæ

Modo, Lycinna, te omnes.

Pulcherrima omnium una est

Lycinna feminarum,

Ne quis putet puellas

Præferre posse ; sola

Quæ est omnium instar una,

Non est puella, non est

Quod feminae solent, sed

Omnes quod, ista sola est,

Una omnium, omnium una

Pulcherrima es Lycinna,

Seu Forma, Gratiæve,

Cupidines, Jocivè,

Placeant, placere nulla

Prior potest Lycinna.

Gratissima illa sola est,

Salsissima illa sola est,

Pulcherrima illa sola est,

Castissima illa sola est,

Lepidissima illa sola est,

Doctissima illa sola est,

Suavissima illa sola est,

Nil non Lycinna sola est,

Sed cum Lycinna sola est.

Kitty Hawkins.

Of all the maidens in the town,
 My Kitty is the fairest;
 The bards with song her bright charms crown,
 Her beauty is the rarest.
 My Kitty is a maiden sweet
 As e'er inspired a sonnet;
 She might with any lass compete
 That e'er put on a bonnet.
 For all the charms that do combine
 To make the sex ensnare us,
 In Kitty, Kitty sweet, do shine—
 Upon my faith I'm serious.
 Of all the maidens in this place,
 My Kitty bears the bell, oh;
 In wit and beauty, love and grace,
 Gadzooks! she has no fellow,
 Your country dames may hope to win,
 By wealth, and dress, and money,
 Ecod! I do not care a pin
 But for Kate's kiss of honey,
 My Kitty is as sweet as nuts,
 And coy, and mild, and modest,
 Not like some other village sluts
 Who love to walk unbodded.
 So to conclude; of all the dames
 That e'er wore shoes or stockings,
 The one that most my heart inflames
 Is darling Kitty Hawkins.

An English Song on the same Lady.

My sweet little Katy,
Wherever she moves,
Looks fair as a Dryad,
Or Nymph of the groves.

Her fingers are snow-white,
Snow-white is her breast ;
I suppose she has stolen
Bright Venus's cest.

Her ringlets ambrosial
Fall down to her hips ;
And the glance of her eyes
Seems to point to her lips.

Her cheeks are a garden,
Where constantly grows
A wreath of white lilies
Entwining a rose.

Her voice is like lutes,
And her red little mouth
Breathes as sweetly as winds
Flower-fed from the south.

Golden persuasion
Sits throned on her tongue,
And her words are as soft
As a harp silver-strung.

She's so perfect a beauty
From forehead to toe,
That how to describe her
In sooth, I scarce know.

And such numberless graces
My Katy surround,
That I fancy at times
'Tis a goddess I've found.

Delicious is honey,
A fig, or a date ;
But sweeter believe me
Is my pretty Kate.

When the fire-steeds of Phœbus
Dash wild through the sky,
The shades of the night
From the sun-bearers fly ;

And thus it is, Kate,
By a glance or a kiss,
Makes my heart like a heaven
Of sunshine and bliss.

If a star-wingèd angel,
Dear Katy, I knew
I would make her grow fairer
By copying you.

PUBLISHER.

Well, upon my honour, that same Brallaghan is a noble blade, and as sure as two and two make four, I'll send him fifty guineas for his songs, and cheap they are for the money. There is nothing like attaching a man of real genius to the *Freeholder*, and our friend Barney has a rare fund of the same. Boyle, my trump, have you no more drink ?

BOYLE (*greatly amazed*).

Why, in the name of all that is merciful, where is the gallon of brandy, the dozen of port, the dozen of champagne, ditto claret, ditto sherry, ditto madeira, half a gallon of gin, and the jar of whiskey, gone to? Come, you can't be in earnest. Have you hid the liquor?

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Yes, faith, under our belts long ago. Come, Boyle, issue a new protocol.

BOYLE.

Gentlemen, you're drunk, and shall have no more.

GOLD SPECTACLES.

Come, Boyle, none of that gammon; you see we are perfectly sober.

SABERTASH.

I protest *you* don't seem to have swallowed a thimbleful. Really, John, you must get in a fresh supply.

BOYLE.

Gentlemen, I see how it is. You are determined to have a regular jollification; and as I am not a stingy fellow, I am sure I shall indulge you. Finish off your heel-taps, then like men, go with me through these remaining papers (you see they are but few), and we shall sit 'till morning.

ANSTER.

You are a regular trump, and happy will be the woman that gets you. It is pleasant to meet a man of your pluck these times.

BOYLE.

Captain, my blinkers are growing a little unsteady. Will you open the next paper?

SABERTASH.

Certainly, my dear boy. And here at my hand is a most admirable paper sent to myself by Ned Hyde the Templar, all the way from this very county of Cork, to Glasgow, some time since. I shall be well pleased if you insert it in the Freeholder.

A Polypist Paper.

INTRODUCTORY LETTER FROM NED HYDE TO CAPTAIN
SABERTASH.

*Castle Hyde, near Mallow, Cork County,
Feast of St. Patrick.*

DEAR SABERTASH—T. J. Ouseley, the poet, and I have taken “a lark” down here, and forgetting Coke and Blackstone for the nonce, are flaring up among the village girls, who in this month look as pretty as the Nymphs, and, if you will believe me, are just as loveable. The fact is, the Temple is about this time of the year dull enough for us who are yet juniors, and the town is quite empty—there being no farce or fun going on, except, of course, in the House of Commons; but even there Joe Hume has not yet begun to Liston-ize, and Colonel Sibthorpe, I am sorry to say, has shaved off his whiskers, and jokes but seldom. The theatres are going entirely to the dogs; and the red-lipped little ballet girl,

with whom I used to pass my February mornings, has got quite tired of John Bull audiences, and sighs once more for the sunshine and bouquets of *la belle France*. Even the Radicals are silent, and murder and robbery for the advancement of the cause of freedom are at present rather out of fashion;—nor is there any anti-corn law fun—

“Bombalio, Clangor, Stridor, Taratantara, Murmur”—ENNIUS—

going on in the metropolis. I wish I could coax you and Michael Angelo Titmarsh down here for a few weeks. He is a very fine fellow, quite after my own heart, and I like him exceedingly. Pray make my respects to him, and forward the accompanying keg of smuggled whiskey which I got from the mountains last night as an invaluable present. I believe it occasioned the death of some half a dozen people, but as they were only gaugers, of course the matter excited no surprise, and the magistrates very properly hushed it up. Nobody thinks it a sin or shame to kill an exciseman. We can easily spare six or seven prying inquisitive rascals out of the country, but we cannot do without our whiskey. Potheen, as you both well know, is a classic drink, and Phœbus Apollo was so fond of it, that he used to bathe his hyacinthine locks in the *mountain dew* from morning till night. The anecdote is in Horace—

“Qui rore puro Castaliæ lavit
Crines solutos”—

and clearly shows the Pythian to have been an ass. I suppose I need not tell you that it is not my auburn locks, but my palate, that I bathe with the enrapturing mixture. Nor is it for pomatum that I send it to you and Michael. Customs of that kind (thank Heaven) are prevalent neither in Cork nor London. The beautiful city sends two members to parliament who represent not only the wishes of their constituents, but also the two very best distilleries in the south of Ireland, those of Glin and Middleton; and I believe the member for Glasgow is a manufacturer of potheen. If he is not, I can only say he ought to be, both as a gentleman and a senator. This whiskey that I now send is prime. I hope you liked the last lot, &c., &c., &c.

Pray tell me whether you ever intend to visit Cork? We have some fine old castles and towers in a state of delectable ruin, on which you might dilate for ever, and quite as full of reminiscences, amatory, poetical, historical, fire-eating, smuggling, drinking, and steeple-chasing, as any in the classic regions of the Highlands. I can also offer you every thing that can delight the mind and cherish the body—*balnea, vina, Venus*, baths, Burgundy, and bright eyes. Suppose you write a book on Blarney Castle, the Helicon from which Tom Moore drew his inspiration; or on this of our own, more famous still, and teeming in every corner with legendary lore, for which Colburn or Murray, would sell their souls and bodies; Burgess and I, to hash up the classical matter,

and give you as many quotations from the Sanscrit as you might want; you to array the scenes in your own peculiar style, and clothe them in the gorgeous robe of romance. I think a book of that kind would sell; I know a passage in Plutarch that I will lay a thousand pounds furnished O'Brien with his solution of the grand arcanum of the Round Towers. The dry antiquarian portion of the history has been done by that learned Theban, in a way that sets competition at defiance; for you, Bulwer, Ainsworth, or James, remains the more fascinating task of making them the ground-work of romance. Think over it old fellow!

Well—but you ask me how I am getting on, and request a batch of songs to amuse you in the long evenings. I have been dreadfully idle of late, and am sorry I cannot oblige you with one of my own manuscripts, but I enclose in this cover a set of songs which I received a few days ago from an old and valued correspondent of mine, one Brallaghan, of whom of course you have heard. He is a very excellent piper, and writes occasionally for the *Edinburgh Review*. Macvey Napier “honours the very flea of his dog,” as the man in Ben Jonson says, and good right he has, for Brallaghan is the very best contributor that Messrs. Black and Co. have had, since Brougham gave them up. I thought you might not be displeased to see some of Barney’s proluisions, and I therefore send you half a dozen. Believe me yours ever,
my dear boy,

E. V. H.

BRALLAGHAN (*rising up in a great passion*).

Before thim songs is read, Captain, you must allow me to correct a slight mistake on the part of Mистер Ned Hyde. The fact is I never sent him a song at all; and *that* for a very good reason, that I don't know where he lives. He owes my wife a matther of ten pounds, and by jaymencee, af I knew he was in Cork, 'tis a bailiff and not a poem I'd have sent afther him.

GOLD SPECTACLES.

I have so good an opiniou of Hyde's morality, Bral-laghan, that I will pay you the ten pounds myself. The songs, Sabertash!

SABERTASH (*reading*).

A Polyglot Paper.

Luis De Camões.

*Quando o Sol encoberto vai mostrando
 Ao mundo a luz quieta e duvidosa,
 Ao longo de huã praia deleitosa,
 Vou na minha inimica imaginando
 Aqui a vi os cabellos concertando ;
 Alli co' a maõ na face taõ formosa ;
 Aqui fallando alegre, alli cuidosa ;
 Agora estando queda oyora andando.
 Aqui esteve sentada, alli me vio,
 Erguendo aquellos olhos taõ isentos ;
 Com movida aqui hum pouco, alli segura.
 Aqui se entristeceo, alli se rio ;
 E em fim neste causados pensamentos
 Passo esta vida taõ que sempre dura.*

Louis De Camæus.

When the glad sun sinking
 Leaves the world in shade.
 Oft I wander thinking
 Through our silent glade,
 As I saunter lonely
 'Neath the sky star-wrought,
 Thou—oh, thou only
 Art my dream, my thought.

As I gaze around me
 On the scenes well known,
 Sad thoughts confound me
 And I weep alone.
 Here I've seen thee braiding
 Thy hair gracefully
 With flow'rets fading
 As thy love for me.

In these happy bowers
 'Mid the gay rose trees,
 Thou hast dream'd for hours
 In love's reveries,
 Here I've seen thee wiling ;—
 Here I've known thee grave
 Here thou oft stood'st smiling,
 My heart thy slave.

Here I dared to love thee ;
 Here I pressed thy brow ;
 When the stars above thee
 Were less pure than thou.
 Here, alas ! we parted—
 Yet I live—I live—
 And, though broken-hearted,
 Can thy fall forgive.

Madrigale di Gabriella Chiabrero.

*Dico alle Muse : dite,
 O Dee, qual cosa alla mia Dea somiglia ?
 Elle dicono allor : l'alba vermiglia ;
 Il sol che a mezzo di vibri splendore ;
 Il bel espero a sera infra le stelle,
 Queste imagini a me pajon men belle ;
 Onde riprego Amore
 Che per sua gloria a figurarla muova ;
 E cosa, che lei sembri, Amor non truova.*

Said I to the Muses. "Ye sisters declare
 "What beautiful image resembles my fair?"—
 With purple-bright smilings and laughing blue eyes
 The Lady Thalia, for all, thus replies,

"We think that your mistress resembles the Dawn
 "In chariot of gold by her crimson steeds drawn ;
 "We think, too, at times that she shines like the noon
 "Of a sunshiny day in the flower-dressed June.

"Moreover we think that her eyes have a fire
 "Like Hesper the brightest of all the bright choir."
 "Pooh, pooh!" said I, "Ladies, you mock me indeed—
 "Her charms all your stars and your sunshine exceed."

Then I ask'd of young Cupid some likeness to name ;
 At once at my bidding the little god came ;
 He thought, and he thought for a long summer's day
 But fail'd and at last in chagrin flew away.

Chanson.

*Vivons o ma Julie !
 Jurons d'aimer toujours ;
 Le printemps de la vie
 Est fait pour les amours.
 Si l'austere vieillesse
 Condamne nos desirs,
 Laissons lui sa sagesse
 Et gardons nos plaisirs.*

Vivons o ma Julie, &c.

*L'astre dont la lumiere
 Nous dispense les jours
 Au bout de sa carriere
 Recommence son cours.
 Quand le temps dans sa rage
 A fetri les appas
 Les roses du bel age
 Ne refleurissent pas.*

Vivons o ma Julie, &c.

*D'une pudeur farouche
 Fuis les deguisemens,
 Viens, donner à ma bouche
 Cent baisiers ravissans.
 Mille autres—pose encore
 Sur mes levres de feu
 Tres levres que j'adore—
 Mourons ce deux jeu.*

Vivons o ma Julie, &c.

*De nos baisers sans nombre
 Le feu rapide et doux*

A French Love Song.

O press me, press me ere we part,
 Sweet, and vow to me,
 The love that warms thy gentle heart
 Mine own shall ever be.
 The flower of life is love alone,
 Cold wisdom is its weed :
 The sage may deem it wise to frown,
 But kisses are *our* creed.
 Then press, &c.

The star of day whose golden eyes
 Sweet are fair like thee,
 Though sunk at night, at morning's rise,
 Springs brightly from the sea.
 But once they've pass'd, life's sunniest hours
 Never again shall beam ;
 We wither like the summer flowers,
 We vanish like a dream.
 Then press, &c.

Then blush not sweet, but kiss on kiss
 In thousands give to me,
 Thy rosy lips are shrines of bliss,
 Let *me* the votary be.
 Again—again : those lips of fire,
 My heart, my soul entrance,
 My own—my last—my sole desire,
 The stars are in thy glance.
 Then press, &c.

Kiss me again—nay *wilt* thou chide
 A heart so true to thee ?

*S' échappe comme l'ombre
 Et passe loin de nous.
 Mais le sentiment tendre
 D'un heureux souvenir,
 Dans mon cœur vient reprendre
 La place du plaisir.
 Vivons o ma Julie, &c.*

De Santillane.

*Moza tan hermosa
 Non vi en la frontera
 Como un vaquera
 De la Finojosa.
 Haciendo la via
 De Calataveno,
 A santa Maria,
 Vencido del sueño,
 Por tierra fragosa,
 Perdi la carrera
 Do vi la vaquera
 De la Finojosa.*

*En un verde prado
 De rosas y flores
 Guardando ganado
 Con otros pastores,
 La vi tan hermosa
 Que ahenas creyera
 Que fuesse vaquera
 De la Finojosa.*

Kisses are nought—they pass, they glide,
Like wavelets o'er the sea.
But love—true love like thine and mine,
Glow with immortal bloom,
It lives through life—its glories shine
Purely beyond the tomb.
Then press. &c.

A Spanish Epyl.

I ne'er on the frontier
Saw nymph like sweet Rosa,
The pretty milk maiden
Of green Finojosa.
It happ'd on my way
To the shrine of St. Mary
Of Calataveno,
I grew stiff and weary ;
And ent'ring a valley
For rest, I saw Rosa
The pretty milk maiden
Of green Finojosa.

In a flower-prankt lawn,
Amidst other fair girls
Her cows she sat milking
With fingers like pearls.
I could scarcely believe
As I gazed on this Rosa,
She was but a milk maiden
Of wild Finojosa.

*Non crio las rosas
De la primavera,
Se an tan fermosas
Nin de tal manera.
Fablando sin glosa
Si antes supiera
De quella vaquera
De la Finojosa—*

*Non tanto mirara
Su mucha beldad,
Porque me dejara
En mi libertad.
Mas dixi donosa,
Por saber quier era.
A quella vaquera
De la Finojosa.*

Heinrich Bass.

*Das Mägdelein braun von Aug' und Haar
Kam über Feld gegangen :
Die Abendröthe schien so Klar
Und Nactigallen sangen.
Ich sah und hörte sie allein,
Dalderi daldere das Mägdelein
Soll mein Herzliebchen sein.*

*Ein Röckchen trug sie dünn und Kurz
Und leichrgeschürt ihr Mieder ;
Es weht' ihr Haar, es weht' ihr Schurz
Im weste hin und Wieder.
Die Strümpfe schienen weiss und sein—*

Than brightest spring roses
My darling is fairer ;
I know not to what
I could meetly compare her ;
Had I dreamed of the beauty
That charms in this Rosa,
The pretty milk maiden
Of lone Finojosa.

I would never have dared
Through that valley to saunter,
Or be caught in the spells
Of the lovely enchanter.
Here ends my long canto,
So pledge me sweet Rosa,
The pretty milk maiden
Of green Finojosa.

A German Dyl.

A dark-haired girl with arch brown eyes,
Tripp'd lightly o'er the meadows,
A rosy flush suffused the skies,
And in th' embowered shadows
The nightingales sang sweet and clear—
But her alone I see and hear,
My own heart's love, this maiden dear,

A short and simple gown was tied
Around her waist so tightly ;
The wanton zephyrs blew aside
Her petticoat—but slightly :
Her ankle small did plain appear—

*Dalderi daldera das Mägdelein,
Soll mein Herzliebchen sein.*

*Die hunte Kuh gelockt mit Gras,
Kam her vom Anger trabend,
Und als das Mägdelein melkend sass
Da bor ich guten Abend,
Und schielt ins Busentuch hinein—
Dalderi daldera das Mägdelein
Soll mein Herzliebchen sein.*

*Sie nickte mir mit holdem Gruss ;
Da ward mir wohl und bange,
Und herzlich drückt' ich einen Kuss,
Auf ihre rothe Wange ;
So roth, so roth wie Abendschien,
Dalderi daldera das Mägdelein
Soll mein Herzliebchen sein.*

*Ich half ihr über Steg und Zaun
Du Milch zu Hanse bringen,
Und gegen Ungethura und Graun
Ein Schäferliedchen singen ;
Denn dunkel wars im Buchenchain—
Dalderi Daldera das Mägdelein
Soll mein Herzliebchen sein.*

*Die Mutter schalt ; So spät bei Nicht ?
Da stand sie ach, so schämig.
Sacht, sprach ich, gute Mutter sacht
Das Töchterlein das nehm' ich,
Nur freundlich Mutter willingt ein ;
Dalderi daldera das Mägdelein
Soll mein Herzliebchen sein.*

She is the lass I most revere,
My own heart's, love, this maiden dear.

The cow approached, and soon her pail
With rich new milk was laden ;
She sat and sang—I told my tale
Of passion to the maiden,
Her eye lit up with love sincere—
She is the lass I most revere,
My own heart's love, this maiden dear.

I woo'd and while she sweetly smiled
I strove to read her blushes,
Yet snatch'd some kisses warm and wild,
Whereat her red cheek flushes
Like sunset bright in yonder sphere—
She is the lass I most revere,
My own heart's love, this maiden dear.

O'er hedge and stile I help'd this maid;
Her snowy milk-pail bringing ;
Onward we went, through gathering shade
A homely ballad singing ;
Ne'er reach'd her heart one thought of fear;
She is the lass I most revere,
My own heart's love, this maiden dear.

"So late to-night?" her mother cried—
At once I thus besought her,
"Good mother, hold, nor vainly chide,
I love thy beauteous daughter,
Let her be mine—my vows now hear,
She is the lass I most revere,
My own heart's love, this maiden dear."

A Farewell to the Girls of Cork.

O! ye charming girls with teeth like pearls
 And lips of honey-dew as *I* know well,
 With whom I've saunter'd in sweet groves and gardens,
 When young and foolish, take my last farewell.
 'Tis I'll your glory celebrate in story,
 Where'er I wander on horse or shank,
 I'll sing as sweetly, and as completely,
 As bould Tom Little or Father Frank.

They may talk of angels who're always ranging
 On starry pinions through the golden air;
 But 'tis my opinion that the Queen's dominions
 Couldn't shew such angels as our Irish fair;
 Their looks so charming, are quite disarming,
 The stoutest stoic before them were weak,
 And in their faces are thron'd such graces,
 That the pope himself might their favours seek.

The Queen of Beauty I'd lay a wager,
 Was black and sooty if compared with ours;
 And even Aurora, and the blushing Flora
 Were quite inferior with all their flowers.
 The Grecian Helen who left her dwelling,
 To rake with Paris in the towers of Troy—
 Och! who'd compare her, or call her fairer,
 Than that rogue of loveliness sweet Kate Molloy?

The Nymphs and Naiads and purty Straiads,
 Who galavanted without sense of shame,
 Couldn't hould a candle to our Munster fairies,
 The Nells and Marys so well known to fame;
 'Tis we've few ladies of bad reputation;
 Our maids don't flirt beyond a kiss or so;
 Not like them goddesses who wore no boddices,
 But ran stark naked through Greece long ago.

A Farewell to the Girls of Cork.

Χαιροιτε λοιπον
 'Ημιν γυναικες
 Χαιροιτ' ερωτες
 Και μεν κραδιης .
 "Αις εβαδιζον
 Νεος και μωρος
 Υπο των δενδρων
 Της Κορκαγιης .
 Καλλος λυρισω
 Μυθω και ωδη
 'Οπου πλανωμαι
 Κυματι η γη,
 Θωμιδιον ὡσπερ
 Η Φραγκισκος πατηρ
 Μελιστης ἦδυσ
 Εν Κορκαγιη.

*Valete Amores
 Risus lepores
 Cordisque mei
 Pulchræ feminæ,
 Queis, queis vagabam
 In vernis pratis
 Flore ætatis
 In Corcagid ;
 Vos celebrabo
 Marique terræ
 In versu bellè,
 Et splendidè,
 Ut Thomas Parvus
 Aut Franciscus pater
 Dulcis cantator
 Corcagiæ.*

Αγγελων χορους
 Εν Ολυμφ ζωντας
 Τε και στυλβοντας,
 Χαριτι καλη,
 Ουκ εικαζομι,
 Αγγελαις καλλισταις
 "Αισι αθυρομεν
 Κορκαγιη.
 Εν ταις παρειαις
 Χαριτες παιζουσι
 Βαλλει και ομματων
 Μεν ασπραπη,
 Αυτος τε Παππας
 Ιδων θελοιτο,
 Τας κορας απαλας
 Εχειν κοιτη.

*Vos estis rosæ
 Et magis formosæ
 Quam angelî
 Viæ lacteæ.
 Cælique stellæ
 Sunt minus belle
 Quam sunt puellæ
 Corcagiæ.
 Gratia mille
 In ocellis ludunt
 Piosque trudent
 In vitia ;
 Paraque ipse
 Rogare vellet
 Dulces amplexus
 Et oscula.*

Κροκοπεπλος Ηως
 Ενι ροδων διφρω
 Λαμπρ' Αφροδιτη,
 Συν και κρυσθ,
 Ουδαμως ησαν
 Ομοιαι καλλει
 Θεαις γηγενεσ' εν
 Κορκαγιη.
 Δια γυναικων
 'Ελενη Αργειη
 Εταιρα Παριδος
 Εν Φρυγιη
 Ουκ ην φιληγορ
 Παρα τοσουτον
 'Ως Καθαρινα
 Μολλοιη.

Νυμφαι και Δρυαδες
 Σατυρων πορναι
 Αλλων τε παντων
 Ναπη και υλη,
 Κατεφειν λυχνόν
 Ουκ ειχον, φημι,
 Ταις σοβαδαις
 Εν Κορκαγιη,
 Παιραι δε παλλακαι
 Εν ταυτη πολει
 Παρθενικαι δε
 Πολλαι εν η,
 Και φιλεουσι
 Αγνωσ—αλλ' αλλως
 Γυναξι γυμναις
 Εν Αχαιδη.

*Per Stygem juro
 Roseam Auroram
 Deamque Floram
 Cum Venere,
 Non habuisse
 Formam decoram
 Paremque nostris
 In Corcagiâ.
 Clara Helena
 Græciæ regina
 Quæ sæpe dormiit
 Cum Paride
 Mææ Catharinæ
 Parvæ divinæ
 Inferior esset
 Certissimè.*

*Nymphæ quæ sivas
 Olim pererrabant
 Sine pudore
 Aut modestiâ
 Non potuissent
 Lucem tenere
 Deabus nostris
 In Corcagiâ
 Nec meretrices
 Ulle sunt nobis
 Omnes sed virgines
 Castissimæ,
 Basiant sæpe
 Sed—o ! modestius
 Nymphis nudissimis
 Achaïæ.*

ANSTER.

I think that after that batch we may as well take a little rest; but before we do we must look at one more, and that is a first-rate song by an old contributor.

To Bessy.

The crystal fountains of those eyes
 Wherein Love wadeth,
 Those cheeks before whose purple dyes
 The red rose fadeth;
 Those smiles wherein the blush of dawn
 Seems opening brightly
 All the sweet airs that round thee fawn
 Like Graces lightly;—
 These only could not move
 My soul to love.

What are they but a radiant veil
 O'er the shrine's glory?—
 What do they, if they not detail
 Thy hearts bright story?
 Oh! dearer far than sunny look,
 Or blush of roses,
 The heart—more pure than purest brook,
 That veil encloses.
 Ask ye then what doth move
 My soul to love?

That gentle heart where virtue dwells
 And meekness shineth,
 Round which her fairest, loveliest spells
 Religion twineth;

Which seems like storied Paradise,
 Always attended
 By brightest angels from the skies
 Newly descended,—
 That heart it is doth move
 My soul to love.

PUBLISHER.

This is sure to appear. Shew me a Magazine that can turn out better, and I will take the worth of my money out of the writer in a beating. Why, Boyle, I say, old boy, are you asleep?

BOYLE.

First-rate gin—first—first-rate. Ah! that is a noble line in Homer:—

“The finest divarshun that’s under the sun,
 Is to sit by the fire till the praties are done.”

SABERTASH.

Don’t mind him Pat. Thank Providence we have got through the list. Now for the wine; O’Callaghan, you rascal.

Enter O’CALLAGHAN.

Bring in the same quantity of drink that Mr. Boyle ordered an hour or two since.

O’CALLAGHAN (*staring*)

An hour since! Lord bless you captain, are you joking?

GOLD SPECTACLES.

Joking you ruffian!—this is too serious a matter to joke about.

O'CALLAGHAN.

Arrah, captain, may be you're not aware when that ordher was gev.

SABERTASH.

Why, I heard it about an hour, or an hour and a half ago. Eh, Prout?

FATHER PROUT.

I say twenty minutes at the farthest.

O'CALLAGHAN.

By Saint Pathrick '*twas given ere last night*, and ye've sat here tipping, and smoking, and dozing for two days. It's a truth I tell yez, captain. Honour bright. No lie in the matther.

* * * * *

We do not think it necessary to linger any longer on this affair, only that we wish to assure our readers with all due solemnity, that Mr. O'Callaghan's statement was a falsehood from beginning to end, there being no foundation whatever for his insinuation. The only piece of truth was, that the entire allowance of liquids was certainly *non inventus*, but we cannot say what happened it. The jollification was attended by one advantage, and that was, its affording us an excellent opportunity to fascinate the public and the whole reading world, with the songs and wit by which it was so splendidly illumined.

FLAGIARISMS OF TOM MOORE.

The Prologue.

In Hansard's *Parliamentary Debates* vol. xxxix. page 161, the following passage occurs :—

Mr. Bateman said, "perhaps the Rt. Hon. Gentleman will answer me one question? I wish to know whether one *Thomas Moore* is on the pension list, or not? and if he be whether his pension were granted to him for making ballads for love-sick ladies, or for slandering George the 4th?—*Debate on the Civil List. Nov. 23, 1837.*

It is not generally known that Mr. Bateman was a distinguished member of the Deipnosophist Club, and that it was among us he imbibed that hearty contempt for Whiggery, humbug and Tom Moore, which has always characterised him. The question which he, on the above occasion, put to Her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer, was one that had occasionally occurred to the President of the Club also, and I have no doubt that it was the latter suggested to Mr. Bateman the propriety of making it the subject of parliamentary notice. We of the Club had indeed once proceeded so far that we had actually a petition drawn up, containing a list of Moore's enormities in the slander, sneak, sycophant and plagiarist line, but out of compassion to the little man it was never presented. The following fragment of one of our President's innumerable discourses on this subject, seemed to

me worth preserving, and as it is really a curious example of the extent to which the robbing art may be carried by the votaries of Parnassus, I doubt not it will possess as much interest for general readers, as for their humble servant,

R. A. MILLIKIN,

Historiographer of the Deipnosophist Club.

A Deipnosophist Fragment.

Moore's plagiarisms are intolerable. There is not a single original thought, conception, metaphor, or image, in the whole range of his works,—from the *Posthumous Poems of Tom Little* to his last dying speech—the *Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion*. Even the title of this nonsense is stolen from Erasmus's *Peregrinatio Religionis ergo*. The man is an indefatigable thief. He has laid under contribution every imaginable book, from the biography of his namesake, Tom Thumb, to the portly folios of the fathers of the Church. Perfectly unscrupulous in his marauding expeditions, and impartial in his attacks, he is found at one moment rifling a saint, and in the next pillaging a sinner. Every outpouring from the wells of Literature has brought grist to his mill, and now that he has filled his bags, he laughs at the world, clothes himself in sackcloth and ashes for his youthful misdeeds, and exhibits to the profane another incident for the chapter of literary curiosities; an incident which perhaps has no parallel—namely, that of

commencing life with the most disgusting pruriency, and closing it with drivelling polemics. How admirable, how striking an illustration doth this gentleman furnish of the lines of Horace :—

“ Quærenda pecunia primum est
Virtus post nummos ;”

and with what graceful ease he hath glided from the chaste vicinage of Holywell Street to the solemn cloisters of the church and the stern admonitions of the confessional ! But his recantation, or conversion, or whatever you choose to call it, is not my present purpose. You have asked me for some specimens of his most open and barefaced plagiarisms. You shall have them. Tommy himself is never loth to impale a brother plagiarist whenever he finds him committing a false step. Thus in one of his prefaces we find him robbing a rival songster of one of his best thoughts :—

I do not know whether it has ever before been remarked that the well known lines in one of Burns' most spirited songs,—

The title's but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that.

may possibly have been suggested by the following passage in Wycherley's Play, the “ Country Wife.”—*I weigh the man not his title,—'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better.*—

This is in the true Mrs. Candour style, and in the spirit of the knave who attempted to rob Sheridan of all his

pretensions to originality of wit, because the plays of the first happened to have been triumphantly received, and "*The Blue Stocking*" of the last was most gloriously damned. Tommy does not accuse Burns directly as he very fairly might have done, but, though willing enough to wound, the fear of critics prevented him from striking. If we admit that Burns plagiarised, he was still merely the receiver of stolen goods for Master Wycherley had pilfered the idea from :—

MASSINGER. *The Great Duke of Florence.—Act. i. sc. i.*

For Princes never more make known their wisdom
 Than when they cherish goodness where they find it,
 They being men and not gods. Contarino,
They can give wealth and Titles but no virtues,
 That is without their power. * * * * *
 * * * * *

But in our Sannazaro 'tis not so :
He being pure and try'd gold, and any stamp
 Of grace to make him *current* to the world,
 The Duke is pleased to give him, will add honour
 To the great bestower.

But let us come to the plagiarisms which I possess.—
 They are selected at random from a large mass of thefts
 which I have silently noted from time to time, and which
 after my demise, shall see the light. Moore knows of
 the existence of these documents ; I have shewn them to
 him myself ; and be assured that while *I* live he will
 never have the courage to republish one of his writings ;

for I have informed him often that immediately he issues a new edition of any of those stolen goods, I shall expose his frauds to the world. And he knows me too well to doubt my word. But if, when I have "shuffled off this mortal coil," his spirit should revive, and his evil star impel him once again into the palæstra of literature, clothed in the arms stolen from other men, and decorated with trophies not honourably won, but secretly purloined, then shall the day arrive when the humble labours of the President of the Deipnosophist Club shall be made manifest to the world, trickery be exposed, and imposture detected; and "*this pigmy who has decked himself with the trappings of a colossus*,"* be driven from the field, denuded and disgraced.†

But let us turn to this honest gentleman's plagiarisms. Time will permit me to expose only a very few, so I shall plunge at once *in medias res* :—

Plagiarism the First.

LITTLE'S POEMS.

*Your mother says, my little Venus,
There's something not correct between us,
And you're in fault as well as I;
Now on my soul, my little Venus,
I think 'twould not be right between us,
To let your mother tell a lie."*

* A strong and spirited image, taken from Philostratus.—ED.

† As our President spoke these words, which are in a more oratorical style than usual, his eyes sparkled with peculiar brilliancy, and he seemed to enjoy in fancy the glory of despoiling the poet-laureat of Paphos.—ED.

This is plagiarised from an old collection of English epigrams published in 1785 :—

The lying world says naughty words
Of you and I, my dearest love ;
You know, my dear, the world's the Lord,
Let 'em no longer liars prove."

Plagiarism the Second.

LITTLE'S POEMS.

*For had I such a dear little saint of my own, sir,
I'd pray on my knees to her half the long night."*

PETER PINDAR,

asking a pretty bar maid for some favours says,—

"Thou wishest to bestow, in Love's name give 'em,
And thankful on my knees I will receive 'em."

Plagiarism the Third.

LITTLE'S POEMS. *To Julia.*

*"Why let the stingless critic chide
With all that fume of vacant pride
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour on a stagnant pool."*

LLOYD.

"Must thou whose judgment dull and cool
Is muddy as the stagnant pool.

Plagiarism the Fourth.

LITTLE'S POEMS.

*"Here is one leaf reserved for me
From all thy sweet memorials free,*

*And here my simple song might tell
The feelings thou must guess so well ;
But could I thus within thy mind
One little vacant corner find,
Where no impression yet is seen,
Where no memorial yet has been,
Oh, it should be my sweetest care
To write my name for ever there."*

These are stolen from some lines of Pope's "*Knowing Walsh* :—

"With what strange raptures would my soul be blest,
Were but her book an emblem of her breast,
As I from that all former marks efface,
And, uncontroll'd, put new ones in their place,
So might I chase all others from her heart,
And my own image in their stead impart !
But ah ! how short the bliss would prove if he
Who seized it next might do the same by me !"

Plagiarism the Fifth.

LITTLE'S POEMS.

"*Oh, shall we not say thou art Love's duodecimo ;
Few can be prettier, none can be less, you know.
Such a volume in sheets were a volume of charms,
Or if bound, it should only be bound in our arms."*

Wit restored. In several select poems. 1658.

"A Woman is a book, and often found
To prove far better in the sheets than bound ;
No marvail, then, why men take such delight
Above all things to study in the night."

Plagiarism the Sixth.

LITTLE'S POEMS.

"If Mahomet would but receive me,
 And Paradise be as he paints,
 I'm greatly afraid (God forgive me)
 I'd worship the eyes of his saints."

DRYDEN. *Epilogue to "Constantine the Great."*

"Th' original Trimmer, though a friend to no man;
 Yet in his heart adored a pretty woman;
 He knew that Mahomet laid up for ever
 Kind black-eyed rogues for every true believer,
 And, which was more than mortal man e'er tasted,
 One pleasure that for threescore twelvemonths lasted,
 To burn for this may surely be forgiven,
 Who'd not be circumcised for such a heaven?"

Plagiarism the Seventh.

LITTLE'S POEMS.

"Weep on, and as thy sorrows flow
 I'll taste the luxury of woe."

LANGHORNE. *Precepts of Conjugal Happiness.*

"For once this pain, this frantic pain forego
 And feel at least *the luxury of woe.*"

Plagiarism the Eighth.MOORE. *Anacreon.*

"When the sunshine of the bowl
 Thaws the ice about the soul."

CAWTHORNE.

"However, when the sprightly bowl
 Had thaw'd the ice about the soul."

Plagiarism the Sixth.

MOORE'S MELODIES.

*No, Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
Go tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine
Than to sleep but a moment in chains."*

ADDISON. *Cato*, act ii. sc. 1.

"A day, an hour of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage."

The original of these lines is pointed out by Bishop Warburton, in a letter to Concanen.

CICERO. *Philipp. Orat. X.*

"Quod si immortalitas consequeretur præsentis periculi fugam tamen eo magis ea fugienda esse videretur, eo diuturnior esset servitus."

Plagiarism the Tenth.

MOORE'S MELODIES.

*"Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd;
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."*

This thought is as common to the poets as a barber's chair to the unshaven, or flirtation at church. I will not now go out of my way to cite Horace, who tells us that a wine-cask will long preserve the odour of the liquid, but merely quote

SIR JOHN SUCKLING. *Brennoralt*, act v.

"Thou motion'st well, nor have I taken leave.
It keeps a sweetness yet, [Kisses her]
As still's from roses when the flowers are gone."

And

PHILIP MASSINGER. *Roman Actor*, act iv. sc. 2.

"But that thou, whom oft I've seen
To personate a gentleman, noble, wise,
Faithful and gamesome, and what virtues else
The poet pleases to adorn you with ;
But that (*as vessels still partake the odour
Of the sweet precious liquors they contain'd*)
Thou must be really in some degree
The thing thou dost present."

Plagiarism the Eleventh.

MOORE'S MELODIES.

"*Oh this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's bright ray :
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
It may smile in its light, but it blooms not again.*"

This is filched from the same tragedy,—

SUCKLING. *Brennoralt*, act v.

"A princely gift ; but, sir, it comes too late ;
Like sunbeams on the blasted blossoms do
Your favors fall."

Plagiarism the Twelfth.

MOORE'S MELODIES.

"*As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,*

*So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while."*

JAMES MERVYN. *On Shirley's Plays.*

"They might like water in the sunshine set,
Retain his image, not impart his heat."

Plagiarism the Thirteenth.

He resorts to robbery for the simplest sentiments.

MOORE'S MELODIES.

*"When he said, Heaven rest her soul,
Round the lake light music stole,
And her ghost was seen to glide
Smiling o'er the fatal tide."*

KIRKE WHITE. *Gondoline.*

"The maid was seen no more; but oft
Her ghost was known to glide
At midnight's silent, solemn hour
Along the ocean's tide."

Plagiarism the Fourteenth.

*"Sweet Vale of Avoca, how calm could I rest
In the bosom of shade with the friends I love best;
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace."*

This simile of friendly hearts blending together like waters is as old as

SIR JOHN SUCKLING. *Aglaure, act iv.*

"Alas! we two
Have mingled souls more than two meeting brooks."
The same thought may be found in

DRYDEN. *All for Love*, act iii. sc. 1.

"We were so closed within each other's breasts,
The rivets were not found that join'd us first,
That does not reach us yet,—we were so mixt
As meeting streams, both to ourselves were lost."

And in that most noble play—

WILSON. *City of the Plague*, act iii. sc. 3.

"We shall die
Like two glad waves that meeting on the shore
In moonlight and in music melt away
Quietly mid the quiet wilderness."

Plagiarism the Fifteenth.

MOORE'S MELODIES.

"*My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.*"

JOHN HEYWOOD. *Of a most noble Ladye*.

"The vertue of her looks
Excels the precious stone,
Ye need none other books
To read or look upon."

Plagiarism the Sixteenth.

MOORE'S MELODIES.

"*Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song
That once was heard in happier hours.*"

I remember to have read something like this in

SHAKESPEARE. *Twelfth Night*.

“That strain again—it had a dying fall!
Oh! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.”

Poor Young, too, comes in for his share :

YOUNG. *The Force of Religion*, book i.

“She clasps her lord,—brave, beautiful, and young,
While tender accents melt upon her tongue;
Gentle and sweet, as vernal zephyr blows,
Fanning the lily or the blooming rose.”

Plagiarism the Seventeenth.

MOORE'S MELODIES.

“*The moon looks*
On many brooks,
The brook can see no moon but this.”

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

“The moon looks upon many night-flowers, the night-flowers
see but one moon.”

Plagiarism the Eighteenth.

MOORE'S MELODIES.

“*Now all the world is sleeping, love,*
But the sage his star-watch keeping, love.

* * * * *

Then awake! 'till rise of sun, my dear,
The sage's glass we'll shun, my dear;

Or in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,

He might happen to take thee for one my dear.”

These are very fine, indeed ; but let us take a peep at the numerous originals from which they are so mercifully stolen.

W. SHAKSPEARE. *Venus and Adonis.*

“ Look ! how a bright starre shooteth from the skie !
So glides he in the night from Venus's eye.”

SIR E. BRYDGES. *Restituta*, vol. iii. p. 347.

“ She no longer staid,
But bowing to the bridegroom and the bride.
Did, like a shooting exhalation, glide
Out of their presence.”

SHIRLEY. *Epithalamium.*

“ Oh ! look anon if in the seeded sky
You miss two starres ; here did I spy
Two gliding by !”

DRYDEN. *Annus Mirabilis.*

“ The blessed minister his wings displayed,
And like a shooting star he cleft the night.”

Plagiarism the Nineteenth.

MOORE'S MELODIES.

“ In England the garden of beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery kept within call ;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watched after all.
Oh ! they want the wild sweet briary fence
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells ;
Which warns the touch while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.”

PETER PINDAR. *A King and a Brick-Maker.*

“ Grant me an honest fame, or grant me none
 (Says Pope, I don't know where); a little liar
 Who, if he praised a man, 'twas in a tone
 That made his praise like bunches of sweetbriar;
 Which whilst a pleasing fragrance it bestows,
 Pops out a pretty prickle on your nose.”

Plagiarism the Twentieth.

MOORE'S MELODIES.

“ *Though dark are our sorrows to-day, we'll forget them,
 And smile through our tears like a sun beam in showers.*”

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. *Marcus Brutus.*

Junia in tears—so shines an April sun.

MASSINGER. *The Old Law.*

I have known a widow laugh closely my lord
 Under her handkerchief, when t' other part of
 Her old face has wept like rain in sunshine.

SIR E. BRYDGES. *Restituta*, vol. ii. p. 337.

“ Golden storms

Fell from their eyes, as when the sun appears;
 And yet it rains, so shew'd their eyes their tears.”

Plagiarism the Twenty-first.

MOORE'S MELODIES.

“ *I flew to her chamber, 't was lonely,
 As if the loved tenant lay dead;
 Ah, would it were death and death only!
 But no, the young false one had fled.
 And there hung the hute that could soften
 My very worst pains into bliss;*

*While the hand that had waked it so often,
Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss."*

THOMAS HEYWOOD. *A Woman Killed with Kindness.*

Grief of Frankford after discovering his wife's infidelity.

"*Nic.* Master, here's her lute flung in a corner!

Frank. Her lute! Oh, God! upon this instrument
Her fingers have ran quick division,
Swifter than that which now divides our hearts.

* * * Oh, Master Cranwell!

Oft hath she made this melancholy wood
(Now mute and dumb, for her disastrous change)
Speak sweetly many a note, sound many a strain,
To her own ravishing voice, which being well strung,
What pleasant, strange airs, have they jointly rung!"

Plagiarism the Twenty-second.

MOORE'S MELODIES.

*"As onward we journey how pleasant
To pause and inhabit awhile
These few sunny spots like the present
That 'mid the dull wilderness smile;
But Time, like a pitiless master,
Cries, Onward! and spurs the gay hours."*

BOSSUET. *Sermon sur la Resurrection.*

"La loi est prononcée; il faut avancer toujours. Je voudrais retourner sur mes pas; Marche! Marche! Un poids invincible nous entraîne; il faut sans cesse avancer vers le précipice. On se console pourtant parce que de tems en tems on rencontre des objets qui nous divertissent, des eaux courantes, des fleurs qui passent. On voudrait arrêter: Marche! Marche!

ROGERS. *Human Life.*

*Our pathway leads but to a precipice,
And all must follow, fearful as it is!*
From the first step 'tis known—but no delay.
On—'tis decreed. We tremble and obey.
A thousand ills beset us as we go :—
“ *Still could I shun the fatal gulf?*” Ah no !
’Tis all in vain—the inexorable law.
Nearer and nearer to the brink we draw.
*Verdure springs up, and fruits and flowers invite,
And groves and fountains : all things that delight :*
“ *Oh I would stop and linger if I might.*”
We fly—no resting for the foot we find,
All dark before—all desolate behind,
At length the brink appears—but one step more,
We faint—on—on. We falter, and ’tis o’er.

Plagiarism the Twenty-third.

MOORE'S MELODIES.

“ *You who call it dishonour
To bow to this flame,
If you've eyes look but on her,
And blush while you blame.*”

Is not this clearly a rehash of Pope's lines ?—

Rape of the Lock.

“ If to her share some female errors fall,
Look in her face, and you'll forget them all.”

Mr. Pope himself robbed the thought from (or to pursue my metaphor, filched the original joint from the poetic larder of) BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER :

Humorous Lieutenant, act iv. sc. 2.

“ *Dem.* If her youth erred, was there no mercy shewn her?
Did you look in her face when you condemned her ?”

Plagiarism the Twenty-fourth.

MOORE'S MELODIES.

" *Where'er they pass
A triple grass
Shoots up with dew-drops seaming ;
As softly green
As emeralds seen
Through purest crystal gleaming.*"

This comparison of flowers or gems shining through crystal is quite a common one. I remember a beautiful epigram in Martial :—

De Cleopatra Uxore.

" *Primos passa toros, et adhuc placanda marito,
Merserat in nitidos se Cleopatra lacus :
Dum fugit amplexus. Sed prodidit unda latentem
Lucebat totis cum tegetetur aquis.
Condita sic puro numerantur lilia nitro,
Sic prohibet tenuis gemma latere rosas.
Insilui, mersusque vadis luctantia carpsi
Basis, perspicuæ plus vetuistis aquæ.*"

Which Sir Richard Steele well translates in *Spectator* 490.

When my bright consort, now nor wife nor maid
Asham'd and wanton, of embrace afraid,
Fled to the streams, the streams my fair betray'd.
To my fond eyes she all transparent stood ;
She blush'd : I smil'd at the slight covering flood.
Thus through the glass the lovely lily glows.
Thus through the ambient gem shines forth the rose,
I saw new charms—and plung'd to seize my store !
Kisses I snatch'd—the waves prevented more.

BOCCACIO. *Decameron, Sixth Day.*

"Hither the ladies all came together! and after much praising the place, and seeing the basin before them, and that it was very private, they agreed to bathe. Ordering, therefore, their maid to keep watch, and to let them know if any body was coming, they stripped and went into it, and it covered their delicate bodies in like manner as a rose is concealed in a crystal glass.

Plagiarism the Twenty-fifth.

MOORE'S MELODIES.

*"Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same wherever it goes."*

HORACE.

"*Coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*"

Plagiarism the Twenty-sixth.

MOORE'S MELODIES.

*"Believe me if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away."*

LOCKE'S *Essay*. Book i. chap. iv. § 23.

"Such borrowed wealth, *like fairy money*, though it were gold in the hand from which he received it, will be but leaves and dust when it comes to use."

Plagiarism the Twenty-seventh.

MOORE'S MELODIES.

*"As streams that run o'er golden mines,
With modest murmur glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary ;*

*So veil'd beneath a simple guise
 Thy radiant genius shone ;
 And that which charm'd all other eyes,
 Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary."*

SWIFT, vol. ix. (Scott's Ed.), p. 229.

" Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold, which the owner knows not of."

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

" Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
Like metals in a mine."

Plagiarism the Twenty-eighth.

MOORE'S MELODIES.

*" Has Hope, like the bird in the story,
 That fitted from tree to tree,
 With the talisman's glittering glory,—
 Has hope been that bird to thee ?*

*On branch after branch alighting,
 The gem she did still display ;
 And when nearest and most inviting,
 Then waft the fair gem away."*

Sir William Jones, in his preface to the *Persian Grammar*, says of Perfection, that it—

" Seems to withdraw itself from the pursuit of mortals, in proportion to their endeavours of attaining it, like the talisman in the Arabian Tales, which a bird carried from tree to tree, as often as its pursuer approached."

Plagiarism the Twenty-ninth.MOORE. *Ode to Nea.*

*If I were yonder wave my dear
And thou the Isle it clasps around,
I would not let a foot come near
My isle of bliss, my fairy ground.*

COWLEY. *The Mistress.*

Then like some wealthy island thou shalt lye
And like the sea about it, I:
Thou like fair Albion to the sailor's sight
Spreading her beauteous bosom all in white;
Like the kind ocean will I be
With loving arms for ever clasping thee.

Plagiarism the Thirtieth.MOORE. *Ode to Nea.*

*But then thy breath—Not all the fire
That lights the lone Semenda's death,
In Eastern climes could e'er respire
An odour like thy dulcet breath.*

In a note on this verse, Tommy tells us that Scaliger seems to think the Semenda but another name for the Phoenix. Thus he convicts himself, for we find that comparison in the following goodly men:—

ETHEREGE.

Not the Phoenix in his death
Nor those banks where violets grow,
And Arabian winds still blow
Yield a perfume like her breath.

CAREW.

Gums nor spice bring from the East
 For the Phoenix in her breast
 Builds her funeral pile and nest.

Plagiarism the Thirty-first.MOORE. *Ode to Nea.*

*I prithee on those lips of thine
 To wear this rosy leaf for me,
 And breathe of something not divine
 Since nothing human breathes of thee.*

(I will give a guinea to any man who will unravel the meaning of these lines.)

*All other charms of thine I meet
 In nature, but thy sigh alone ;
 Then take, oh ! take though not so sweet
 The breath of roses for thine own.*

DRYDEN.

Madam let me seal my love upon your mouth. Soft and sweet by Heaven. Sure you wear rose-leaves between your lips.

Plagiarism the Thirty-second.MOORE. *Dream of Antiquity.*

*Just as the beaks of playful doves
 Can give to pearls a smoother whiteness.*

W. B. *Elegy on Sir T. Overbury.*

As when to make a pearl more pure
 We give it to a dove in whose womb pent
 Some time we have it forth more orient.

Plagiarism the Thirty-third.

MOORE'S EPISTLES, ODES, &C.

*Her lip—oh call me not false-hearted
 When such a lip I fondly prest—
 'Twas love a melting cherry parted
 Gave thee half and her the rest.*

SIR P. SYDNEY. *Arcadia.*

So may the cherries red
 Of Mira's lip divide
Their sugared selves to kiss thy happy head.

SHAKESPEARE. *Midsummer Nights Dream.*

So we grew together, like a double cherry seeming parted.

HERRICK. *The Weeping Cherry.*

I saw a cherry weep—and why?
 Why wept it but for shame,
 Because my Julia's lip was by
 And did out-red the same?

Plagiarism the Thirty-fourth.

MOORE. ODE TO NEA.

*You read it in my languid eyes
 And there alone should love be read;
 You hear me say it all in sighs
 And thus alone should love be said.*

A lady's tears, "says Crashaw, "are silent orators."
 It seems that lover's eyes are equally eloquent.

HABINGTON. *Araxhill and Castara.*

Dost thou not, Castara, read
 Am'rous volumes in my eyes?
 Doth not ev'ry motion plead
 What I'd shew and yet disguise?
 Senses act each other's part
 Eyes as tongues reveal the heart

GARTH. *Epilogue to Cato.*

*Sighs with success their own soft passion tell
 And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal.*

Plagiarism the Thirty-fifth.

MOORE. EPISTLES, ODES, &C.

*Oh Virtue! when thy clime I seek,
 Let not my spirit's flight be weak,
 Let me not like this feeble thing,
 With brine still dropping from its wing,
 Just sparkle in the solar glow
 And plunge again in depths below.*

This image of the "flying fish" occurs in

SWIFT. *South Sea Project.*

So fishes rising from the main
 Can soar with moistened wings on high;
 The moisture dried, they sink again,
 And dip their wings again to fly.

Plagiarism the Thirty-sixth.

LITTLE'S POEMS.

*Why does azure deck the sky?
 'Tis to be like thy looks of blue;
 Why is red the rose's dye?
 Because it is thy blush's hue.
 All that's fair by love's decree,
 Has been made resembling thee.*

GILES FLETCHER. *Christ's Victory.*

If any ask why roses please the sight ?
 Because their leaves upon thy cheeks do blow ;
 If any ask why lilies are so white ?
 Because their blossoms in thy mind do blow.

SHAKESPEARE. *Sonnets.*

Nor did I wonder at the lilies white
 Nor praise the deep vermillion of the rose ;
 They were but sweet sweet figures of delight
 Drawn after thee thou pattern of all those.

Plagiarism the Thirty-seventh.

LITTLE'S POEMS.

*When Time who steals our years away,
 Shall steal our pleasures too,
 The memory of the past will stay
 And half our joys renew.
 Then talk no more of future gloom ;
 Our joys shall always last,
 For hope shall brighten joys to come
 And memory gild the past !
 Come Chloe fill the genial bowl
 I drink to love and thee,
 Thou never can'st decay in soul
 Thou'lt still be young for me.*

These verses says an admirer of Moore, were addressed to "a drunken demirep," and are a rank defacement of the pure and lovely sentiments contained in the following passages :—

SHAKSPEARE. *Sonnet, civ.*

To me fair friend, *you never can be old,*
 For as you were when first your eye I ey'd
 Such seems your beauty still.

PRIOR.

So shall I court thy dearest truth
 When beauty ceases to engage ;
 So thinking o'er thy charming youth
 I'll live it o'er in age again.
 So time itself our rapture shall improve
 While still we wake to joy and live to love.

PRIOR.

The moments past if thou art wise retrieve
 With present memory of the bliss they give,
 The present hours in pleasant mirth employ
 And live the future with the hopes of joy.

J. DUNCOMBE. *The Femeinead.*

Time though he steals the roseate bloom of youth,
 Shall spare the charms of virtue and of truth ;
 And on thy mind new charms, new blooms bestow.

Plagiarism the Thirty-eighth.

LITTLE'S POEMS.

See how beneath the moonbeam's smile
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile
And murmuring then subsides to rest ;
Thus man the sport of bliss and care
Rises on Times eventful sea,
And having swelled a moment there
Thus melts into eternity.

I would not for a good hundred be in Tom Moore's coat when he gets to the Styx after this palpable robbery of its philosophic ferryman.

ΧΑΡΩΝ Η ΕΠΙΣΚΟΠΟΥΝΤΕΣ.

Εβελω γουν σοι, ὦ Ἑρμη, επειν ὦ τιμ εοικεναι μοι εδοξαν
 ὁι ανθρωποι, και ὁ βιος ἅπας αυτων. Ηδη ποτε πομφολυγας
 εν υδατι εθεασω υπω κρουνω τιμ καταρραττοντι ανισταμενας ;
 τας φυσαλλιδας λεγω, αφ' ὧν ξυναγειρεται ὁ ἀφρος. εκεινων
 τουνν αι μεν τινες μικραι εισι, και αυτικα εκραγεισαι απεσβησαν·
 αιδ' επι πλεον διαρκουσι· και προσχωρουσων αυταις των αλλων
 αυται ὑπερφυσωμεναι ες μεγαστον ογκον αιρονται· ειτα μεντοι
 κακειναι παντως εξερραγησαν ποτε· ου γαρ οιον τε αλλως
 γεγεσθαι. τουτο εστιν ὁ ανθρωπων βιος. απαντες ὑπο πνευματος
 εμπεφυσημενοι, ὁι μεν μειζους, οιδ' ελαττους· και ὁι μεν ολιγο-
 χρονιον εχουσι και ωκυμορον το φυσημα· ὁι δε ἅμα τω ξυστηναι
 επαυσαντο. πασι δ' ουν απορραγηναι αναγκαιον.

Shall I therefore tell you Mercury how mankind and the whole course of their lives appear to me? You must have often remarked *those bubbles* that rise in the spray of a rapid torrent and swell into a foam? Of these bubbles the generality are so small that they instantaneously burst and vanish; others remain somewhat longer and meeting more in their passage with which they become confluent they grow to a bigger tumour, but presently break as well as the former, because by the nature of them it cannot be otherwise. *Exactly so does the life of man appear to me.* All are for a short time tumid with the spirit of life, some more, others less: with many this inflation is of some, though of very short duration, others vanish the very moment they arise; but break they must all.

Those who have read Moore's translation of Anacreon, will however scarcely admit, that he was capable of reading Lucian. Perhaps therefore he pillaged the following authors—who, by the way, seem in some odd Hibernian fashion to have robbed each other.

FENTON.

On the vast ocean of his wonders here
We momentary bubbles ride
 Till crush'd by the tempestuous tide
 Sunk in the parent flood we disappear.

POPE. *Essay on Man.*

All forms that perish other forms supply
 By turns we catch the vital breath and die,
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
 They rise they break, and to that sea return.

S. BOYSE.

A smoke! a flower! a shadow! and a breath!
 Are real things compar'd with life and death;
Like bubbles on the sea of life they pass,
 Swell, burst, and mingle with the common mass.

Plagiarism the Thirtieth-ninth.

LITTLE'S POEMS.

A warm tear gush'd, the wintry air
Congea'd it as it flow'd away;
All night it lay an ice drop there
At morn it glitter'd in the ray.
An angel wandering from her sphere
Who saw this bright this frozen gem.
To dew-ey'd Pity gave the tear,
And hung it on her diadem.

SIR W. JONES. *Selima.*

Then with a smile the healing balm bestows
And sheds a tear of pity o'er their woes ;
Which as it drops some soft-eyed angel bears
Transform'd to pearls and in his bosom wears.

WIT RESTOR'D.

I saw fair Chloris walk alone
When feathered rain came softly down,
Then Jove descended from his bower
To court her in a silver shower ;
The wanton snow flew to her breast
Like little birds unto their nest ;
But overcome with whiteness there
For grief it thaw'd into a tear,
Then falling down her garment hem
To deck her, froze into a gem,

Plagiarism the Fortieth.

LITTLE'S POEMS.

*Chloris I swear by all I ever swore,
That from this hour I cannot love you more ;
"What love no more ? Oh why this alter'd vow ?
Because I cannot love thee more than now.*

These four lines are stewed up out of the following :—

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Then think I love more than I can express
And would love thee more could I but love thee less.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

An hundred thousand oaths your fears
Perhaps would not remove ;
*And if I gaz'd a thousand years
I could no deeper love.*

DUC DE NIVERNOIS.

Si je n'avois que dix-huit ans
 Je pouvois aimer plus long temps,
 Mais non pas aimer d'avantage.

Reading over these passages has forcibly reminded me of Mrs. Hannah More's allusion to plagiarists. "It is a species of cookery I begin to grow tired of. They cut up their author into chops, and by adding a little crumbed bread of their own, and tossing it up a little they present it as a fresh dish."

Plagiarism the Forty-first.

LITTLE'S POEMS.

*Friend of my soul this goblet sip
 'Twill chase that pensive tear ;
 'Tis not as sweet as woman's lip ;
 But oh ! 'tis more sincere.*

COWLEY.

Here's to thee Dick, this whining love despise,
 Pledge me, my friend, and drink 'till thou be'st wise
 It sparkles brighter far than she.
 'Tis pure and right without deceit,
 And such no woman e'er will be—
 No ! they are all sophisticate.

Plagiarism the Forty-second.MOORE. *A Kiss à l'Antique.*

*Thou see'st it is a simple youth
 By some enamour'd nymph embraced ;
 Look Nea, love ! and say in sooth
 Is not her hand most dearly plac'd ?*

*Upon his curled head behind
 It seems in careless play to lie,
 Yet presses gently, half tuckin'd
 To bring his lips to nectar nigh.
 Imagine love that I am he
 And just as warm as he is chilling ;
 Imagine too that thou art she
 But quite as cold as she is willing.
 So may we try the graceful way
 In which their gentle arms are twined,
 And thus like her my hand I lay
 Upon thy wreathed hair behind,
 And thus I feel thee breathing sweet,
 As close to mine thy head I move,
 And then our lips together meet
 And—thus I kiss thee—oh, my love !*

SHAKESPEARE. *Passionate Pilgrim*, ix.

Fair Venus with Adonis sitting by her
 Under a myrtle shade began to woo him,
 She told the youngling how god Mars did try her
 And as he fell to her she fell unto him.
 "E'en thus," quoth she, "the am'rous god embrac'd me."
 And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms :
 "E'en thus, quoth she, "the god of war unlac'd me,"
 As if the boy should use like loving charms.
 "E'en thus," quoth she, "he seized on my lips."
 And with her lips on his did act the seizure.

Plagiarism the Forty-third.

MOORE. *Ode to Nea*.

*And like the burnt aroma be
 Consum'd in sweets away.*

DRYDEN. *Maiden Queen.*

Our life shall be but one long nuptial day
And like chafed odours melt in sweets away.

Plagiarism the Forty-fourth.

MOORE. *The Grecian Girl's Dream.*

*No aid of words embodied thought requires
To waft a wish or embassy desires ;
But by a throb to spirits only given
By a mute impulse only felt in heaven
Swifter than meteor shafts through summer skies
From soul to soul the glanced idea flies.*

LLEWELLIN. *Satire on the King's Cabinet.*

When angels talk all their conceits are brought
From mind to mind and they discourse by thought ;
A close idea moves and silence flies
To post the message and dispatch replies.

Plagiarism the Forty-fifth.

is one which I transcribe from that book of wit and erudition, written by the renowned Mahony.

PROUT vulgò dici solet. Poggii. *Facetiæ.* p 25.

and called after the name of the worthy presbyter of Watergrass Hill. I cannot speak of Mahony here without joining in the censure which *The Athenæum* has passed on Tom Little, for not having had the magnanimity to name the exquisite translations of the former in his prefaces:—convinced as the little chap must

have been that the priest has done more to extend and perpetuate the notoriety of his songs than any of those noble lords whom Tommy loves to beslobber with disinterested praise.

MOORE'S MELODIES.

*Fly not yet the fount that play'd
In days of old through Ammon's shade,
Though icy cold by day it ran
Yet still like souls of mirth began
To burn when night was near.
And thus should woman's heart and looks
At noon be cold as win't'ry brooks
But kindle when the night's returning,
Brings the genial hour for burning.*

PETRARCH. Canzone 18. St. 4.

Sorge nel mezzo giorno
Una fontana, e tien nome del Sole
Che per natura suole
Bollir la notte, e'n sul giorno esser fredda.

* * * *

Così avien a me stesso
Che mio sol s' allontana
Ardo allor." &c.

"The learned priest," pursues the immortal Prout, "had been at the trouble of perusing Quintus Curtius lib iv. cap 7. where he had found: Est etiam Ammonis nemus; in medio habet fontem: aquam solis vocant; sub lucis ortum tepidum manat, medio die frigida eadem fluit, inclinato in vesperem calescit, mediâ nocte fervida

exæstuat." He had also no doubt read the lines in Silius Italicus "De Bello Punico," referring to this same source :

" Quæ nascente die quæ deficiente tepescit,
Quæque riget medium cum sol ascendit Olympum."

Plagiarism the Forty-sixth.

MOORE. *The Snow Spirit.*

*The down of his wing is as white as the pearl
Thy lips for their cabinet stole.*

HERRICK. *The Rock of Rubies and the Quarry of Pearl.*

Some asked how pearls did grow and where ?
Then spoke I to my girl,
To pout her lips and shew them there
The quarrelets of pearl.

Plagiarism the Forty-seventh.

LITTLE'S POEMS.

*If joys from sleep I borrow
Sure thou'lt forgive me this ;
For he who wakes to sorrow
At least may dream of bliss.
Wilt thou forgive me taking,
A kiss or something more ?
What thou deny'st me waking
I sure may slumber o'er.*

J. OLDHAM.

Since then I waking never may possess,
Let me in sleep at least enjoy the bliss,
And sure nice virtue can't forbid me this.

Plagiarism the Forty-eighth.

LITTLE'S POEMS.

*Look in my eyes my blushing fair,
Thou'lt see thyself reflected there
And as I gaze on thine I see
Two little miniatures of me.
Thus in our looks some propagation lies,
And we make babies in each other's eyes.*

MOORE. GRECIAN GIRL'S DREAM.

*Soft o'er my brow which kindled with their sighs
Awhile they played; then gliding through my eyes
Where the bright babies for a moment hung
Like those thy lip hath kist, thy lyre hath sung.*

SIR. P. SYDNEY. *Astrophel and Stella.*

So when thou saw'st in nature's cabinet
Stella thou straight'st look'st babies in her eyes.

DONNE. *The Good Morrow.*

My face in thine, thine in mine appears
And two plain hearts do in the faces rest.

DONNE. *The Ecstasy.*

And pictures in our eyes to get
Was all our propagation.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER. *The Tamer tamed.*

To look gay babies in your eyes young Roland.

DRAYTON.

See where little Cupid lies
Looking babies in the eyes.

HERRICK.

You blame me too because I can't devise
Some sport to please *those babies in your eyes.*

QUEVEDO.

Be sure when you come into company that you do not stand
staring the men in the face as if you were *making babies in
their eyes.*

HERRICK. *The Kiss.*

It is an active flame that flies
First to the babies in your eyes.

Plagiarism the forty-ninth.

LITTLE'S POEMS.

*Like one who trusts to summer skies
And puts his little bark to sea,
Is he who hur'd by smiling eyes
Consigns his simple heart to thee.*

*For fickle is the summer wind,
And sadly may the bark be tost,
And thou art sure to change thy mind
And then the wretched heart is lost.*

Smooth and pretty—but appropriated from

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

Love still has something of the sea
From whence his mother rose ;
No time his slaves from doubt can free
Or give their hearts repose.

Plagiarism the Fiftieth.MOORE's *Anacreontic*.

*Those floating eyes that floating shine
Like diamonds in an eastern river.*

J. HALL. *Home travel*.

What need I Tyre for purple seek
When I may find it in a cheek?
Or seek the Eastern shore? there lies
More precious diamonds in her eyes.

GAY. *Black-eyed Susan*.

If to fair India's coast I sail
Thine eyes are seen in diamonds bright.

Plagiarism the Fifty-first.MOORE. *To* ———

*That wrinkle when first I espied it,
At once put an end to my pain,
'Till the cheek that was glowing beside it
Disturb'd my ideas again.*

*Thou art just in that twilight at present
When woman's declension begins ;
When fading from all that is pleasant
She bids a good night to her sins.*

*But thou still art so lovely to me
I would rather my exquisite mother
Repose in the sunset with thee
Than bask in the noon of another.*

We find this in Paulus Silentarius, as he is to be read
in *Brunck's Analecta* (vol. iii. p. 73).

Προκριτος εστι, Φιλιννα, τη ρυτις, η οπος ήβης
 Πασης' ιμειρω δ' αμφις εχειν παλαιαις
 Μαλλον εγω σεο μηλα καρη βαρεοντα κορυμβοις,
 Η μαζον νεαρης ορθιον ήλικιης.
 Σον γαρ ετι φθινοπωρον ήπερτερον ειαρος αλλης
 Χειμα στον αλλοτριου θερμοτερον θερεος.

For me thy wrinkles have more charms
 Dear Lydia than a smoother face;
 I'd rather fold thee in my arms
 Than younger fairer nymphs embrace.
 To me thy autumn is more sweet
 More precious than their vernal rose ;
 Their summer warms not with a heat
 So potent as thy wintry glows.

DONNE. *The Autumnal.*

No spring, nor summer's beauty hath such grace
 As I have seen in one Autumnal face.
 * * * * *
 Fair eyes! who asks more heat than comes from thence
 He in a fever wishes pestilence :
 Call not those wrinkles graves—if graves they were
 They were love's graves or else he is no where.
 * * * * *
 Here dwells he though he sojourn every where
 In progress, yet his standing house is here ;
 Here where still evening is, not noon, nor night
 Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight.
 * * * * *
 Since such Love's natural station is, may still
 My love descend and journey down the hill
 Not panting after growing beauties so
 I shall ebb on with them who homeward go.

Does any one remember those lines quoted from Plato, in Diogenes Laertius lib. 3? I think they run as follows,

*Αρχαιανασσαν εχω την εκ Κολοφωνος εταιραν,
 Ης και επι ρυτιδων εζετο δριμυς ερωσ.*

I have a little mistress, Archæanassa of Colophon;
 Even in her wrinkles Cupid is seated.

Pulteney, orator and statesman, hashed it up thus:—

THE EARL OF BATH.

Of smoother cheeks the winning grace,
 As open forces I defy;
 But in the wrinkles of her face
 Cupids as in ambush lie.

Plagiarism the Fifty-second.

MOORE. *To*———

*That rosy mouth alone can bring
 What makes the bard divine:
 Oh lady how my lip would sing
 If once 'twere press'd to thine.*

SIR P. SIDNEY. *Astrophel and Stella.*

My lips are sweet inspir'd with Stella's kiss

* * * * *

Sweet swelling lip well mayst thou swell with pride

Since best wits think it wit thee to admire,

* * * * *

The new Parnassus where the Muses bide

Sweet'ner of Music, wisdoms beautifier.

* * * * *

Sweet lip you teach my mouth with one sweet kiss.

Plagiarism the Fifty-third.MOORE. *To* _____

*Oh thou art every instant dearer
Every chance that brings me nigh thee,
Brings me ruin nearer, nearer.*

GROTIUS.

Sic quo quis proprior suæ puellæ est
Hoc stultus proprior suæ ruinae est.

BURTON. *Anat. Mel.*

The nearer he unto his mistress is
The nearer he unto his ruin is.

Plagiarism the Fifty-fourth.

MOORE. SONGS.

*I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms that a cottage was near,
And I said to myself if there's peace in this world
A heart that is humble might hope for it here.*

SPENSER.

Through tops of the high trees she did descry
A little smoke whose vapour thin and light
Reeking aloft uprolled to the sky;
Which cheerful sign did send unto her sight
That in the same did wonne some living wight.

MASON. *Evening.*

The plodding hind
That homeward hies, kens not the cheering sight
Of his calm cabin which a moment past
Stream'd from its roof an azure curl of smoke
Beneath the sheltering coppice and gave sign
Of warm domestic welcome from his toil.

Plagiarism the Fifty-fifth.MOORE. *Vision of Philosophy.*

*Of the souls untraceable descent
 From that high fount of spirit through the grades
 Of intellectual being till it mix
 With atoms vague corruptible and dark ;
 Nor even then though sunk in earthly dross,
 Corrupted all, nor its ethereal touch
 Quite lost but tasting of the fountain still !
 As some bright river which has rolled along
 Through meads of flowery light and mines of gold
 When poured at length into the dusky deep,
 Disdains to mingle with its briny taint,
 But keeps awhile the pure and golden tinge
 The balmy freshness of the fields it left.*

MASSINGER. *The Bondman.*

But if that pure desire not blended with
 Foul thoughts that like a river, keeps his course
 Retaining still the clearness of the spring
 From whence it took beginning, may be thought
 Worthy acceptance ; thus, &c.

LORD BROOKE. *Of Humaine Learning. Stanza 72.*

Besides when Learning like a Caspian sea
 Hath hitherto received all little brooks,
 Devour'd their sweetness, borne their names away
 And in her greenesse hid their chrystal looks,
 Let her turn ocean now and give back more
 To those clear springs than she received before.

Plagiarism the Fifty-sixth.MOORE. *Canadian Boat Song.*

*Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.*

A. MARVELL. *The Emigrant.*

Thus sung they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way to guide their chime
With falling oars they kept the time.

These are specimens of Master Tom's rogueries;—of the man, who because Sheridan called him a "*little lascivious butterfly*," coolly sat down to slander and disgrace his departed friend, and did so under the mask of regard for his reputation. And now having heard them, will you not agree with me in the propriety of addressing Moore with the same compliment which Homer pays to Mercury;—

Τουτο γαρ ουν και επειτα μετ' αθανατοις γερας εζει
Αρχος φηλητεων κεκλησεαι ηματα παντα.

Immortal honour awaits thee, O Thomas Little! for thou shalt be known to all posterity as the chief of thieves.

I find I have delivered a long oration, so, Keleher, pass the bottle. If it be the sun of our table, it is right that it should go round.

THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

Ὁ νῆρωπε κείσαι—ζῶν ἔτι μᾶλλον τῶν ὑπο γῆς ἐκειῶν.—
SIMONIDES *apud* ARISTID.

On Saturday the 20th. of August, just as the Morning Star began to glitter in the firmament, and the early sunbeams to come forth, died William Maginn, LL.D., in the 49th. year of his age; and on the Monday week following, his earthly remains were deposited in the quiet little churchyard of Walton-upon-Thames, the hamlet in which he breathed his last. His funeral was quite private, and was attended only by a very few friends, who loved him fondly while he lived, and venerate his memory now that he is gone; and the tears that fell upon his grave were the last sad tribute to as true and warm and beautiful a soul, as ever animated a human breast. The place in which he is buried is one, that his own choice might have selected, for the Spirit of Repose itself seems to dwell around it, and lends a new charm to its rustic beauty. No noise is ever heard there but the rustling of the trees, or the gay chirp of the summer black-birds, or the echo of the solemn hymns, as they ascend to heaven in music on the sabbath. Strangely contrasted, indeed, is its peacefulness with the troublous scenes of his many-coloured life, and provocative of pensive reflection the gentle silence that invests it like a spell. The rude villager, as he passes over his grave, little dreams of the splendid intellect that slumbers beneath; or the host of sweet and noble traits that lived within the heart already

mouldering under his feet into a clod of the valley. But his genius has already sanctified the ground, lending to it the magic which entwines itself with the homes or tombs of celebrated men—rendering it henceforward a classic and muse-haunted solitude, to which history will point; and making it for all time a spot to which the scholar will piously resort, and where the young enthusiast of books will linger long and idolatrously in the soft sunlight or beneath the radiant stars.

The character of Maginn, while he lived, was but little understood; and now that he is dead, we hope it will not be misrepresented. Yet rarely has a man of such exalted genius passed from among us without winning that universal celebrity which he so eminently deserved. This disadvantage was chiefly owing to his having confined the labours of his mind to periodical literature alone; but in that department who so brightly shone as he? Who so universal in his knowledge—so profound in his wisdom—so eloquent in advocating the Constitution and the Protestantism of these realms—so intrepid in resisting the march of Revolution and Infidelity, and in exposing the flimsy veil of sophistry and falsehood in which the demagogues of all times have wrapped up their real designs, and seduced the unthinking—so terse and brilliant in epigram—so appropriate in anecdote—so simple and luminous in style—so playful and original in wit? Pronounced by a high and amiable authority* ‘abler than

* Dr. Moir—the far famed Delta of Blackwood.

Coleridge,' he lived without attaining the fame of that extraordinary man; declared by another deep and intellectual observer* of his character to be 'quite equal to Swift,' he never achieved the authority in literature, or the renown that mantled round the head of St. Patrick's Dean. But great, indeed, and illustrious must have been the genius, which could thus secure the eulogy of two men whose opinions must carry with them respect and consideration, and whose abilities and virtues vouch for the value and the sincerity of their sentiments. A brief summary of the leading points of his intellect, will enable us to judge whether these praises were inconsiderately conferred, or were the gift of close and accurate observation: and whether to him also may not be applied the saying of Plato on Aristophanes. 'that the Graces had built themselves a temple in his bosom,' or the still loftier encomium pronounced by Selden on the learned Heinsius, '*Tam severorum quam amœnorum literarum Sol*'—a master of all literature—of the beautiful and sublime, of the graceful and the profound.

The first and chief attribute of his mind was its Originality. The works of no distinguished man, within our own reading at least, display the same vein of thought and style. There is scarcely a subject on which he has written that he has not treated it in a new manner, illuminating the grave by the liveliness of his fancy, colouring the witty by the solidity of his judgment; for he possessed

* Dr. Macnish the Modern Pythagorean.

both in an extraordinary degree, and his mind resembled a mine of gold, curiously pranked on the surface with flowers, but truly valuable within. Nor was his genius acquired by long and patient study; on the contrary, it beamed very beautifully in his earliest years—the fair aurora of his future brilliancy. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in his tenth year, and was a doctor of laws in his twenty-fifth—a precocity rivalled but by that of Wolsey, who was a bachelor when only fourteen. And though his reading was immense, no man was less of a copyist of other men's thoughts, a stealer of other men's fire, than William Maginn.

His memory was the strongest in the world, and was a rich storehouse of all learning, so that he might with propriety be called, like the sublime Longinus, 'the living library.' Often when in want of some scholastic illustration for our own writings, have we applied to him, and never did we ask in vain. Quotations the most apposite; episodes the most befitting; obscure points of literary history, an elucidation of which we had ineffectually hunted for; sketches of minor literary men of other lands, the difficulty of finding which those conversant with such studies alone can appreciate; stray lines and sentences from authors read only once in a century, and quoted but as curiosities: parallel passages in the Greek and Latin and Italian and German authors:—all these he could refer to without a moment's deliberation, as easily as if they had formed the business of his whole life. And yet, like Scott, no eye ever saw him reading.

He seemed a perfectly idle man, and knowledge to come to him by intuition.

His erudition was without pedantry—his mind had no dogmatism. The *Avros epha* of the Greek sage did not enter into any of his opinions, which were never put forth in conversation but with the most singular modesty.* He would talk to you like a little child on the most learned subjects; and whenever he advanced a sentiment, he would turn to his hearer with an appealing look, as if he

* While the letters of Brallaghan (published in *Fraser* for January and February 1842) were yet in manuscript, they were submitted to the Doctor, and the delineations of his own character seemed to please him particularly. He felt greatly interested in their success, and did all in his power to ensure it. Some misapprehension having arisen on the part of one of the Doctor's friends as to the spirit of those allusions, the Author wrote to the latter regretting, as he had been informed, that those trifles should have given him annoyance. The following was the Doctor's reply.

DEAR KENEALY—How could you possibly think that I was offended by the overflowing kindness of your notices? N—must have greatly mistaken if he imagined anything of the kind. I certainly did say that I thought the compliments extravagant, especially as appearing in a quarter so much connected with my name; but surely there is nobody connected with the scribbling trade who can be at the bottom of his heart, *annoyed* by flattery. "What cat refuses fish?" If that is all the offence you offer me or anybody else, my dear Kenealy, you will rub through life easily enough. Come over and spend the evening with me my wife and daughter, if not better engaged, to-morrow evening, calling about seven o'clock.

Your's faithfully,

WILLIAM MAGINN.

55, Upper Stamford St.

distrusted his own judgment, and would not willingly mislead another's. We have seen him listen attentively to the speculations of a boy ; gently correcting him when he was wrong, and when he was right entering with alacrity into the spirit of his views, but always more anxious to hear another speak than himself. We do not think he ever uttered a sophism in his life, but was an eager inquirer after truth ; and his investigations were like those of another illustrious student,—*ἄει φιλοῦντα θεμιστας*—who ever loved justice. His sense of honour was heroic ; and he adhered, like Sheridan, inflexibly to his principles, though they did not meet those rewards on which he might have well calculated. The devotion with which he loved his children is well known, and the memory of it is painted on their hearts. He would instruct his daughters for hours in the beautiful Italian, of which he was a complete master, and their presence always brought brightness to his eyes. On his death-bed the desolate condition in which he knew that he was leaving them was the great sorrow of his soul ; but he committed them to the generosity of this mighty country, whose charities are more sublime trophies of its greatness than its grandest trophies by sea or on the land.

His poetry was of the highest order of humour—far superior to Swift, and entirely exempt from his grossness and impurity. Not a single line did he ever write which dying, he might have wished to blot ; not a single obscene thought can be discerned in the whole range of his com-